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THE

LIFE OF MOZART

VOL. I.

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Engraved by W. Ward from a Photograph of the Original Oil Painting in the Mozart Museum Salzburg

W. A. MOZART,

AT THE AGE OF SIX

In a Court Suit given to him in 1762 by the Empress of Austria

LONDON, GOODMAN & CO.

THE

LIFE OF MOZART

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN WORK OF

DR LUDWIG NOHL

BY LADY WALLACE

WITH PORTRAITS OF MOZART AND HIS SISTER

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1877

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DEDICATION

THIS ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF MOZART'S LIFE

Is Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR

WITH THE DEEPEST REVERENCE

TO

HER ROYAL AND IMPERIAL HIGHNESS

VICTORIA,

CROWN PRINCESS OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE AND OF PRUSSIA

PRINCESS ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

WHY, it may be asked, should a Life of Mozart be brought before the public now, nearly a hundred years after his death? The answer is rather humiliating—Because Mozart's life and works are so little known and appreciated. It is only in the last year (1876) that a prospectus has been issued by Breitkopf and Härtel to obtain subscriptions for the very first complete edition of Mozart's works. A glance at that prospectus will show almost all who look at it of how very much of his writings they are absolutely ignorant. Whatever is in any degree likely to direct attention to the most melodious and lovely music in the world needs no excuse. All who know and feel what music may and ought to be, do well in trying to revive a purer taste, and in passing on the burning torch to younger hands.

It would be hard to find a biography more varied

or more sad than this of Mozart—the most dazzling childhood advancing through a youth and manhood of brilliant genius only to end in neglect. He who of all musicians was the most 'heaven-born,' and naturally the most joyous, was harassed with cares even before he was grown up. He was to endure the coldness and almost estrangement of his most loving father, and to see his tender care change into a mood which made all appeals for help unavailing; and at last the world, to whose gratification his life was devoted, drove him by its neglect and intrigues almost to madness, and left him, who could not bear to leave his dead starling without a monument, in the nameless grave of a pauper.

Then alongside of this interesting human life runs the record of the marvellous development of his art; and this in no dry scientific disquisition, for it is told in his own living words, in the numerous letters which fortunately remain the witnesses of what he was in childhood and youth and prime, beyond which his life did not extend.

It is well to draw the reader's attention to some of the steps which Mozart took in advancing his art, and it must be kept in mind that access to the works of others was in those days most difficult, so that he learned only by fragments what his predecessors had done.

His father, Leopold Mozart, was such a teacher as few sons have ever had. He was a most excellent theoretic and practical musician, but nevertheless of a school by no means the best, his poverty and residence at Salzburg depriving him of advantages now within the reach of every schoolboy.

Both Mozart and Haydn were strongly tinctured with the music of the sons of the great John Sebastian Bach, so that much of their writings might pass for inferior work by Mozart. So far as Mozart knew, orchestral music was in embryo. The opera had reached its highest point in Gluck. Church music had passed from a correct, simple, and severe style into one loose, sensuous, and ornamental. It will be seen in this biography how he advanced in each of these branches of music.

In pianoforte works he was the first to render due honour to the instrument by writing for it directly orchestral effects. Early in his residence at Vienna he made the acquaintance of Baron von Swieten, one of the few who appreciated the genius of Mozart, and afterwards that of Beethoven. This Von Swieten proved himself a firm and wise friend, and put before his *protégés* music of the highest character for their study. It was thus Mozart first made acquaintance with the 'Wohltem-

perirte Clavier' of Sebastian Bach. In this work he at once saw the musical ideas suggested to be far beyond what the instrument could realise, and he put some of these fugues into score.[1] This may have given him the hint for writing directly orchestral effects in pianoforte works—effects afterwards carried out on a much grander scale by Beethoven.

The best music of his time was 'chamber music.' Trios and quartetts by Haydn and others known to him were really good, and he shewed his liking for this most charming class of music by writing upwards of one hundred such pieces, amongst which are to be found some of the best as well as most lovely and graceful ever composed.

His concertos for pianoforte and orchestra amount to twenty-eight; in them we find in degree what he more completely carried out in his symphonies. But it is here that we most feel how great a loss to us is the man himself. These concertos, beyond even his other pianoforte works, require the utmost refinement of touch and expression of which he was so great a master. It is impossible for any player now, however good, to take Mozart's place here; not only must we miss the

[1] It seems as if he had only had the second set of twenty-four.

life and freshness of feeling of the composer's playing his own work, but the life and feeling with which he always inspired his band. Even the dull and frivolous world of Vienna seems to have enjoyed these concertos.

The slighter pieces of instrumental music are very numerous, most of them being written for bands in the public gardens in order to raise money to support himself and his wife; these trifles finding a more ready sale than music of a higher character, and his marriage proving a source of constant and heavy expenditure through the bad health of his wife. Nothing could exceed the tenderness of his conduct towards her, and his love remained unchanged to the last.

The symphonies for orchestra stand out clear from all that preceded them. Haydn's work in that line and at that time was as nothing; in this he was indeed Mozart's pupil. There are no less than forty-one of these symphonies, some of course early and simple affairs; but far too many are never or rarely performed.

In the musical drama, however, he still stands supreme, though it may be feared the knowledge of the English public is confined almost to 'Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni.' It is well known that the 'Idomeneo' was Beethoven's favourite, and a few words explaining the reason of this preference will at the same time shew

the leap that Mozart took in this style of composition and the facility and kind feeling of the man.

Through a political change, the band of the Elector of Bavaria at Mannheim was suddenly transferred to Munich, and Mozart, at the age of twenty-five, was commissioned to write an opera for the combined orchestra. The solo vocalists for whom he had to write were the two daughters of Wendling, a flute-player, and old worn-out broken-winded men; but there was a capital chorus, and in the orchestra the finest collection of solo players perhaps ever gathered together. Up to this time the orchestra had merely accompanied the voices and played dances, &c. Mozart, under these very strange conditions, at once saw his way to raising dramatic music to a height never dreamed of before. He wrote the vocal parts to suit the voices and powers of those with whom he had to deal, showing off in the best light the remains of what had been good, and did this so tenderly that the tenor (Raaff, seventy years old) unconsciously expressed his delight at finding that there was not a passage or a note which he could not sing easily —a sensation of renewed youth to him. But with the orchestra he could indulge his imagination without stint; the result being such a combination of sounds as to amaze and delight the players who produced it.

The perfect mastery over all the science of form and colour exhibited in this opera ('Idomeneo') is as complete as it is possible to be; but the most striking point to the musician is the wonderful clearness of imagination and invention that could under the circumstances hear completed in his mind sustained effects of tone so entirely new and grand; and it is by these surprising and grand effects, from the combination of voices and instruments, that the admiration of Beethoven is to be explained. Of his dramatic writings it is needless to say much. It was, however, in Bohemia that his compositions were appreciated, and for Prague he wrote 'Don Giovanni' and 'La Clemenza di Tito,' this being really his last opera and in some respects perhaps his best; but, alas! where is it to be heard now? Mozart himself complains that he had in the 'Zauberflöte' to write down to the vulgar taste of his Vienna audience. So ignorant and stupid was that audience that 'Don Giovanni' would have been condemned even by the professional musicians, had not the single voice of Haydn boldly spoken out the truth.

In connexion with this should be remembered the wise and skilful criticisms that occur in many passages of his letters—those, for instance, written during the composition of 'Idomeneo,' shewing how clearly he understood the proper relative position of libretto and

music. With him *music* was to be *supreme* in a *musical* work—the point and expression of the words to be carefully given by the music, but at the same time no baldness or ugliness was for a moment to be tolerated under any pretence. So the poor libretti he always had to deal with never caused him to produce corresponding poverty of musical idea. For instance, the feeble words in the cemetery scene in 'Don Giovanni' did not hinder his using them to produce a most wonderful effect of awe and terror.

With regard to his church music we must with the deepest regret regard most of it as being as unworthy of the composer as it is unfit for its place. It was almost all written when he was very young, and written to please a man of corrupt feeling, Mozart knowing well how he was degrading himself and his art by pandering to the vitiated taste of the Archbishop of Salzburg, who was directly and indirectly the cause of all the misery of his life. We are justified in such criticism because we have Mozart's own words that 'music, however good in itself, might yet be unfit for ecclesiastical purposes,' and also his complaints of having to write to please such a man. It has already been mentioned that the church music of the day was debased, and this Archbishop 'liked to hear the trum-

pets'; so Mozart indulged him. But in such music help to true devotion is not thought of. The devotional strains are not those of the congregation, but those of actors listened to by an audience; in a word, however beautiful they may be, they are worldly.

The Prince Archbishop looked on this tender, brilliant, sensitive genius as something quite beneath him; found fault with all his music; paid him a mere trifle as salary for all his service; made him live with his menials, dine with his valets and cooks; and finally, when Mozart went to present a petition to be allowed to resign his situation, he was literally *kicked* out of the room.

Can we wonder that he should refuse to return to Salzburg and to such a service, however much his father might desire it?

Leopold Mozart was evidently a man of meek pious temper, and looked forward to a life of quiet religious meditation as the greatest blessing to be desired; he naturally dreaded the temptations to which his son would be exposed in the world, and would have made any sacrifice to keep him safe from them. Into the world, however, Mozart was thus driven, and into one of its most corrupt cities, there to struggle, and hope, and despair, and wear his life out at half its proper span;

and it was not till near the end that his heart was opened to what church music should be.

Of that company of musicians who form at once the glory and the shame of Germany, Mozart and John Sebastian Bach are strangely alike in many points, though in general the contrast is great indeed. In spontaneous fertility of melody, in clearness of head, in counterpoint and harmony, in power of imagination, and in their wonderful productiveness, they approach near together; in poverty and neglect they were equals, but in bearing these evils how different! Bach in very early life saw the need of entire change in the music of the Reformed Church, and feeling conscious of his power to effect the reform, he devoted to this task the whole of his long life. His duties as cantor of the Thomas School at Leipzig were enough to use up all the working powers of an ordinary man; but in addition to this work he steadily and regularly, week after week and year after year, without remuneration, wrote and arranged the musical service for his church. The slightest of those compositions is a masterpiece of science; but his single aim in all is how best to help the devotion of the people. In these church services he uses voices and orchestra as in a symphony, and with as full effect as his limited orchestra allowed and to a degree never surpassed.

Through long years of patient toil he had trained, in addition to his choir, an orchestra and a congregation that could understand and execute his compositions; in that he had his earthly reward. But with his life all this gradually died away, and probably had never got beyond the walls of Leipzig. The Thomas School still venerated the memory of the old cantor, and still could execute some of his purely vocal works, when Mozart visited Leipzig in the last year but one of his life. We have on record his irrepressible cry of delight at the opening of one of the eight-part motetts performed on purpose for him to hear, then the entire absorption of all his faculties in listening to it, and then his getting all the eight separate parts in order to read it over, for no score had been made.[1] That one work sank deep into Mozart's heart, and soon brought forth noble fruit. It does not appear that he ever heard or knew of the existence of the great vocal and orchestral church works of Bach. But if the spirit of Bach could have wished to return to this world, surely it would have been at the time when this other mighty genius, who had gone out into the world and given his best energies to amuse it, who could rejoice with joy

[1] Those manuscripts were so little cared for that no one now knows where they are.

unspeakable in true sympathy, who could so heartily appreciate the work of others, came, fevered and wearied with the world's vanities, and chilled with its neglect, and heard in this motett what it was 'worth coming to learn.' At last he had heard what church music ought to be; and his 'Requiem' was written with this fresh in his memory, and with the solemn sense that it was for the repose of his own soul. He died dictating how it was to be finished, but even so it is the grandest of all his works.[1] Once more Bach and Mozart were to be united: to both were awarded a pauper's funeral and an unknown grave.

The cruelty of this neglect did not end even with the grave. It is somewhat of an excuse for the want of appreciation shewn to these men, that they were far in advance of their time. But what is to be said when in the year 1800, fifty years after the death of John Sebastian Bach, his last surviving child, Regina Susanna, was in absolute destitution at Leipzig, and was only saved by a hasty subscription then raised by some of the musicians of the day, Beethoven being among the number? And so late as the year 1830 Mozart's only sister (Marianne), his dearly loved Nannerl, would have died

[1] Bach, a few days before his death, being then blind, dictated the chorale 'Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthensein,' his last composition.

of absolute want at Salzburg but for the aid of the Novellos and some of their London friends. I feel assured that on reading the account of her sad end a pang must pass through the heart of every one old enough to have helped to relieve her destitution, but who never heard of it till too late.

If we would avoid the guilt of such neglect, we must learn in what respect good music differs from bad, and not look upon it as a frivolous amusement, or even as an elegant accomplishment, but as one of the means that God has given us for refining our pleasures and soothing our cares, and, above all, as the highest way of pouring forth His praise.

GRACE WALLACE.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

When this book appeared in the year 1863, without the usual preliminary announcement of its aim and character, it was because I felt certain that what made itself clear to my own intuitive perception, would be equally so to others.

I had proposed to myself to place before the world an artistic picture of Mozart, such as had never hitherto been attempted, far less carried out, and which certainly could not have been achieved by a work such as the well-known biography of Otto Jahn, undertaken solely with a view of contributing a chapter to the history of art, and executed in a scientific manner. This work was certainly rich in matter, and carefully worked out; but the living personality and the individuality of the master himself come out only incidentally and in a fragmentary way; for the free and lifelike moulding of the material, such as can only be brought out by a distinct artistic intention, is here

altogether wanting, if indeed it found any place in the design of the author. On the contrary—and this lies in the very nature of scientific work—the subject matter, i.e. technical accuracy, industriously sought out and firmly grounded, comes to the surface throughout; but nowhere do we find clearly presented to our senses that living form and free movement which charm us, as does the human being who escapes from the limitation of the material to that freedom and self-mastery which can be the result of art only.

If anyone should still entertain doubts as to the purely materialistic nature and character of O. Jahn's book, they must utterly vanish when he takes up the new abridged edition, which in its compression of the subject manifests even more evidently the radical want of free plastic handling, the deficiency of any central design, and the incapability of developing life and form from within.

This book, in many respects so valuable, and so justly received with acclamation, fell into my hands on my return from a journey to Italy, when, after having given myself up for a year to the study of painting and sculpture, I returned with fresh zest to music, determined to devote myself for the future to its history and science. The keen perception of the defect in the work which

I have indicated seized me from the first, and, strengthening as I proceeded, impelled me to try whether it was not possible, out of materials so abundant and well prepared, to work out freely the complete picture of th man and the artist, whose characteristic features often peeped out with such startling effect. It was the stirring up of the whole being, which I, like many no doubt before me, felt in reading this first trustworthy and circumstantial record of Mozart's life and work, which gave me no rest for years, and kept my mind constantly occupied with the subject, till at last, as if spontaneously, the resolution sprang forth to venture the attempt of a frankly artistic and, so to speak, purely human treatment of it.

This attempt demanded some courage and even some self-conquest. For it involved no slight risk for an incipient disciple of the science in question, who had just started in a new line, to stake his entire scientific reputation, and to make his first appearance—for the lesser works, 'Der Geist der Tonkunst,' and 'Die Zauberflöte,' could be regarded only as studies and preparations for the greater cast—by profiting from the researches of another; in short, a complete plagiarism. But the ever-increasing consciousness that Jahn had not even contemplated, certainly had not achieved, a

statue of Mozart, and the equally growing conviction that nature had not denied me an appreciative sense of art, and therefore a competent power must exist in me to call to light a living form out of the mere dead material, finally induced me to lay aside all fear of misconstruction or intentional misrepresentation, and to attack the subject courageously. During the progress of the work, I was enabled gradually to invest it with more individual life and personality, partly by some happy discoveries of my own, and partly by actual visits to the home, and the centre of activity of the artist himself—Salzburg and Vienna.

So, conscious of right intention, and therefore giving a title to the work, such as usually only monuments bear, without adding many explanations or justifying words, I stepped before the public—i.e. before that portion of it to which I had addressed myself in my own mind as fit beholders of such a non-scientific portrait—before those who with naturally fresh feelings recognise in art the direct expression and fairest blossoming of our existence, and, therefore, when an artist is in question, wish to enjoy the living warm sensation of himself, of his actual presence, if I may so express myself, and to see him more personally before their eyes in his own form and his whole real self. And who ever lent himself to

such an artistic representation and lifelike moulding of his individuality more entirely than this Mozart of ours, who is the perfect type of a true artist, because he was the perfect type of a true and complete man!

This was the task which I had set to myself and carried out, and nobody will be inclined to question its significance and desirability. It is not for me to decide how far I have succeeded; only it is self-evident that it required a thoroughly new and exceptional working up of the material. Every human life is ruled by a fixed law, which regulates not only its beginning and its end, but also its fluctuating tides and ebbs, and which forms the whole, apparently so capricious and changeable, into a harmonious unity, subject to necessity and law, and excluding all that is arbitrary. This natural rhythm of a human life must also be found in a delineation of it, if it is to make anything like a lifelike impression, and to give the idea of a natural and human essence and movement. The crises and turning-points which mark the different periods in a man's life must guide the biographer in the arrangement of his subject; and I believe that the consciousness of the distinct aim which I had in view, was my support in carrying out my work, the plan of which was suggested by my own natural instinct. Of course both the plan and the execution may

have been latent in the material, only awaiting the touch of the freely working artist hand to call them forth, and Mozart's own nature and his high artistic eminence furnish us with a lofty standard of criticism. But I had the satisfaction of finding that the book which was intended to present a living image of the beloved master, within the comprehension of all, soon won good friends both at home and abroad, more especially among those who, free from prejudice, look upon art as the noblest prize we can strive for, as a glorification of life itself, and who, therefore, in such a really great artist—whose creations, like all real creative works, must ever remain a wonder and a problem to the outward understanding—at least delight to recognise the man, and are in some degree worthy to approach the mystery of his towering spirit and his triumphant achievements. Even artists and painters, as well as poets and musicians, have given me the most unequivocal proofs that I had taken the right direction; and similar recognition came, half-unconsciously indeed, but all the more acceptably, here and there from our literary critics.

Thus encouraged, the book which has been out of print for a long time may, in a carefully revised new edition, appear before those to whom it is dedicated; and I now give to it the originally intended title, 'Mozart's

Life,' for the vague title, 'Mozart,' was then selected, chiefly because the work was to form the first of a series of biographies of our great masters. Let us here remark that the second in the series was to be 'Beethoven's Life.' This, however, in the very designing of it, grew into an altogether different, and strictly scientific work, with which, perhaps, after more than thirteen years of earnest personal research, I may succeed in atoning for the technical errors in this 'Mozart's Life,' which have been detected by professional critics. The third volume of the work, 'Beethoven's Last Twelve Years,' has just passed through the press, and therefore the moment has arrived for placing beside this monument of the great Mozart that of the great Beethoven.

It may be well to say a word as to the place which our master now holds in the mind of the author, who, since that time, has been carried forward considerably by a crowd of new conceptions in the region both of life and art, and who has long clearly recognised that we stand in the midst of a richer fulness of those great promises. What else indeed could we look for than that the intensely warm feeling, which the glorious humanity of this wonderful Mozart awakens in us, and the deep ecstasy which his incomparable artistic power

creates in us, should grow steadily in proportion as the inner development of our art and of our life unfolds itself?

At that time, indeed, after a period of constant intercourse with the chaste and powerful creations of the Antique and the Renaissance, the feeble sentimentality and artificial prettinesses which pervaded concert-rooms, private houses, and churches, after the death of the great Beethoven, struck me in a peculiarly unfavourable light. Then the far more un-German style, bidding defiance to all real sentiment, which took possession of our opera-houses after the death of C. M. von Weber, and turned them into a frivolous confusion of native and foreign imitations of worn-out *motifs*, raised in me a perfect horror, so that it was an irresistible inward necessity which impelled me to the closer study of such a truly human and artistic type as Mozart, whence we might draw nourishment and renewed vigour. But even in our day, when we may venture to say that the highest and most glorious outcome of the ideal presented to us in that first fair dawn of our classical development has really begun to grow, and that an artistic activity awaits us, which may give complete expression to our noblest aspirations, it is only right to point out how high an influence is exerted upon this activity by a

genius like Mozart, from the human as well as from the artistic point of view.

For lovely and full of true human emotion as are the forms which Mozart's exquisite melodies, like the classical poets, leave imprinted on the soul, it is after all only the most general foundation lines of our inner existence which are laid in them—only the delicately outlined shadows of the spiritual powers which interpenetrate our modern life, and above all our national existence. We still wait for the full impression and sharp individualising of those deeper lying and peculiar elements which are to give new form to our present age, and only now do we stand before those types of art, which once, as in the fair times of Greece, indicate with energy and with unmistakable accuracy the special characteristics of our age, and will hand them down to future generations as new ideals, as representations of all high effort.

But, however our present age may have advanced in dignity and every noble quality, resting on earlier or later centuries for strength and stability, and however much our art may have penetrated to the pure sources of true humanity, and thence drawn the impulse of noblest creation, still Mozart will ever remain a powerful and inspiring example that all our art springs

only out of the true nature of man, and that man only reaches the perfection, the fulness of his existence, by clinging closely to living life as it gushes out sparkling in its unconscious movement, and sets before him in germs of rich promise the most glorious forms and the very ideal of humanity. For as we first feel the living throb of our own pulse when it beats against warm living human hearts, so every epoch and every nation presents to its artists with truth and purity that comprehensive and tangible conception of the Infinite Eternal, out of which they have to produce those ideal forms, which bear the impress of their high origin, and borrow from it a portion of its creative power and its immortality.

It is in this sense conspicuously that Mozart's artist genius has reproductive significance for us even now. He caught the central idea of life by letting himself simply be swayed by the spirit and mode of feeling of his own day. He perceived the subtle action of the soul of the world, through the changing phenomena of life, because he listened with his soul to the march of the reality around him and to the pulsation of his time. Even in an age overgrown with foreign ways and foreign culture, through which it was scarcely possible to discern the physiognomy of the real national existence, he

knew, as the dramatic composer of our own day, Richard Wagner, says, 'how to regard the spirit of his Fatherland with its purity of feeling and its chaste inspiration, as the sacred inheritance with which the German, be he where he may and in whatever language he may express himself, is sure to preserve the ancestral majesty and dignity.' In spite of the foreign idiom, and the compulsory form to which he was limited, he announced himself even in his 'Figaro' and 'Don Juan' as the German master who, in his 'Zauberflöte,' attained the highest triumph of his genius, and first pointed out to the nation the prize that awaited her on that most ideal and comprehensive territory of art, if she would remain true to her own individuality.

And we have won it—this prize of a national art! And to-day when 'Bayreuth' is close at hand we may at last look up with joy to the masters who laid the first stone of this monumental structure. Mozart belongs to them. He was the first to speak in music the language of the heart, and, because this heart was itself pure and noble and beautiful, the language of beauty. Let our veneration, our love, be consecrated to him; he leads us to the steps of the temple in which we win back our better part—the Immortal. He is, among geniuses, the one to whom we may entrust ourselves

with our whole hearts. It was with this feeling that this memorial of his life and work was raised: may it be received in like manner!

THE AUTHOR.

HEIDELBERG:
July 6, 1876.

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FIRST PART

APPRENTICESHIP

1756-86

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD—1756–66.

'Merit and success are linked together.'

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART was born in Salzburg on January 27, 1756. Salzburg—this portion of Paradise in Germany, this gem among all the cities of our northern Fatherland—lies before us a work of art, with its rich store of spires and cupolas, beautified by glittering balls and crosses. Built within a narrow space, hemmed in by a rapid rushing stream, and by rugged hills, from the summit of which the eye rejoices in the loveliness around; now dreaming of long bygone days, now soaring towards eternity, while reflecting on what has been and on what yet will be! This city of churches and palaces, displaying the wealth of her citizens and the luxurious ostentation of her art-loving princes; reflecting, as in a mirror, all the arrogance of former days, and yet again veneration for the lofty ideal of which she considers herself to have set an example to others—a city, blending in her physiognomy sensual luxury with

delicate perceptions of the Beautiful, and of all that is welcome and pleasing to the eye. Lying under a stern northern sky, within sight of those snow-covered hills which for ever hopelessly separate Salzburg from the milder south, from the land of beauty, yet in her architecture recalling the free art of Italy—a singular combination of German solidity and Hesperian brightness —the fascinating beauty of the environs intoxicates the senses, and arrests with magic spell the wanderer when he sees the city in all her pomp, so that he either stretches himself on the Bastei of the Mönchsberg exposed to the vivifying beams of the sun, or lies on the summit of the rocky Kapuzinerberg, whence the foot reluctantly descends; for a longing seizes the mind to linger on the spot, to examine more minutely the noble architecture of the Dom Platz with its grandest of all German fountains, and to gaze longer at the everlasting hills, where the last lingering wintry patches of snow are lit up in rosy hues by the brilliant rays of the evening sun. Near at hand the full powers of human skill are displayed in well-constructed buildings, and in grand artistic forms, proving the lofty ability of man; and in the distance, fair Nature, the groundwork of human efforts, is visible in all her width and breadth in the verdant surface of fields and meadows, through which the silvery brightness of living waters winds along. Then suddenly, towering on high, we see the rugged mountain, the rocks of the Unterberg; its huge masses

have always seized the imagination of the people—at one time hailed as a giant transformed into stone, at another as the dwelling-place of art-loving dwarfs watching over treasures, and to this day guarding that most estimable of all German Emperors—*Frederick Barbarossa.*

With what wealth of poetry does all this abound! How vividly is every phase of our minds excited! with what sublime feelings do these traditions fill our hearts! Here, too, architecture attunes the susceptible mind to harmony, for here we find reduced to form and regularity what in mighty nature is exalted into masses, ponderous in height and depth. The sight of the distant plain dotted over with houses and villages, a smiling fruitful landscape, imbues the heart with joy in our earthly being and yet inspires a longing for far distant lands. How does it awaken in our minds that sense of grandeur which the narrowness of every-day life is so apt to stifle!

These noble structures that gladden the eye of the spectator, these splendid churches with their slender spires, tempt the soul to ascend with them high into the air, while the simple form of the rounded cupola brings us back to earth. These picturesque objects exercised an active influence on the life of the boy whose career we wish to portray. The succession, too, of beautiful Divine services, the dignified, stately, and devout movements of the priesthood in their gold-embroidered robes,

and, above all, the accompanying strains of exquisite music, fired Mozart's imagination into gracious and fruitful productiveness, causing him to feel the near and living presence of God. This, too, is of moment to the youthful fancy, especially when guided by inborn love of an art such as music, which so thoroughly represents the world and life in its entirety. Moreover, all these surroundings, which so attractively occupy the imagination, were important to Mozart in a higher sense. He felt their truth *in his heart* as a visible revelation of the Divinity, realising to him the Eternal in images that he could grasp, deepening the impressions on his inner perceptions that had been from childhood excited by the picturesque scenery round his home, training him to exercise clear and extended views of life. The early use of sight works favourably on the inner man, especially when directed to ideal and beautiful objects.

But, quite apart from a worship that by the beauty of its forms so effectively awakens artistic feeling, it was of the last importance for the development of Mozart that he was born in a southern and purely Catholic land. The greater unity to be found in this belief, and, above all, the union of intellect and soul, is of vast importance in promoting the activity of the mind of man—a doctrine so fully developed in this Church, whose aim it is to bring to light what is spiritual in the fairest of forms. To the artist, above all others, intellectual truth is the element which gives the

impress to his mind. It may well, therefore, be deemed fortunate that the glad and careless life of the South, assailed by no doubts, welcomed our master even in his cradle, enjoining on him that intellect and soul must never be severed, and thus preventing his mind ever being harassed by any disturbing elements; whereas his great successor, Beethoven, was restlessly driven hither and thither, from his youth upwards, by endless strife on this subject, and only attained later in life that perfection in his works which adorned the creations of our master even in his earliest years. From his childhood a happy fate cultivated the mind of the boy thus gloriously gifted, causing him soon to become master of that pure clear form which is the essence of the Beautiful. He learned to discern correctly, and to esteem clearness in creations to be the most urgent demand of all art.

Amid those glorious scenes, then, was Mozart born, where life was bright and genial, where, in spite of centuries of cultivation, the influence of Nature was yet never cast aside.

The father, Leopold Mozart, was the son of a bookbinder in Augsburg. In him also was early developed that longing for a more stirring existence, which in the son broke through all the barriers of life, striving after the highest aims. Inclination and capacity induced Leopold Mozart at an early period to soar beyond mere handicraft and to devote himself to study. He wished to learn, and, following his natural bias for the intellec-

tual and practical, he chose jurisprudence as his profession. At the same time he had the most ardent love for music, and, like many others in his day, contrived to support himself by giving lessons in this art. He went to Salzburg, where there was a university of some renown; his studies, however, did not last long. In order to maintain himself, finding no provision in the pursuit of the law, he soon entered the service of Count Thurn as valet. In 1743 he was placed in the band of the reigning Archbishop Sigismund, as one of the Court musicians. Finally he devoted himself unreservedly to this art, and composed various pieces of Church music. The horn players, whose duty it is to announce to the inhabitants of the town the advent of morning and evening, often played his compositions. A 'School for the Violin' that he wrote was considered the best of that day, and widely circulated in Germany and elsewhere; a proof that he had a thorough knowledge of music, both in theory and practice.

In 1747 he married a foster child of the convent St. Gilgen in Strasburg—Maria Anna Pertl. She was very pretty, and at that time they were considered the handsomest couple in Salzburg. She was a genuinely good-hearted woman, though, as we may see from her letters, devoid of any strikingly intellectual capacity, not even possessing that peculiar and lively disposition which many mothers of distinguished artists have bestowed on their sons, as their most precious inheritance

through life. On the contrary, she was rather of an indolent nature, but all we hear about her proves that she was a most faithful wife and a most loving mother. These were duties that she had sufficient intellect to fulfil to their utmost extent. Moreover, her most precious endowment was that inward harmony of soul which works so beneficially on the spirit of the husband, and which exercised a vast influence on all those around her, as well as on her son during his whole lifetime. Her genuinely feminine nature disposed the boy's tender soul, from his youth upwards, to mild toleration. His retiring modesty, which in her was a virtue springing from the heart, impressed on the eager lively boy not to expect more than was fairly his due; and this admirable mother conferred on her marvellously endowed son her purity of heart, as her best gift. She had a frank and thorough appreciation of the joys of life, being of a cheerful disposition, and sharing with her countrymen their love of the comic and humorous. We shall find all these qualities in the character of her son, only developed into greater independence and significance.

The father was made of harder clay. He seems to have received from nature the special gifts of moral and practical good sense; at all events, a strong will forms one of the most prominent points in his character. This, indeed, was in accordance with the code of the old imperial city, only more strongly marked in him

than in others, by the toils and struggles of his life. He brought with him to the intellectual princely court a solid burgher mind, and (so far as this was possible in the previous century) a somewhat democratic tendency that guarded him from the obsequious servility so often generated by the moods of the ruling powers. On the other hand, we discover in Leopold Mozart a shrewd knowledge of life; though accustomed to rely on himself alone, he contrived to seize every passing event and to use it wisely. His energy and prudence alone, in such a difficult career, could have secured an assured and respectable position in a small Court already corrupted by all sorts of petty intrigues.

His understanding was sharp and penetrating. On every occasion we see him searching thoroughly into all questions of practical life. Experience had taught him the absolute necessity of an orderly and well regulated household, and he considered life from this point of view. Yet he did not value the substantial goods of this world, which, during his whole existence, he strove to acquire, except as a means to attain freedom of action. The latter, indeed, he never possessed in any great measure, but he contrived always to maintain his independence, and never ceased to impress on his children the necessity of an unfettered and secure position in life. He succeeded in this admirably with his daughter, but in a lesser degree with his son.

Ideal things were only prized by him in so far as

they contributed to practical life or embellished it. His art, notwithstanding his inborn love for it, was chiefly regarded by him as the profession that maintained him. The Church was to him an institution on which man depends in order to live in more security. He was a good Catholic, and adhered strictly to the laws and ordinances of that faith; still he would, no doubt, have been an equally good Protestant had chance caused him to be born in that belief. He esteemed these things as the safe rule by which life is guided. Thus he did not speculate much as to which was the best, Catholic or Protestant? He simply and firmly believed that the teaching of his Church was right. On a journey to Paris, indeed, he admits, not without surprise, the virtue and morality of a Protestant noble, with whom he for some time associated; and he had a strong sense of the moral aims of Northern Germany. He so highly appreciated Gellert's hymns that he wrote to him on the subject, to which the poet replied with much courtesy.

We here insert an extract from a letter in which the estimable views and devout principles of the father are fully manifested. 'I must wish you all happiness on your name day,' he writes to his son on October 31, 1777, 'but what can I wish for you now more than I always wish for you? I wish that the favour of God may everywhere accompany you, that it may never leave or forsake you, and it never will leave you if you

are careful to fulfil those duties incumbent on every true Catholic. You know me—I am no pedant, no bigot, far less a hypocrite; but one request of your father's you will not refuse, which is to be so solicitous about your soul that you may cause your father no anguish of mind in his dying moments—no self-reproach in that trying solemn hour for having in any degree neglected the salvation of your soul. Farewell! live happily! live rationally! Prize and honour your mother, who in her advanced years has many troubles; and love me as your anxious father loves you.'

The father, however, writes from Italy that he has purchased a relic, though he was not blind to the failings of his Church. These could not possibly remain hidden from his clear intellect, rendered even more acute by the stern Protestantism of his native city; indeed, he occasionally speaks rather slightingly both of priests and the priesthood, but he does not the less strictly adhere to the rules of virtue and piety enjoined by his Church, accepting them without much reservation, as fixed laws which must be complied with if our lives are to be prosperous. He went regularly to confession and to mass, and was careful that his children should do the same; in this manner he accustomed them and himself to a regular mode of life. Simple integrity, springing from innate feeling, naturally good principles, and unaffected piety formed the groundwork of all his actions, more especially in the education of his children;

thus he contrived to solve the most difficult of all problems for parents—how to educate a genius. It was precisely his rather restricted and ungenial mode of thought that so well qualified him for this undertaking, which he considered the one great object of his life. It was the severe and narrow views of duty diffused all over Germany at that period by the Königsberg philosophers that enabled the son, whose tendencies were so thoroughly æsthetic, to attain the highest realms of art.

Johannes Chrysostomus Sigismundus Wolfgang Amadeus was the youngest of Leopold Mozart's seven children, of whom only one sister survived, four years older than himself. Her name, like her mother's, was Maria Anna, familiarly called Nannerl by her family. She subsequently married Herr von Sonnenberg, and it is to her that a letter is addressed, written by the Court Trumpeter Schachtner, shortly after her brother's death. It contains the best information we possess of Mozart's childish years. It also shadows forth the inborn genius of that Austria, on which Mozart was one day to make the most pure and imperishable impression. It is as follows :—

'Honoured Madam,—I did not receive your welcome letter in Salzburg, but in Hammerau, where I am now on a visit to my son, who is in an official situation here. You may well believe from my natural courtesy towards everyone, and more especially towards the Mozart family, how vexed I was not to have been able to comply

at once with your request. So now to the point! as to your first question, with regard to your brother's favourite amusements besides music, this is a question that I cannot answer, for as soon as he began to occupy himself with music his inclination for all other things seemed dead, and, in order to interest him, even his childish toys and games must all be accompanied by music. If we (he and I) carried our playthings from one room to another, the one who was empty handed always had to sing a march, or play it on the violin. Previous, however, to his beginning music he was so susceptible to every childish sport that he was apt to forget eating and drinking and everything else. He loved me very much, for, as you know, I was his constant companion; so ten times a day at least he would ask me whether I loved him, and when I sometimes for fun said that I did not, tears sprang to his eyes, so tender and so kindly was his good heart.

'Your second question is, how did he behave as a child when people of rank admired his talent and knowledge of music?

'In very truth, he showed no symptoms of pride or elation; indeed, he could not better have gratified these feelings than by playing to people who knew little or nothing of music, but he never would play except to those who were thorough musicians, or at least without being told they were so.

'Third question, what intellectual occupations did he prefer?

'On this point he allowed himself to be guided; it was quite the same to him what he was told to study; his sole wish was to learn, and to his dearly loved papa he left the choice of the field in which he desired him to work, as if he fully understood that nowhere in the world could he find a teacher or instructor equal to his excellent father. He devoted himself so exclusively to whatever was given him to learn, that he laid aside everything else for the time, even music—for instance, when he was studying arithmetic, tables, chairs, walls, and even the floor were all chalked over with figures.

'Fourth question, what were his qualities, maxims, tendencies, and daily occupations?

'He was full of fire, and quickly adopted every pursuit: I think that, but for the admirable education he received, he might have become a reckless reprobate, so susceptible was he to every attraction, the good or evil of which he was not yet able to judge of.

'Now for some marvellous incidents which occurred in his fifth year, to the absolute truth of which I can solemnly testify.

'On one occasion I went home from hearing Mass with his papa on a Thursday. We found little Wolfgang busy with his pen.

'*Papa.* "What are you doing?"

'*Wolfgang.* "Writing a pianoforte concerto. It is nearly finished."

'*Papa.* "Let me see it."

'*Wolfgang.* "It is not quite completed."

'*Papa.* "Show it to me; no doubt it is something very fine."

'His papa took it from him, and showed me a mass of scrawled notes written chiefly over a surface smeared with ink.

'(N.B. Little Wolfgang each time dipped the pen, in his childish fashion, to the very bottom of the ink-stand; so when he began to use it great blots fell on the paper, but he quickly found a remedy by smearing off the ink with the palm of his hand and writing the notes over it.) At first we laughed at this seeming *galimathias*, but then papa began to examine the notes and the composition. He looked long and fixedly at the paper, when tears of emotion, surprise, and joy sprang to his eyes. "Herr Schachtner," said he, "only look how correct and according to rule all this is written, only it cannot be made use of, for it is so exceedingly difficult that no one could attempt to play it." Wolfgang here interrupted him by saying, "But it is a concerto, and it must be well practised till it is mastered. See! this is how it must go!" He then began to play, and could just manage to give us an idea of the effect he intended. At that time his con-

viction was that to play a concerto or to perform a miracle was equally difficult.

'One thing more; you may remember, dear Madam, that I have a very good violin, which from its full soft tone Wolfgang used to call a *butter violin*. On one occasion, shortly after his return from Vienna, he was playing on it, and could not say enough in praise of the instrument. A few days later I went to see him, and found him busy with his own violin. He said at once, "What is your *butter violin* doing?" then he resumed his fantasia; at length he put down his instrument, and, after reflecting for a moment, said, "Herr Schachtner, your violin is half a quarter of a note lower than mine, if the pitch is the same as when I last played on it." I laughed at this, but papa, who knew the extraordinary ear and memory of the boy, begged me to fetch my violin to see whether he was right—and right he assuredly was.

'A short time previously, a few days after their return from Vienna, Wolfgang having brought with him a little violin which had been given him there, arrived a very good violinist, the late Herr Wentzl, but only a beginner in composition. He brought with him six trios that he had written in the absence of papa, and wished to have his opinion about them. We were to try over one: Papa to play bass on the viola, Wentzl first violin, and I second violin. Wolfgang begged that he might be second violin, but papa reproved him for such a foolish

request, inasmuch as hitherto he had had no teaching whatever on the violin, and papa thought that he could do nothing on it. Wolfgang said, "There is no need to learn to play second violin;" and when papa insisted that he should go away at once, and not trouble us further, the boy began to cry bitterly, but walked off with his little fiddle.

'I begged, however, that he might be allowed to play with me, so at last papa said, "Play along with Herr Schachtner, but so softly that no one can hear you, or else you must go away;" so this was settled, and Wolfgang played beside me. I soon remarked with amazement that I was quite superfluous. I quietly laid down my violin and looked at papa, who had tears of wonder and gladness in his eyes. In the same way he played over all the trios at sight. When we had finished, Wolfgang, emboldened by our praise, declared that he could play first violin. We let him make the attempt for fun, and were in fits of laughter at seeing his wrong and awkward fingering, but he contrived to play on and never to stick fast.

'In conclusion—as to the tenderness and delicacy of his ear.

'Till his tenth year he had the most unconquerable fear of the trumpet, when sounded without any other music. If a trumpet was held up before him, it was like putting a loaded pistol to his ear. Papa, wishing to overcome this childish dread, on one occasion told me

not to mind this aversion on the boy's part, but to sound the trumpet close to him. Good Heavens! how I wished I had never been persuaded to do this! Scarcely had Wolfgang heard the shrill sound than he turned pale and began to sink to the ground. Had I gone on he would certainly have fallen into convulsions.

'This is only incidental. I have answered all your questions to the best of my ability. Excuse such a scrawl, but I am so depressed that I cannot write better. I am, Madam, with high esteem and consideration.

'Your faithful servant,

'ANDREAS SCHACHTNER,

'Court Trumpeter.

'Salzburg, April 24, 1792.'

This simple and good-hearted account gives us ample information both of the wondrous child's powers and his loving, tractable, thoughtful, yet childish ways.

When Wolfgang was six years old and his sister ten, the father resolved to exhibit to the world their extraordinary abilities. He set out on his travels with them.

They went first in 1772 to Munich, and as the father's expectations both as to fame and money were even exceeded there, they proceeded to Vienna to bring forward the children at that music-loving Imperial Court. Maria Theresa and her illustrious husband received the little prodigies with the greatest kindness, and heard them play in private at Schönbrunn. Wolf-

gang unembarrassed and natural as usual, jumped without ceremony on the lap of the Empress, who had been so good to him, and kissed her to his heart's content. He did pretty much the same to the fascinating Marie Antoinette, who was then about his age. He slipped and fell on the polished *parquet*, to which he was unaccustomed, but the little princess ran up to him and helped him to rise, on which he said, 'You are good; I will marry you;' and when the Empress asked him why he wished this, he replied 'Out of gratitude; she was kind, while her sister took no notice of me' (having let him lie on the floor). The Empress presented the little virtuosi with clothes made for her own children, and they were painted life-size in this costume. These portraits hang in the 'Mozarteum,' at Salzburg. There is something kindly and comic in Wolfgang's childish face, whereas in that of Nannerl we see great beauty and charm of expression.[1] After the Court had thus noticed the children, the nobility whose soirées were always adorned by musical productions, vied with each other in engaging the young artists, and the family, after a stay of some months, returned to Salzburg enriched by considerable gains. The instruction of the children had by no means been neglected during their absence, so they had not lost the habit of regular occupation, and their education was now conducted with the utmost care, as we have already seen. In addition to the piano, Wolfgang

[1] Facsimiles of these portraits are given in this work.

had begun also to learn the violin, and was now initiated into the first rules of composition in the solid manner which distinguished the sensible father in all things.

But this man could not long rest in narrow Salzburg. In the spring of 1763 he again set off on a journey with his children—his chief object being Paris. Shortly after they visited Munich and Augsburg, besides various small courts and country seats on the Rhine, Ludwigsburg, Schwetzingen, Heidelberg. Meanwhile Wolfgang had learned the organ, and excited more astonishment by his playing on this gigantic instrument than by either violin or piano. His little feet ran about so nimbly on the pedals that the spectators were lost in amazement, and the priest of the church of the Holy Ghost in Heidelberg could not resist inscribing on the organ the boy's name and the date of his visit, as an enduring remembrance of this 'wonder of God.' They then proceeded to Mayence, Frankfort, Coblenz, Bonn, Aix, and were everywhere received with the same appreciation, and more or less remuneration. The father, however, never neglected seeing all that was worth seeing, in every city that they visited, and his little daughter kept a childish diary, recording most of these remarkable objects, written in a large scrawling hand, and sadly deficient in orthography. In Paris the influential author Baron Grimm took special interest in this artistic family, commending strongly in his writings the youthful prodigies to the notice of the public. The Court of Ver-

sailles and the nobility also took a keen interest in the marvellous child, who could distinguish each individual note merely by ear, compose without a piano, play everything at sight and accompany songs also by ear. The Marquise de Pompadour, who at that time was all-powerful at Court, was not, indeed, so indulgent and motherly to the boy as Maria Theresa; for once, having placed Wolfgang on a table before her, he tried to throw his arms round her neck and kiss her, she eluded his intended embrace, on which the boy said with indignant pride, 'Who is this who will not kiss me? the Empress kissed me!' He was very much elated by the Empress's kindness, and liked to boast of it. The King's daughters, also, were too good-natured to observe any etiquette with the children, kissing them and giving them their hands to kiss in return.

From Paris they proceeded by Calais to London, where their reception at Court and success with the public was even more gratifying than in Paris. The royal couple, George III. and Queen Charlotte, were both devoted to music; the public here, too, were much more interested in the performances of the children than by their youth. The father did not find much in Paris to commend, either in music or life; the former seemed to him cold, empty, tiresome, and noisy, full of bombast and luxury, but devoid of real merit; the city, one to which Providence must be very gracious if it did not go at once to ruin.

In London, however, Händel had awakened a love for a more solid style of music, and Johann Christian Bach contrived to foster this better taste. The father, therefore, stayed a long time in London, his boy profiting by the talents of the distinguished singer, Manzuoli. Wolfgang also wrote some orchestral symphonies, which were performed at their concerts. At length they set off to return home laden with fame and money.

At the Hague first one child and then the other were seized with a most dangerous illness—a hard trial to the courage and spirits of the anxious father for months. The parents, however, endured this calamity bravely, and after the father, even during Lent, had been able to display at Amsterdam the wonderful talents of his boy, the family returned by Paris, where this time they did not meet with as favourable a reception as before. They went on to Dijon, where the States of France were assembled, then to Salzburg by Lyons, Geneva, Lausanne, through Würtemberg, and Bavaria.

We therefore perceive that the boy had seen many of the fairest spots on earth; and Mozart was accustomed to regard the world as a free arena on which man can press forwards to the mark with a glad heart and frank spirit. He early conquered all shyness—a feeling that many a son of solitude, in spite of all his intellectual endowments, has had to struggle with through life, depriving him of much success in the world. He also early learned to draw near to men as friends; they did not seem

strangers to him, he found the way to their hearts by his own winning ways. Early in life he saw into the various dispositions of men, and had a quick eye for their manifold peculiarities, or rather he exercised his quick perceptions on the character and qualities of each individual. Early, also, his susceptible ear perceived the style of music peculiar to various nations. For though Italian art at that time prevailed in all countries, yet each people had their own particular melodies; Mozart too, learned betimes the charming refined style that distinguished the tone of society in the previous century, the gracious and elegant manners in social life, the minuet step in its comic stateliness, powder, too—this irony on nature—and, above all, distinctness of form. For while travelling the family lived exclusively in the most polished society, indeed, in the atmosphere of Courts. And when we see the charming *galant* costume with its coquettish quaintness, displayed in the portrait of Mozart to which we have already alluded, we cannot but contrast it with the simple appropriate bourgeois dress, and the straightforward unsophisticated feeling the child was accustomed to at home. This being faithfully nurtured by his parents, we can well understand that his youthful compositions should on the surface at least have preserved the most refined forms, and yet that simplicity in their substance, which speak to us of the life of the people and also of the two conditions of genuine art, finish in the outward

form, and freedom of natural feeling; which Mozart, by the happy chance both of birth and training, at an early age fulfilled.

We must not forget either that the worldly prosperity which brightened the youth of this genius, and, above all, the universal recognition of his powers and efforts, excited the young soul betimes into that state of glad emotion which enables the spirit to create, with freedom and delight; was it not so with Goethe? did not the rays of his youthful felicity still shine cheeringly on the days of his old age? whereas on the heads of Schiller and Beethoven gloomy clouds still brooded over the evening of their lives, dense vapours having hovered over their early youth amid the struggles and difficulties of life. As a child, indeed, Mozart was so modest that he shed tears if anyone praised him, nor did the elation of success ever tempt him to swerve from the right path. Still by this recognition he early acquired self-confidence and security in his works, and though with him, even more than with most men, hard work was not spared, yet this calm self-dependence ensured him more success in his productions than is enjoyed by those who make the most strenuous efforts to obtain appreciation, and struggle through life against injustice.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD—1767–70.

'Love! love! nurse of beauty.'

'NEXT to our gracious God comes papa!' such was the maxim of the boy Wolfgang. When he went to bed at night, he always asked his father to place him on a chair and to sing a little duet with him composed by himself on some meaningless words which sounded like Italian, 'Oragina fiago, ta fa;' after which he kissed the tip of his father's nose, promising, 'when he was older, to put him under a glass case to guard him from the cold and to keep him always at home.' Then the boy went to bed quite happy.

How different was the case of the gifted Chevalier Gluck, a son of the people, the child of a rough forester, who followed his father barefoot into the woods in the most bitter cold weather, in order to carry his game-bag! How did music and strength of character shield him from that coarseness and intolerance, from which a milder rule preserved Mozart even in his childhood! How little did the cheerful Haydn know of that sun-

shine and tender love which brings the soul into harmony and enlightens the mind early in life, bestowing peace and beauty! The child of a mechanic, he received more blows than victuals from his master, and was forced to gain a penurious livelihood by singing. The father, too, of the great Beethoven, a musician of no note, fell a victim to a disorderly life, alas! too common during the previous century in his profession, thus robbing his family of every source of subsistence and of that peaceful atmosphere in which alone children can be trained in the right path. Stubborn by nature, this great man was unsociable with his fellow-men, from the lack of that love which had failed him in his childhood, and not till late in life did he learn by severe sufferings what a well-spring gushes forth from that virtue.

Gluck and Beethoven were destined by fate to transform the art of their time, amid toil and conflict. Whereas Mozart, the genius of beauty, wandered like the stars along a peaceful path all joy and harmony. Streams of loveliness, concord, and beauty, flowed from him who had so early imbibed the fulness of love. Like a youthful hero, he gained the mastery over his day, not by passionate strife but by the magic spell of his genius. He attained the loftiest heights of humanity, shedding alike on the high and the low, the good and the evil, the fragrant blossoms of his productions.

Mozart was now ten years old, a well-grown boy,

but already a finished composer. Indeed, the 'London' Bach had said that many a Kapell-Meister died without knowing as much as this boy. They soon returned to Vienna—for the father was not contented to remain long in Salzburg. In the autumn of 1767 the marriage of the Archduchess Maria Josepha with the King of Naples took place. Already the envy and jealousy of his fellow-artists were awakened, and on all sides every kind of obstacle was raised to prevent Wolfgang's being brought forward. In fact, even at that time he had shown talents equal to, and even superior to, those of most living composers, and he soon found an opportunity to prove this in public. The Emperor Joseph II. had unhappily recently adopted a system of economy that specially pressed hard on artists, whose livelihood depended chiefly on the patronage of the great. He, indeed, received the young artist very graciously, highly admiring his progress. His sister Nannerl too, who had meanwhile bloomed into a very lovely girl, he highly complimented, 'tinging her cheeks with blushes;' he no longer gave her handsome presents, but he gave Wolfgang the joyful commission to write an opera for him. It was 'La Finta Semplice,' a comic opera in three acts.

Wolfgang set to work at once; but as the opera director, Affligio, delayed sending the libretto till the ensuing spring, the opera was not finished till after Easter. And now the professional jealousies of the

other musicians became evident, as they strove in every possible way to obstruct the performance. It was soon said that it was a shame to see a boy, ten years of age, on the same spot where masters of such fame as Hasse and Gluck used to stand—the Emperor's express wish being that Wolfgang should conduct his own opera. Then again they declared that the music was not his own, but written by his father—a calumny which the latter refuted by making his son compose an aria or a sonata extempore in the presence of other musicians. Finally, they contrived to insinuate to the singers that they could gain no honour by such a boyish composition, thus inciting them also to opposition, although Wolfgang had written the music expressly for each voice 'as if he had taken their measure.' The mild and genial Hasse, indeed, who gladly recognised rising talent and encouraged upright industry, frankly said that Wolfgang's opera was better than those of twenty living composers. But the director of the theatre paid no attention to the repeated commands of the Emperor or the constant importunity of the father. At last, however, he consented to produce the opera, protesting at the same time that he would take care it should be well hissed. On hearing this the father himself withdrew the piece, but presented a petition to the Emperor, without, however, any result. The theatre at that period was not Imperial, but belonged to the director, Affligio, an adventurer and a most unprincipled

man, who was subsequently thrown into prison for forgery.

Thus the whole summer passed away without any fruits, and Wolfgang was now for the first time to learn those adverse influences which at a future day he was so often to contend with. These repulsive intrigues, however, did not affect him so deeply as the father, but being prepared both by nature and experience to deal with such matters he, too, was not cast down. On the contrary, in spite of all the jealousies and attacks by which he was often assailed, he pursued with manly steadiness the path on which he felt assured that his son would one day certainly attain success. 'Such is the manner in which we must fight our way in this world,' writes he; 'if a man has no talent he is unhappy enough; if he really has talent envy pursues him just in proportion to his merits; but we must convince the world by patience and perseverance that our opponents are malicious, liars, slanderers, and envious beings, who would laugh in their sleeves if they succeeded in terrifying or crushing us.'

His next object was Italy, a country at that time the Eldorado of all musicians. An artist who obtained a decisive success with an opera in one of the large theatres there was certain to meet with fame and brilliant remuneration on every stage in Europe. At that period scarcely any operas or singers except those of Italy were known, and virtuosi as well as composers

of every nationality were obliged to go to Italy, and if possible to Italianise even their names, before an opera public received them favourably. Händel had already done this, and so had Hasse, Naumann, and others. Even the Hesperian public were prepared to acknowledge the merits of him who submitted to visit Italy, and worked out his own ideas in accordance with this established manner. They prized Händel's 'Rinaldo,' worshipped the 'Caro Sassone' of Hasse, with his hundred operas all written on the Italian model, and showed pleasure in Gluck's earlier works, which, indeed, procured for him in Rome the Order of the Golden Spur. None of the maestri who had earned laurels in Naples, Rome, or Milan failed in a successful career. Gluck's reforms in operas had then just begun to creep in.

The 'Finta Semplice' was an opera buffa, quite in accordance with Italian tendencies. Coltellini, a celebrated poet of the day, had written the libretto, and the singers who were to perform in the opera were all Italians. We can therefore understand how important it was to the father to succeed in getting his son's opera performed. Of its success he felt quite assured; he knew his son's mode of writing, which, with the most perfect security in the mastery of form, combined that vivacity of youthful feeling which had already obtained the approval of a Hasse. The more bitterly was he disappointed when at last he became convinced of the impossibility of his son's work being given. Meanwhile,

as the whole of his salary was stopped during his absence from Salzburg, the family were deprived of all income. Wolfgang and Nannerl, too, were both laid up by illness. They had measles during the winter, which caused Wolfgang to remain blind for a couple of weeks. It is therefore evident that the father did not wish to stay longer in a place where nothing more was to be gained. Wolfgang at this time wrote a little German operetta, 'Bastien und Bastienne,' the text being adapted by Schachtner (Court Trumpeter) from Rousseau's popular 'Devin du village.' It was not, however, given in public, but merely sung in Herr Mesmer's garden-house. He also wrote a mass for the consecration of the new Church for Orphans in Vienna, which he directed himself, with a large *bâton*, on December 7, 1768.

The refined tact with which this boy of twelve knew how to distinguish between the different styles of these various works (especially operas) is highly to be admired, displaying, as it does, wonderful ability and a superior musical treatment. For nothing can differ more than the Italian opera and the German *Singspiel*. The former abounding in recitative, consequently eminently dramatic; in the latter, melody forming the chief basis. In both *genres* Wolfgang hit on the right tone with the most perfect security; for in the 'Finta Semplice' the form of the aria pervades the whole, with its repetition of individual passages, whereas in 'Bastien und Bastienne' the German *Volkslied* is carried out even in

the construction of the melody. Thus Mozart early in his career adopted in his theatrical music the peculiarities of both nations, being destined one day to raise these diversities to a higher degree of unity. This process was not, however, accomplished till a much later period. Meanwhile the boy, partly from his own genuinely artistic instincts and partly owing to the guidance of his father, pursued that path of refined forms which Italian music offered him.

He was now soon to learn this phase of art at its source, for he was about to breathe a purer atmosphere and to see the enchanting skies, the peaceful fair outlines of the mountains, the stately coronals of the trees, the characteristic forms of the plants, and the stately figures of the people who dwell on the soil of Italy. Shortly he was to tread the streets of Eternal Rome, with its surging sea of hills and cupolas, churches and palaces, exhibiting in its ancient physiognomy the stern gravity and dignity of the wide world, and yet offering to the amazed sight St. Peter's, a monument of all the charm and the powers of mortal genius. The boy indeed was only thirteen to whom this land has been such a fertile source of spiritual culture, and which so many still long in vain to see. But his eye was quick to discern the splendours of earth, and his genius could imbibe these splendours and absorb them in his soul without a thought or even consciousness of such impressions. Mozart never reflected on similar

sensations. Even in his later years his remarks on such subjects are very scanty; we must not therefore be misled by his letters to his dear Nannerl, that tell so little of the beauties of Italy. The impressions existed, and were of the utmost efficacy for his artistic development.

Towards the end of the year 1768 the travellers returned from Vienna to Salzburg, where Mozart, in recognition of his conspicuous abilities, was named Concert Master. His studies pursued their usual course during the ensuing year. The father lost no opportunity of collecting from all quarters the works of the composers of the day. In the year 1769 Mozart wrote two more Masses. Then he crossed the mountains to the land of milder breezes and lovelier forms.

In Innsbruck and in Noveredo, Mozart's playing both on the organ and the piano excited the same profound astonishment that we have already alluded to. In Verona, so great was the rush of those who were curious to hear him, that the father and son with difficulty forced their way to the organ. In Mantua, Mozart played a *concerto* in the Philharmonic Society, and in Milan, where they arrived at the end of January 1770, his eminent abilities, and especially his compositions, caused such a sensation that the principal object of his journey—to obtain a commission to write an opera—was here fulfilled. Wolfgang was engaged for the ensuing season, new operas being at that time

demanded each winter. The *Honorar* was fixed at one hundred ducats, and free board and lodging during his stay at Milan. The travellers proceeded on their journey without delay, but the *libretto* was to be forwarded to him afterwards. The opera was not to be given till the ensuing Christmas; so now Wolfgang could minutely study at his leisure the true taste and tone of this nation.

In Bologna the juvenile composer was highly extolled for his works by the great and learned Padre Martini; he also there made acquaintance with the most renowned singer of that century, Farinelli, whose voice and talent impressed him deeply. He indeed sharply criticised all artistic performances, as we see from the humorous descriptions he gives to his sister, both of operas and singers. His judgments are original, yet they all tell of the natural acute perceptions of the outspoken boy, who is shrewd without precocity, and frank without presumption.

At Florence, owing to their Austrian letters of introduction, the travellers were very kindly received at Court. In Rome, Mozart writes down from memory Allegri's celebrated *Miserere*, which was given in the Holy Week in the Sistine Chapel by the Papal choir. The father writes: 'You are aware that the far-famed *Miserere* is so highly esteemed that the *musici* of the chapel are forbidden, on pain of excommunication, to remove any of the parts out of the chapel, or to copy

or give them away. But we have it. Wolfgang wrote it down from hearing it, and I would have enclosed it in this letter to Salzburg, had it not been necessary that we should ourselves be there too, for the manner in which it must be rendered is even more essential than the composition itself. Meanwhile we cannot entrust the mystery to others, lest we fall directly or indirectly under the censure of the Church.' They took every possible share in all the festivities of the time, and Wolfgang's imagination was no doubt even more artistically excited by the noble grandeur of the Church than by the Dome of Salzburg. He writes to his sister about the 'splendid functions.' They then proceeded to Naples. There also the success of the boy was brilliant; indeed, as the father had already written from Rome, the farther they penetrated into Italy, the more lively became the admiration the boy excited. When he played in the Conservatorio alla Pietà (one of the numerous schools of music in Naples), the Neapolitans declared that the marvellous dexterity of his left hand depended on a ring containing a magic spell, but when he took it off, the wonder and applause were boundless.

On their return to Rome, they saw the brilliant Girandola, fiery sheaves of many thousand rockets, the striking illumination of St. Peter's, the presentation of the Neapolitan tribute, and other festivities. Wolfgang also received from the Pope the Cross of the Order of the Golden Spur which entitled him to be addressed as

le Chevalier Mozart; but we hear no more of this title. The father writes: 'You may imagine how I laugh when I hear my boy called *Signor Cavaliere.*' Nevertheless he knew how to appreciate the trifling advantage gained by this in travelling, and he was well pleased when Wolfgang was taken for a German *Cavaliere*, or a Prince, while he himself was supposed to be the tutor. They were particular as to being well dressed; nor did Wolfgang ever lose this habit all through his life. The social advantages conferred by this Order, which were of more value in the previous century than at present, had little interest for him. He was far more gratified by being elected a member of the Accademia Filarmonica in Bologna, which occurred on August 13, 1770. In October they returned to Milan.

Thus our youthful *maestro* had traversed the land of beauty, and though music, and especially his opera, chiefly absorbed his thoughts, still there can be no doubt that the varied impressions which his susceptible disposition received in that country had a remarkable influence on the clearness of his mind, and, above all, on the acuteness of his perceptions; for both his early and later works are distinguished from those of other masters by perspicuity in the arrangement of the different parts, and by the rhythmical construction of the whole; and this certainly proceeds, exclusive of his natural talent, from his using that acute sight which he always exercised both in viewing nature and art. Objects are

transferred from the eye, by which we measure them, to the ear and to our brain; thus sight most of all guides the fancy. The father never failed to attract the son's attention to all that was worth seeing in that country. He writes to his wife from Florence: 'I wish you could see Florence, the country around, and the situation of the city; you would say it is a land to live and die in.' In Rome Wolfgang wishes his sister could be there, for no doubt that city would delight her; and from Naples he writes, 'Naples is lovely.' Of the museums, too, he says, 'We visited the capital, and saw some very fine things.' How must the antiquities and stately buildings of that country have worked on the imagination of the gifted boy!

The magic power of these attractions, and not music alone, was so great on his youthful soul, that eight years later we find him writing from thoughtless Paris to his father: 'You must faithfully pledge yourself to let me see Italy again, in order to refresh my life. I do entreat of you to confer this happiness on me.' Above all Mozart acquired here, to the great benefit of his music, the conviction which he always maintained, that melody was the soul of music; and in all that he subsequently learned, whether the polyphony of German music, or the richer and deeper colouring imparted by orchestration, he never ceased to consider melody as his chief aim, all else merely serving to strengthen, enrich, and elevate the composition.

Of all artists, Mozart most worshipped beauty; but, in addition to melody, he knew the depth and fulness of German counterpoint, and thus in such hands the fair form of beauty, too much neglected, now bloomed once more in its original lustre. We do not pretend to say that Italian melodies were wholly devoid of this warm inner life; on the contrary, the strains of Scarlatti, Leo, Pergolese, and others, possess a degree of vivid feeling which causes their music to live even in the present day. But it was during Mozart's time that that inner life in all its fulness began to awaken: the most charming love songs sprang to light in profusion like spring blossoms. Masters like Christian Bach, and even Federigo Fiorillo, had written sonatas indicative of the charm and feeling that we find in Mozart. Goethe had given to the world his magic strains, gently winning for himself the hearts of the nation, and attuning it to love and tenderness. It was Mozart, then, who found the means of giving utterance in music to all the riches of his beauteous inner life. He removed the seal from all hearts of that time, when he began to pour forth the riches from his own; and the mysterious influence that ensured him success, beyond all others, in his mission, was adopting as his own those loving strains which embellished Italian music. But it was his *heart*, above all, that sought and understood this language. And did not Mozart's own nature overflow with love? Does not Schachtner's letter show this? and likewise his own

expressions at that time? The few lines that he adds when in Italy to his father's more detailed letters, always consist, though in childish phrase, of the most loving devotion to his mother and sister, and the whole circle of his friends. He forgets none; he inquires for each; he sympathises in Martha's illness, with Herr Hagenauer's ill-health. The father writes: 'Both of us prayed earnestly to-day in church for his recovery.' The 'high and lofty thoughts' in Italy, and constant hard work, did not turn the boy's heart from such feelings and reflections, and yet we often find him 'quite distracted by so many affairs.' He kisses 'mamma's hands 100,000,000,' and Nannerl's 'face, nose, and mouth.' On the post days that bring him letters from Germany, 'he far more enjoys eating and drinking.' Every page contains some pleasantry for Nannerl, and such jokes show with what brotherly love he is attached to her. Moreover, the never-failing gaiety of spirit that he and his father always enjoyed, leads us to the conclusion that his soul was full of harmony, the result of his own loving feelings towards all mankind.

But already the boy's susceptibility to beauty in the fair sex was stirring within him. He writes with true Salzburger uncouthness of the *prima ballerina* in Mantua: 'They say she is not an ugly animal, but I have not seen her near,' showing that he was already looking at *belle donne*. The following year he speaks out more plainly. 'You promised me (you know what—my pet!)

Be sure not to forget. I do beg—I shall be so grateful;' for the brother and sister faithfully shared their little mysteries. We shall speak more in detail of these matters when that fuller life was awakened within him, of which we have here only the first faint indications. For though the boy of fourteen already shows symptoms of more profound feelings, still, at this stage of his development we must look more to the pervading element that nourished his natural character, and also the terms on which the whole family lived with each other, and the stream of love that flowed from the father and mother on the susceptible boy. The children addressed their parents by the more formal 'Sie,' yet affection even more than reverence prevailed in their intercourse; nor was that cold respect ever manifested, by which in former times the development of family life was in so many ways hindered.

There was no constraint in the education of Mozart: corporal punishment was quite unnecessary, the boy being so docile by nature; thus his life was guided by that voluntary submission to the law which is of the last importance to every artist.

In Florence he formed a loving friendship with an English boy of his own age, who was also a musical prodigy, Thomas Linley. During the short time they were together they were inseparable, and vied unwearyingly with each other in their musical efforts. Their separation cost both many tears. Does not the en-

thusiastic friendship that Goethe showed for Lenz, Lavater, Jacobi, and others, date from the same period? and was not the Göttinger Hainbund formed only a short time previously? All through Germany was stirring an overflow of heart in which men found their deeper feelings a source of happiness. Goethe exclaims, 'Of all earthly possessions, a man's *own heart* is the most precious.' Wondrous sounds were echoing through German minds. It was as if the old primæval truths of human love were now to become the daily food of life—old men and young embracing each other, vowing never-ending love and lasting friendship. The warm life displayed at the beginning of the century in the pulpits and teaching of the Church now suddenly penetrated into life. The *Pietismus* of the North German Spener, and the mysticism of the noble-minded Friedrich von Spee, who had preceded him in the southern parts of our Fatherland, had come forth from the narrow circle of believing brethren into the wide world, and by their innate energy effected that miracle of art which forms so striking a contrast to the stiff scientific pedantry of that day, as well as to the ossified condition of the Church, the State, and social life. This sunshine by degrees vivified afresh the whole nation; and then it was that every relation in life began to thaw, and, above all, to cast off the 'powder and pigtail' of unnatural foreign influences, and to adopt nature in their melodies. These fresher natural impulses were also shown in the Mozart

family. The tolerant character of the father, who loved the Protestant Gellert, and allowed his children to read Klopstock's poems, and his son to follow the bent of his own feelings, thus favoured half-instinctively and with wise insight the progress of the youthful genius from whom was one day to flow a spring of the most pure and profound feeling, and fresh types of human nature.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUTH—1770–75.

'He bruised the ripe fruit in his lap.'

THE Protestant Reformation, embraced in turn by each nation of Northern Europe, was a reaction of the German spirit from the worship of the Middle Ages and the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, which had in former days been forced on the Northern races. It was, however, a reaction only in this sense, that what for centuries past had been felt coercive, because its forms were foreign and unwelcome to Germans, was now freely accepted in its own significance and intrinsic worth. The German spirit only shook off forms, but the indwelling sense was preserved. Learning was to be liberated from that scholasticism which had obscured the pure and simple meaning of the ancient faith, and religion freed from those symbolic forms under the pressure of which truth had been almost buried. Luther gave back the Bible to his nation, and sought to instruct them in the meaning of its words. The works of Greece

were again restored in their primitive form; their writings being brought by fugitives from Byzantium to Italy and from thence to Germany, where in the course of time they founded quite a new culture, thus preparing the way for the great literary epoch of the last century.

This latter process was more speedily effected by the Roman people; for they, being more closely assimilated to the antique by their descent, had not to guard themselves from any foreign influences. On the contrary, the restoration of the antique only brought forth a greater degree of fertility. Music also received the most profound impress from this revival of the ancient style. We cannot sufficiently prize what the refined taste of Italians accomplished for the science of music in the invention of Operas. Professor Jahn, on his part, has rescued the character of a genuine man—our Mozart—from the rubbish of many calumnious traditions, and brought to light a dark and unartistic epoch. His trustworthy facts also induced us to employ them as a foundation in our attempt to portray this noble-minded man, and to strive to clear his name from every false conception and idle report, so that all may now comprehend him. The name of Jahn will ever remain inseparably connected in the realm of literature with that of our Maestro. In his admirable delineation of the youthful progress of Mozart, he says how singular it was that the very same master who swayed as few

have done during a long life the Italian stage, J. A. Hasse, personally transferred his sceptre to this youth, who indeed did not reach the height of his fame during the old man's life, but was destined to bequeath it the more enduringly to posterity. The world-famed Hasse, after hearing the performance of a theatrical *serenata* written by Mozart in his sixteenth year for Milan, exclaimed, 'This boy will one day cause us all to be forgotten!' The boy, however, had sufficient artistic good sense not to wish to be wiser than the masters who had preceded him, but for a time to devote himself steadily to the popular Italian style, at first adopting the Italian Opera method, with all its shortcomings as well as its merits. The subject of the *libretti* sent to him for composition by the Milan Impresario was from the antique—the 'fabulous story' of Mithridates, King of Pontus.

This was the first opera that Mozart wrote for Milan, and it brought him much honour. He was still indeed obliged to struggle against the cabals and caprices of the *Virtuoso canaille*, but this chiefly affected the father. Wolfgang was always ready to study the individuality and the inclinations of the singers, and, as his imagination was equally flexible and fertile, he succeeded in gaining the approbation of the *virtuosi*. He 'fitted them exactly.' The father writes: 'Before the first rehearsal, people were not wanting who loudly declared beforehand, and in fact prophesied with satirical tongues,

that the music would prove childish and contemptible, and that it was impossible a young boy, and moreover a German, could write an Italian opera. They were ready to acknowledge that he was a great *virtuoso*, but that he could understand or appreciate the *chiaroscuro* so indispensable for the stage was out of the question. But from the evening of the first short rehearsal all these people are dumb, and dare not venture to say another syllable. The copyist is full of delight, which is a good omen in Italy, because, when the music proves successful, he gains more money by the transfer and sale of copies than the Kapell-Meister by his composition! The singers, male and female, are quite pleased and satisfied. The *prima donna*, and *primuomo* especially, are delighted with their duett.'

The first performance took place on December 26, 1770, under the direction of Wolfgang. Almost every one of the airs was welcomed with enthusiastic clapping of hands, and loud cries of 'Evviva il Maestro!' 'Evviva il Maestrino!' The applause indeed increased at each performance; twenty being given in rotation, every time to crowded houses. The work was then laid aside, which was always the case in those days with Italian operas, being only given for one season. In fact, the copyists had commissions to send five complete copies—one for Milan, two for Vienna, one for the Duchess of Parma, and one for Lisbon. A Milanese Gazette of January 2 says: 'This juvenile Kapell-

Meister studies the beautiful in nature, and brings it before us embellished by the most rare musical charm.' Wolfgang had certainly spared no pains. In fact, Jahn writes: 'The father watched carefully over his son, so far as he could, to prevent him from overtasking his strength, and, except in some exigency, never allowing him to write immediately after eating, when indeed he usually went out walking with him.' But the intellectual strain of such continued occupation, and the gravity of the subject, caused such an earnest mood in the boy, that the father wrote to his Salzburg friends: 'It would be a good action to send him cheerful and jocular letters, to enliven him.' From this time forth industry and recognition, the two things which lead men to the goal of their efforts, accompanied this young genius on his path through life. On January 5, 1771, the Accademia Filarmonica of Verona (like that of Milan) elected the much-admired Maestrino Kapell-Meister a member of their society.

Thus the object for the sake of which the father had given up income and home, submitting to all the toils and troubles of travelling, was now fully obtained—indeed, the director of the Milan Theatre gave the son a commission to write the first opera for the Carnival of 1772, with an increased *Honorar* of 130 *gigliati*. They set off on their journey in good spirits, and made an excursion to Venice, where they enjoyed the pleasures of the Carnival, and the rocking of the gondolas on the

Lagunes, arriving at home safe and sound at the end of March.

How rejoiced the mother and sister must have been, to have the little composer once more with them! The young Maestrino came back covered with worldly fame, his name being placed by the public on a level with the greatest of his contemporaries, Metastasio and Hasse. Yet he behaved with the utmost simplicity and modesty, friendly to everyone, esteeming every one his equal, and equally devoid of arrogance and presumption. Nannerl, who was now in her twentieth year, and whose beauty attracted many admirers, must indeed have been delighted again to have her juvenile confidant, to whom, no doubt, during his absence she had revealed many of her love secrets. How often must they have wandered together on the Mönchsberg and Maria Plain. She, a slender figure in powder and a hoop petticoat. He, the little Kapell-Meister, in a gallooned hat, velvet coat, shirt frill, silk stockings, and—— a sword!—quite a *cavaliere*, and a gallant one too.

He was now fifteen, and a livelier sense of tenderness and beauty awoke within him. During his journey he could make merry at the expense of an unhappy lover. On January 26, 1770, he writes to his sister: 'One thing annoys me; your allowing Herr Von Mölk to sigh and suffer at such a rate. You might have gone with him in his sledge, so that he might have upset you. How many handkerchiefs he must have made use of to dry

his tears on that day for your sake!' But now he is sighing himself, a victim to this flame, and to heighten his enthusiasm, and to suit the age of his beloved one, the object of his passion is a grown-up young lady, and soon to be married! It is of her therefore that he writes to his sister during his ensuing journey: 'I beg you will tell me of *that other one*—where another never can be —you understand?' A year later he certainly alludes to a new queen of his heart: 'I hope you have visited the Fräulein—you know whom I mean. I beg when you see her that you will give her my kind regards,' and then, 'I thank you much—you know for what.' Thus gradually was formed that charming rosy chain which throughout life was entwined with the career of our artist, who remained always young, his heart and his fancy lovingly excited. His mind ever continued frank and free, never, like too many German youths, sinking into gloomy fanaticism, thus rendering void the great aim of his life. We see him now as gay as ever, and ready for every kind of enjoyment. His admiration for one person by no means makes him blind to the charms or obtuse to the merits of others. 'Tell Fräulein W. Von Mölk, that I rejoice at the thoughts of Salzburg, where I may possibly get another present for the minuets, like the one the Academy gave me; but she already knows this.' It is fitting for an artist to pluck the flower that blooms on the bush beside him. This gives rich glad life and keeps alive creative power.

Here also we discover the healthy nature of Mozart, which knew how to enjoy, without injuring either his own life, or that of others.

In the month of August we find the travellers once more in Milan. Wolfgang had received from the Empress Maria Theresa, a commission to write a theatrical cantata for the marriage of her son Ferdinand with Beatrice of Modena. This was a *Festspiel* with brilliant decorations, and a ballet in which all honour was done to the royal couple by many flattering allusions. It was called 'Ascanius in Alba.' Wolfgang received the libretto in the beginning of September, and the marriage was to take place in October. He shewed that he could compose under all circumstances. 'I am panting with heat, and have torn open my waistcoat; above us is a violinist, under us another, next to us a singing master who gives lessons, and in the opposite room an oboist. This is nice for a composer, this is a source of inspiration!' What a contrast to Th. Hoffmann's Kapell-Meister —Kreisler. The recitatives and choruses were finished on September 13, and the father thought that in ten days more both opera and ballet would be completed. This proved to be the case, and so we can understand Wolfgang saying, 'My fingers ache from writing.' On this occasion he had no cabals on the part of the singers to contend with. He writes, 'They are all celebrated singers and reasonable people.'

The result was, as usual with him, extraordinary.

The newly married pair, by their applause, bravos and bows to the young Maestro, set an example which the public followed. It was this work that called forth the prophecy of Hasse that we have already mentioned. The father writes, 'I regret to say Wolfgang's serenata has entirely eclipsed Hasse's opera. This serenata was repeatedly given, quite contrary to the usual custom with a *Festspiel*. Besides the customary *Honorar*, Wolfgang received a box set with diamonds from the royal personages; so this journey also was profitable.

Just at the time the travellers returned to Salzburg the reigning pious Archbishop Sigismund died, after a long and distressing illness. His successor, to the great terror of the people, was Hieronymus, Joseph Franz von Paula, Count Colloredo, a man whose hard nature and petty spirit we shall presently learn. The festivities connected with this new election were to commence on April 29, 1772. The Salzburgers, proud of their Maestro of world-wide fame, entrusted to him the composition of the *Festspiel* that was given here also. It was '*Il sogno di Scipione*,' by Metastasio. Besides this Wolfgang fulfilled his duties as Concert-Meister by writing symphonies and church music. Even at that time his fertility was very remarkable, his compositions embracing every phase of music. A Litany, *De venerabile*, a *Regina coeli*, the *Festspiel*, four symphonies and a grand *Divertimento* (an instrumental piece in the style of Beethoven's Grand Septett)

are of this date, and certainly are not all that he wrote at that time. He too had been laid up for many weeks by severe illness. It was only the regularity and method in the use of his intellectual faculties, to which he was accustomed by his father's guidance, and the numerous commissions he received, that enabled him to produce so much simultaneously.

In November we find the father and the son already in Venice. The time for giving operas was at hand, and it was now of the most vital importance to the father that his son should obtain not only fame, but a settled appointment. Their position at Salzburg under the new Archbishop had already begun to be most oppressive. This tyrannical personage, accustomed to be entirely absolute, considered and treated those around him simply as his servants and inferiors—conduct which by no means suited the independent mind of Leopold Mozart. From the very first this prelate's little piercing eyes seem not to have looked with much favour on the Mozart family; at least, the father now complains of the gloomy, hypochondriacal style of thought in Salzburg, which imperceptibly affected him also, though he strove to banish it as quickly as possible; and we learn that henceforth his whole efforts were directed to rescue his son from such a subordinate position at home, and to transfer him to a more suitable one elsewhere. When at Milan he applied for a situation in Florence for himself and his son, but in vain.

The singers in the opera of 'Lucius Sulla,' the text of which was already in Mozart's hands, were very dilatory. However, all was completed by the appointed time, though he writes: 'I cannot possibly write much, for I know nothing, and, besides, I really don't know what I am writing, for my whole thoughts are absorbed by my opera, and there is a risk of my transcribing a whole aria for you instead of words.' The singers were in the highest degree delighted, and the rehearsals went off well. At the performance, however, various unlucky drawbacks occurred. First of all, the public were wearied by waiting several hours for the Archduke, who had a letter to write, which, it was said, always cost him much time and trouble. Then the tenor unconsciously caused much merriment in the audience during the Prima Donna's first aria. While she was singing, he was supposed to express his rage by gestures; so, wishing to exert himself to the uttermost, he gesticulated in such an extraordinary manner that the spectators burst out laughing. This caused great alarm in the Prima Donna, not knowing at first at whom they were laughing, so she did not sing well the whole evening, especially as the Primuomo on his entrance was received by the Archduchess with applause. But in spite of this the success was extraordinary, and the opera given more than twenty times to crowded houses.

With this opera Mozart's achievements in Italy ended. Commissions from distant cities certainly did

not fail; the recognition of his works and his personal popularity were too great not to render this a certainty. No doubt the Archbishop thenceforth refused to give him permission to travel, which of course only increased the father's efforts to quit Salzburg altogether, and it was certainly with this view that, in July 1773, he went to Vienna with his son. They met with the kindest reception there from their old friends, but the visit had no particular result.

The following year they spent quietly in Salzburg. Mozart wrote instrumental and church music, and thus considerably enlarged the sphere of his powers. Then came from Munich an unexpected application to Wolfgang to write a comic opera for the Carnival of 1775. This the Archbishop could not oppose, as his personal relations with the Elector Maximilian were so intimate. The court at Munich was very musical, and the Elector already much interested in Mozart. The Elector was himself a composer and played well on the violoncello, so he was very liberal both to the orchestra and to the singers, and Mozart began to write the opera with hearty goodwill. It was 'La Finta Giardiniera.' Operas had been repeatedly written for the same libretto. It was said of Mozart's work that there never was heard more charming music, *every* aria being beautiful. The performance was most brilliant, and the court, as well as the public, overwhelmed the Maestro with applause and honours.

God be praised! My opera was given yesterday, the 13th, and proved so successful that I cannot possibly describe all the tumult. In the first place the whole theatre was so crammed that many people were obliged to go away. After each aria there was invariably a tremendous uproar and clapping of hands, and cries of *Vive Maestro!* Her Serene Highness the Electress and the Dowager (who were opposite me) also called out *Bravo!* When the opera was over, during the interval when all is usually quiet till the ballet begins, the applause and shouts of *Bravo!* were renewed; sometimes there was a lull, but only to recommence afresh, and so forth. I afterwards went with papa to a room through which the Elector and the whole court were to pass. I kissed the hands of the Elector and the Electress and the other royalties, who were all very gracious. At an early hour this morning the Prince Bishop of Chiemsee [who had most probably procured the *scrittura* for his young friend Wolfgang] sent to congratulate me that the opera had proved such a brilliant success in every respect. As to our return home, it is not likely to be soon, nor should mamma wish it, for she must know well what a good thing it is to have a little breathing-time. We shall come quite soon enough to ——. One most just and undeniable reason is, that my opera is to be given again on Friday next, and I am very necessary at the performance, or it might be difficult to recognise it again. There are very odd ways here. A thousand kisses to Miss Bimberl [the dog].

Bimberl was the dog, and Mozart was nineteen years of age. The father and Nannerl, too, were present, and also the Archbishop Hieronymus, an involuntary witness of his concert-master's triumphs. He was obliged to

pay a visit to the Elector, though not present at any performance, as none chanced to take place during his stay; still 'he could not help hearing the way in which this opera was extolled by the Elector and his family and the nobility, so he was forced to accept the solemn congratulations offered him on every side. This so embarrassed him that his only reply was to bow and shrug his shoulders.' His 'subordinate' did not certainly stand higher in his good graces from this.

Mozart also brought forward some of his church music and composed a motett as an *offertorium* for Munich. His pianoforte playing was much admired here as well as everywhere else. The travellers heartily enjoyed the gaieties of the Carnival, and in March returned to 'dreary' Salzburg. Mozart had an order to write an Italian *Festspiel* this year—1775—'Il Rè Pastore.' It was the last that he composed in the pure Italian style. His inducement was the visit of the Archduke Maximilian, subsequently the patron of Beethoven, to Salzburg. From this date a considerable change took place in the creations of the Maestrino, for he was now brought into close contact with the various phases of German music.

CHAPTER IV.

YOUTH.

'Faith brings true greatness.'

It is a fact that imaginative and kindly natures, in youth especially, adhere with pious devotion to current convictions, and to forms of prevalent morality and established laws and doctrines of the Church. The impulses of their hearts urge them to this, while the predominance of their imaginations deters them from searching too critically into accepted dogmas.

Mozart's career affords a striking proof of these views. Nature had gifted him with an acute understanding; indeed, in later years, his wife was so struck by this that she declared her husband might have been as good a mathematician as a musician. But how far from his disposition was all petty critical analysis! His nature led him to simple belief in the teaching of his Church, and his impulses towards the creation of the beautiful deterred him from all religious subtleties.

There can be no doubt that this religious toleration had a favourable influence on the individuality of

Mozart. In the critical North, especially in Berlin, from which at that time sprang the doctrine of 'Enlightenment,' no Mozart could have prospered. The system of analysing and investigating that caused so much disquietude in the North was not favourable to peaceful production. The basis of Mozart's nature was harmony, and, in order to create what is beautiful, harmony must not be disturbed. In fact, from many natural causes he had at first a certain antipathy to the Lutheran faith, which he did not lose till late in life, and never did his attachment waver to his beloved mother, the Roman Catholic Church. On the contrary, it came to light vividly once more in the evening of his life in all its depth and strength. The Requiem proves not only how profound were the religious feelings of Mozart, but above all what a mighty power the services of the Church exercised over the mind and imagination of our Maestro.

During Mozart's whole life he retained a lively remembrance of the impression made on his youthful heart by the lofty dignity of his Church. Indeed, he lovingly adhered to her dogmas and usages, which is an admirable feature in his character. The boy of fourteen writes: 'My love to Nannerl; I hope she will pray diligently for me.' 'I congratulate mamma on her name-day. I wish that she may live many hundred years, and enjoy good health. I pray every day, and will pray for her every day. I can offer her nothing

but some Loretto bells and candles, a hood and some gauze, on my return.' 'Beg mamma to pray for me that my opera may succeed, so that we may soon have a happy meeting.' In after years he assures his anxious father that he attends mass regularly, and goes to confession. 'I wrote to you that your last letter caused me much pleasure—this is true; still one thing annoyed me a little, the question as to whether I had not omitted going to confession; I cannot object to this, at the same time one thing I do entreat of you, which is, not to think so ill of me.' After his betrothal he writes to his father that for a long time he had gone to church with his Constanze. 'And I found that I never prayed so heartily, confessed or communicated so devoutly, as when by her side; and she feels the same.' His was one of those exceptional natures where every emotion of the soul is pious. His deepest and most heartfelt aspirations were always directed to reconciliation with the Eternal One, and he appeased his 'longing for God' by working hard at his art. The Beautiful was to him a worship, and Art a shrine before which he could pray from his inmost soul.

As Concert-Meister to the Archbishop, it was part of his duties to write music for all the ceremonies of his Church, particularly for special festivals. In this manner during the years that Mozart lived in his native city, he wrote a succession of masses, litanies, vespers, and other instrumental pieces, some of which are among

the loveliest creations of this Maestro's genius. The dispensation of fate snatched the youth from this path and gave another direction to his talents—for his own liking tended quite as much, and perhaps even more, to this style of music than to that of the opera; and we shall see him in the evening of his existence, after having experienced the manifold changes of life, turning to the contemplation of the highest of all objects, and in them he found his greatest consolation.

But even now in that style of music which is best calculated to promote worship, we find indications of that devout and wise spirit which already, with original and prophetic power, disclosed itself to mankind. However closely his music adopts the style of the day, sacred words awaken his inward soul, and he looks far beyond this earthly sphere, to seek that which is Eternal. There are passages in those masses which must awaken in all time to come, the holiest conceptions of the Divinity in all His purity and truth; their perfect originality calling forth the feeling that a man ought to have in drawing near his Maker; passages which so vividly express pious gratitude, adoration, a repentant spirit, and reconciliation with God, that they cannot fail to inspire devotion in every age. They express what was innate in the artist's nature, and emanated from a heart as remarkable for purity and depth of feeling, as for the power of artistic conception, which knew how to express in the most perfect simplicity every

emotion of the human breast, so that every ear could at once understand and every heart accept it.

Among the vast number, however, of compositions of that date, consisting of more than twenty masses, litanies and vespers, besides many hymns, psalms, offertoriums, and motetts, we find, as might be expected, a number of works far removed from that genuinely devout spirit which endures for all time, only recalling the superficial style of Church forms but too prevalent in Mozart's time. A certain decorous arrangement of prescribed duties, so easy to be attained by a Church which from the earliest period had distinct and settled usages, can of course easily be reproduced by music. The style of sacred music at that period, like architecture, bears the stamp of pompous sensuality or capricious elegance, which was to prevail still more as soon as the operatic strains which then occupied the minds of all men intruded into the Church. The gaudy colouring, of which we shall now hear, was then scarcely more subdued in the Church than in the opera, and instrumental accompaniments, hitherto unknown in church choirs, furnished the most fitting expression of this effeminate and superficial style.

Mozart, a child of his time and pliant by nature, wrote many masses of this sort, and it so happens that these are the very works most and best known. But even in these compositions we discover not merely his refined feeling for that melodious charm which this

Maestro from the first moment knew how to impart to his works, but also, in spite of the sensual attractions in which the worship of the day abounded, they also display a dignity and nobility of soul that elevates them far beyond the works of his contemporaries. Joseph Haydn alone and his younger brother Michael, also a Kapell-Meister at Salzburg, can be compared in this point to our Maestro. After the death of Sigismund, who had fostered church music, Mozart complained bitterly of the restrictions imposed on sacred music by the newly elected prelate who cared only for outward pomp. On September 4, 1770, he writes to Padre Martini at Bologna:—

Most reverend and esteemed Father and Maestro,—The veneration, the esteem, and the respect I feel for your illustrious person, induce me to intrude on you with this letter, and also to send you a small portion of my music, which I venture to submit to your masterly judgment. Last year, at Monaco in Bavaria, I wrote an opera buffa ('La Finta Giardiniera') for the Carnival. A few days previous to my departure from thence, his Electoral Highness wished to hear some of my contrapuntal music; I was therefore obliged to write this motett in haste, to allow time for the score to be copied for his Highness, and to arrange the parts so that it might be produced on the following Sunday at grand mass at the offertory. Most dear and highly esteemed Maestro, I do entreat you to give me unreservedly your candid opinion of the motett. We live in this world in order always to learn industriously, and to enlighten each other by means of discussion, and to strive vigorously to promote the progress

of science and the fine arts. Oh, how many and many a time have I desired to be nearer you, that I might converse and argue with your Reverence! I live in a country where music has very little success, though, exclusive of those who have forsaken us, we have still admirable professors, and more particularly composers of great solidity, knowledge, and taste. We are rather badly off at the theatre from the want of actors. We have no *musici*, nor shall we find it very easy to get any, because they insist on being well paid, and liberality is not a failing of ours. I amuse myself in the meantime by writing church and chamber music; and we have two excellent contrapuntists here, Haydn and Adlgasser. My father is maestro at the Metropolitan church, which gives me an opportunity to write for the church as much as I please. Moreover, my father has been thirty-six years in the service of this present court, and knowing that our present Archbishop neither can nor will endure the sight of elderly people, he does not take it to heart, but devotes himself to literature, which was always his favourite pursuit. Our church music is rather different from that of Italy, and the more so, as a mass including the *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo,* the *Sonata all' Epistola,* the *Offertory* or *Motett, Sanctus,* and *Agnus Dei,* and even a solemn mass, when the Prince himself officiates, must never last more than three-quarters of an hour. A particular course of study is required for this class of composition. And what must such a mass be, scored with all the instruments, war-drums, cymbals, &c., &c.! Oh, why are we so far apart, dearest Signor Maestro? for how many things I have to say to you! I devoutly revere all the Signori *Filarmonici.* I venture to recommend myself to your good opinion; I shall never cease regretting being so distant from the person in the world whom I most love, venerate,

and esteem. I beg to subscribe myself, reverend Father, always your most humble and devoted servant,

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

At the close of this chapter we must say a few words on the general character of Mozart's church compositions, especially as to their æsthetic value, and also the intellectual spirit of the Maestro—as neither Phidias nor Raphael could find a loftier image of the Eternal than man in his highest purity, so Mozart, with the instincts of his artistic nature so closely approximating to the divine, grasped that phase of art which most purely expresses man's personality—*Melody*. He found in human nature the reflected splendours of the Godhead. The strains of his church music breathe that warm breath of individual feeling that glorifies the Almighty in all His grandeur, and, above all, praises and magnifies the infinite love of God to man. Even in his youthful years the divine and the human were united in his inner soul. The one the expression, and the pure symbol of the other. Like Raphael's Madonnas, Mozart's music is both divine and human, and also like these, his sacred strains, even in their most grave portions, bear that cheerful human type that makes man rejoice in his existence. For, like old Haydn, his heart was always glad when he thought of the goodness of the Lord—thus his music is devoid of that dreary gloom which pervaded the ancient Church. All the harshness and austerity of medieval

views are swept away by the magic charm of that goodness and tenderness which forms the essence of the life of man; which renders existence joyful, soothing him in sorrow, and rendering him truly happy. The sound of these works still rings pure and golden, emanating from a heart at peace with all the world, because it lovingly embraced all the world—it warms and brightens like the shining of the blessed sun those who seek consolation and long for happiness.

This was Mozart's inner self. The course of his life will more and more unveil to us the groundwork of his soul. For now the time is at hand, when the youth must enter on the struggles of life, and experience all the joys and sorrows in store for him when in contact with mankind. After having enjoyed to a singular extent the rich fulness of life, with those pleasures and pains that the heart creates, Mozart transferred these varied experiences into his most noble works. In the evening of his days his whole being returned to that condition of feeling, and that sacred reserve of the soul in which we leave him, to follow him now on the path of public life. Several years of peace and quiet had enabled him to strengthen and collect his ideas, and now the young eagle with full-grown pinions was to risk his first flight, to come into more direct contact with the world and to gain a more profound knowledge of life. What his own inner impulses had hitherto produced, now became the sure and absolute convic-

tions that distinguish the man from the youth, and first bestow full power on his creations. Not till the end of his days, after the battle of life had taught him that earnestness with which the truly good man devotes himself to the most lofty aims, did he discover that the most precious boon is the reality of life. Then it was that living streams did indeed flow from him which still refresh the whole world.

CHAPTER V.

TIME OF TRIAL IN SALZBURG—1775–77.

'Talent thrives in seclusion.'

The life of the Mozart family in Salzburg could not be called pleasant. Domestic happiness was their best resource, and no doubt compensated for many privations. The mother, indeed, whose intellectual requirements were by no means great, and who, like a true woman, found full satisfaction in domestic activity and loving deeds, might find herself very comfortable in Salzburg, especially as it was her native place. Nor did the sister find much amiss if only Wolfgang were at home sharing her joys and her griefs. The pretty slender girl was beloved by a certain nobleman, and she was equally devoted to him; but he was without any prospect of assured means; thus their connection was severed, which caused Nannerl much sorrow, and brought on an illness that nearly proved fatal. The father, too, was far from being agreeably situated in Salzburg; for being obliged to provide for his family, he thought that a settled position, and the money he earned by giving lessons,

ought to be his chief consideration, and all further needs were subordinate to these. Moreover his love for his son made life bright to him in Salzburg,—and not till Wolfgang was no longer there did he begin to feel his existence empty and comfortless. He writes later: 'Each time that I go home I have a little fit of melancholy, for when I approach my own house I always think I must hear you playing the violin.'

The one who was most dissatisfied with staying in his native city was our Wolfgang, and even fair nature no longer compensated him for all that was wanting. His compositions indeed for the church and the Archbishop's orchestra kept him in a state of activity both improving and agreeable. He was also much occupied as a pianoforte master, teaching many ladies of the first families. But for genuine artistic creations he missed in the long run that excitement caused by living in large cities, and by intercourse with distinguished men. Moreover, Salzburg had no established theatre. An itinerant company gave during the winter a variety of performances which were certainly of no great value so far as music was concerned. The evening court concerts were restricted to one hour, and yet several pieces were to be played; besides the orchestra was very limited in its means, and there were no clarionets. But even under such restrictions Mozart shewed his artistic powers. The short symphonies of that day abounding in life and spirit prove that under all circumstances he

knew how to create and how to extend his knowledge. In church music alone did he find men whom he could emulate—above all, Michael Haydn, whose compositions Mozart so highly prized that he transcribed many of them, and at a later period sent for them to Vienna. But these were not to be compared in merit with what he had already heard and enjoyed in foreign countries. The freer atmosphere of large cities had become a necessity to him, and though what is termed intellectual intercourse may not have been precisely what Mozart sought, yet the obtuse narrow-mindedness of the Salzburg of that day cramped his soaring spirit, and the absence of cultivated feeling was repulsive to his nature.

'I have learned a new language—a childish one, indeed, but good enough for Salzburg,' he writes during his stay in Italy. He also used to tell of a Salzburger who declared that he could not see Paris because the houses were so high. Even Herr Von Mölk, Nannerl's adorer, during the performance of the 'Finta Giardiniera' in Munich, was so amazed, and 'crossed himself so often' at what he saw there, that Mozart was quite ashamed of him, as everyone must see that in all his life he had never been anywhere except in Salzburg and Innspruck. The nobility were entirely uncultivated and very bigoted. Only a few travelled men shewed any inclination for art or science. One of these was Count Ferdinand Von Zeil, bishop of Chiemsee, remarkable not only for his high character, but also for his

talents and cultivation. It was to his influence with the Bavarian Court that Mozart was indebted for the command to write a comic opera for Munich. Mozart had free entrance into the house of this nobleman, was in the habit of playing there and giving lessons. In spite, however, of Mozart's 'golden spur,' there was certainly no question of much sociability, for at that period the line was too strongly marked between citizens and nobles.

The minor nobility, chiefly belonging to the court, were also no society for the Mozart family, for in that class there was a still more disagreeable mixture of pride of rank and deficiency of intellect. Yet Mozart was not only acquainted but even intimate with some of these gentlemen. We have already made acquaintance with Herr Von Mölk, and Herr Von Schiedenhofen seems to have long been an intimate friend of Wolfgang's. In the circles which the position of Mozart's family allowed him to frequent, he found even less cultivation than he was accustomed to in his travels. Above all, the musicians of the previous century did not stand in the best repute from their characters and mode of life; this was more especially the case in Salzburg. Mozart's father writes from Mannheim: 'The musicians here lead respectable lives, and are neither sots, gamblers, or miserable scamps,' the latter being no doubt the case in Salzburg, for again at a later date the father writes: 'One of the chief reasons that makes me hate

Salzburg, is the coarse, beggarly, and immoral court orchestra. No civilised man with any good breeding can associate with them—he must feel ashamed of them.' Even Michael Haydn lived in a manner which made the father avoid any intercourse with his family, for he was too fond of a drinking bout. Who does not know Haydn's little room in the chapter cellar at Salzburg. However, this was his own affair, and not in reality so bad, although old Mozart expressed himself very sharply on one occasion on this habit of the talented musician: 'Who do you think has been appointed organist at the church of the Holy Trinity? Herr Haydn! everyone is laughing. After each litany he swallows a quart of wine, and transfers the rest of the services to Lipp, who also drinks!' What was still more repulsive to the strong moral sense of propriety of the father was that Frau Haydn, who when a girl had been sent to Italy by the Archbishop to cultivate her voice, was in bad repute on account of her mode of life. Wolfgang jests on this subject in a letter to his friend Bullinger:—'It is true that Frau Haydn is in very bad health; she has probably carried too far the austerity of her life; few are like this! I wonder that, owing to perpetual scourgings, flagellations, and hair shirts, she did not long ago lose her voice!'

Intercourse with this class was not therefore very edifying, and the more so, as not only did Mozart's wonderful productions, now that he was grown up,

eclipse the works of the established musicians, thus exciting their envy, but, also, because both the Mozarts, as we have already seen by some specimens, placed no bridle on their tongues when they intended to criticise the weaknesses of others. No folly escaped the quick eye of the father, and when he was more lenient it was not so much from kindness of heart as from prudence; and the son had the same sharp perceptions, and though in his case the inborn goodness of his heart seemed to mitigate all severity and harshness, yet nature had gifted him with such an acute sense of the peculiarities and foibles of others, that their comic aspect involuntarily forced itself on him. He was not accustomed to repress the utterance of his criticisms, but on the contrary to give free course in his lively and imprudent manner to his witty fancies a hundredfold more than his father did; thus we can easily understand why the Mozart tongue was dreaded in Salzburg, and the family considered rather satirical. In addition to which, Mozart by no means concealed his opinions as to the merits of the various musicians. His nature inclined him to recognise the talents of others, and he was, indeed, far removed from all foolish arrogance; but his outspoken and decided judgments, no doubt quite just in the main, must have been very distasteful to his colleagues. Even his remarkable readiness to make his art serviceable to everyone did not atone for this fault; thus during life he never escaped the envy and

persecution of his fellow-artists. Even after his death a newspaper writer endeavours in some degree to justify this persistent cabal by saying that no doubt his *sans souci* manner often irritated others!

Among the Salzburg musicians Schachtner alone was a steady friend to the Mozart family, and his devotion to Wolfgang is very evident by the letter to his sister after the death of her brother. He came almost daily to Mozart's house, took a warm interest in all the events of his life, and, so far as his abilities went, was always eager to give a helping hand to our young Maestro. He worked at the text of 'Bastien and Bastienne,' wrote the libretto for the opera of 'Zaïde,' and translated 'Idomeneo' into German. A still greater personal ally of Mozart's was Bullinger, 'my faithful and best friend, always a chief personage with me,' from whom the family had no secrets. He was tutor in the house of Count Arco, and had studied for the priesthood in the Jesuit Seminary at Munich. Mozart was devoted to this man with the strongest affection, pouring out to him many and many a time the sorrows of his over-burdened heart. Bullinger himself was at all times ready to assist his friend by good advice, and, in case of need, by deeds also; for once when the father was in great embarrassment, during a journey with Wolfgang, he advanced him a considerable sum.

Some higher families, especially that of the merchant Hagenauer, were on the sociable terms of people who

live much together in a friendly way. Mozart was born opposite the house formerly called the 'Drei Alliierten,' where Hagenauer lived, and the father was in the habit of applying to him with regard to money matters. They visited each other in the evenings, but any further help was not to be expected from them. Mozart had by nature a most lively and sociable disposition, and the father, who kept the children busily occupied during the day, did not grudge them any recreations that his means permitted. Salzburg at that time was supposed to be a particularly pleasure-loving place! Caspar Bisbeck, a traveller of that day who indeed saw with the eyes of a North German 'enlightenment,' writes from Salzburg, 'Everything here breathes the spirit of pleasure and gaiety; people feast, dance, make music, love, and gamble like mad, and I have never yet been in any place where so much amusement is to be had for so little money.'

The Archbishop Hieronymus held much more liberal views with regard to public amusements than his pious predecessor, and attended the balls, concerts, games, and assemblies that the magistrates had arranged in the newly built town-hall. Wolfgang loved beyond measure everything of the kind. All through his life he was passionately fond of dancing, and declared quite gravely that his achievements in this art were infinitely superior to those in music. Carnival frolics, however, were his chief delight, and we have already

seen the father and son frequenting with great assiduity the Carnival gaieties in Italy, and special mention is made in their letters of those in Venice. They also shared to their heart's content in the Carnival at Munich, when the success of the 'Finta Giardiniera' had rejoiced their hearts. But even in Salzburg Mozart was often very joyous, and with his extreme love of fun, the masked redoute balls offered him the most welcome opportunity to give free course to his sparkling wit and quaint humour. On one occasion he appeared in the costume of a peasant at a wedding, on another as a hairdresser's apprentice, conversing with all present with the most inexhaustible humour; but he let no one escape, and the young ladies especially tried in vain to elude his bantering.

Mozart's susceptible heart was again moved by sweet fancies, and the youth of eighteen writes:—

'My dearest Sister,—I entreat you not to forget, before your journey, to perform your promise—that is, to make a certain visit. I have my reasons for this. Pray present my kind regards in that quarter, but in the most impressive and tender manner—the most tender; and, oh!—but I need not be in such anxiety upon the subject, for I know my sister and her peculiarly loving nature, and I feel quite convinced that she will do all she can to give me pleasure—and from self-interest, too!—rather a spiteful hit that! [Nannerl was considered a little selfish by her family.]

But although he appears occasionally to be rather infatuated,' yet his mind is far from being engrossed

by such things; art still forms his chief object of interest, moreover he is as yet a playful child, loving all sorts of freaks and fun.

His letters are full of quips and cranks and jests, especially misplacing words in a way rather silly than witty. The mere sound pleases his ear, to the sense he is quite indifferent. 'That I am a foolish creature is pretty well known,' he says of himself. Most of all he delighted in acting the part of harlequin, even in Vienna, long after he was a sober married man. The Salzburg spirit of buffoonery had taken deep root in him also, and, accordingly, his freaks were of a less refined nature than the propriety of our day might sanction. But we must remark that they never offended against true morality, particularly where ladies were concerned, and, above all, that in spite of the love of fun and jocularity that clung to him through life, no trace of this ever crept into his works, where all is genuinely comic and transformed into true art. The trifling translation of 'Don Juan,' attributed by J. P. Lyser to Mozart, is undoubtedly by Lyser himself. Throughout life Mozart seemed as if he wished to direct into another channel his spiritual nature, which during his early years was so unusually grave. 'As a child and a boy you were rather more serious than childish,' writes the father at a later date, 'and when seated at the piano occupied with music, no one dared venture to jest with you. Indeed, the expression of your countenance was so serious that many

intelligent people, from the too early development of your talents, and your always thoughtful and reflective air, prophesied that your life would not be a long one.' We can thus understand what his brother-in-law Lange writes: 'Never did Mozart appear so little in the light of a great man in his conversation and actions, as when occupied with some grand work. He not only then talked in a confused manner, but played all sorts of tricks, to which we were quite unaccustomed with him; nay, he seemed even purposely to be more negligent in his demeanour, and never to appear to think deeply or brooding on any subject. For no obvious reasons he purposely chose to conceal the strain on his faculties by outward frivolity, or he took pleasure in contrasting with the godlike ideas of his music the commonplace ideas of everyday life, and thus to divert himself with a kind of self-irony.' The happy instincts of nature protected him from all destructive influences both from within and from without.

The young artist's interest in the fair sex was now very warm and manifold; yet lively and marked as was the homage paid by this ancient seat of prelate princes to the influences of love in Salzburg, where the most free and easy and sensual life prevailed, Wolfgang enjoyed these things in innocence of soul; we find his youth unstained by those sad failings which too often precipitate a youth of excitable nature from the path of light into that of gloom and misery, ruining his pros-

pects for life. Mozart is still in a gladsome and joyous mood, in spite of all the annoyances of his present position. His taking part in sledging and assemblies, &c., were recreations that only served to strengthen for fresh work the youthful genius, who had already written more than thousands have done during their whole lives. Those transitory little heart affairs, which usually spring from such social meetings, and in fact lend them their chief charm, awoke in him those warmer feelings with which he has endowed the personages in the 'Finta Giardiniera,' elevating this work far above all other comic operas of that dav. The life-like individuality of these characters, who are real men, and not merely masks like those in the usual Opera Buffa, would even now delight us, were it not that our Maestro's later works have accustomed us to a richer development of individuality, and to more profound revelations of the human heart. The Cavatina, however, 'Es klagt die Turteltaube' is so full of charm and tenderness and sweetness, that it precedes Mozart's sun as the crimson flush precedes the dawn of day. Here we already find indications of that innate and lively sense of the comic that Mozart embodied in his music, and we can understand why he, who was destined to become the first true poet of the Opera Buffa, should have such an irrepressible tendency to jests, and freaks, and frolics of every kind. He liked the most lively style of life. The charming refinement, nobility of soul, and ideal

emotions presented to us in this opera, are the inalienable property of his genius, its fascinations delighting us even in the present day.

We must now give an account of the modest and citizenlike circumstances in which Mozart passed his youth. He was not, indeed, deprived of the necessaries of life, like young Gluck, who went about the country playing the violin, and on one occasion instead of money brought back with him a sack of eggs; or Haydn, who, at a later day, earned a scanty livelihood by playing the violin in the streets with a night band. His youth was also different from that of Beethoven, who, in early life, was obliged to struggle with difficulties and privations of every kind. But Mozart, too, soon discovered that the man who wishes to lead an honest life must learn to limit his wants. It is very touching to read what the father writes to him on this very subject, when Wolfgang was on his travels and costing a good deal of money:—'Ever since your birth and even before it, in fact ever since I married, I have found it a hard enough task to maintain a wife and seven children in succession, and two servants, and to procure for your mamma a settled monthly sum of about twenty guilders. Also to provide for various accouchements, deaths, and illnesses. Now, if you will reflect for a moment, these outlays will show you that not only have I never spent a single kreutzer on the most trifling amusement for myself, but also that had it not been for

the goodness of God, not even all my toils and management could have enabled me to live free from debt. I have therefore sacrificed everything for you and your sister, in the hope that you can not only estimate what you have cost me for your maintenance, but that you may be able to ensure to me a peaceful old age, so that I can render an account to God as to the education of my children, and meet the approach of death with tranquillity.' How wise and shrewd he is also when he writes to his wife: 'If you require clothes, get what is needful made at once; neither you nor Nannerl must be deprived of what is necessary—what must be, must be; but don't buy anything bad, there is no economy in buying inferior things.' Even in regretting the 'foolish outlay' for masquerade costumes in Italy, he comforts himself by the idea that 'they may be made use of for many purposes, especially for linings, &c.'

It was only by such principles that this man could accomplish what all the world now thanks him for—the education of a Mozart. This modesty in his pretensions in life was peculiar to the son also, who never cared to play the part of a fine gentleman, and though his artistic proclivities made him love all that was free and informal, and thus prevented him from observing the strict household regularity practised by the father, yet, on the other hand, he had none of that eagerness to get money by which so many artists have brought disgrace on their profession. But, as is too often the case,

the father in the course of years became rather too solicitous about money matters, and tormented his son more than was either kind or necessary, when his mind was absorbed by other things. One precious gift, however, he bestowed on Wolfgang's path in life—a gift that maintains our position among our fellow-creatures, and confers inward peace on ourselves—the endeavour always to go through life with honour and self-respect. We shall find stronger proofs of these views in Mozart than in many so-called artists of that day, and likewise our own.

The father's monthly salary was twenty gulden, and that of the son twelve gulden and twenty kreutzers, exclusive of what they earned by giving lessons; almost a hundred years later these were only paid in Salzburg at the rate of four to five gulden a month. The simple mode of living of this family, and their moderate ideas as to amusements, we may gather from the fact that their chief pleasure was cross-bow shooting. It is still the custom in South Germany, as it was then in the circle of Mozart's friends, that a certain number of intimate acquaintances met every Sunday at the house of one of the families to shoot for a prize. Each member in turn was bound to supply a painted target, the subject being always chosen from passing events. This caused much merriment, especially as the target was illustrated by doggerel rhymes. The Salzburg love for rough jesting was thus thoroughly satisfied. The

common funds were on a very moderate scale, and it was from them the expenses were met for the little festivities which the society occasionally gave. The interest in these shooting matches must have been very great. They are often mentioned in the family correspondence, and an exact calculation made in kreutzers of all gains and losses. Even those who were absent continued members and provided proxies. Thus, years afterwards, we find Mozart writing to his sister from Vienna, 'The target-shooting will soon take place. I beg you *solemniter* to drink the health of a faithful archer; when my turn comes to send a prize target let me know, and I will have one painted.' No doubt the long and intimate connection of this society made their meetings very gay, especially as the succession of target pleasantries was held in lively remembrance; so there was ample food for laughter.

But all this was as nothing in the eyes of the *real* Mozart; it did not affect his inner self; it amused him at the time, and was a mere recreation like anything else. He was no recluse, no dreamer; he did not affect superiority over others. He was a healthy child of life, and liked to be gay with his iellow-men. But in his character there was that impulse towards higher things that lifted him out of the sphere of everyday life, and not until this was satisfied do we find him cheerfully and heartily enjoying the commonplace. His requirements were not fully met here. He missed intel-

lectual excitement, he missed appreciative recognition and sympathy. He daily more and more felt these privations; thus the days seemed to him to drag on idly and drearily. We learn this from occasional passages in his letters after he had quitted Salzburg. Yet, even during this time, he wrote an astonishing number of admirable works. What productive power, what activity of mind, what creative love distinguish these compositions! But gradually his time for learning expired, and he now found the want of all opportunity or inducement to make his works known very depressing. At a later date he asserts that what chiefly disgusted him in Salzburg was music not being esteemed there, and the Archbishop never taking any notice of well-informed or travelled people.

That was the real grievance. The Archbishop, the most prominent personage in Salzburg life, did not appreciate him, never vouchsafed to give him any opportunity of shewing his capabilities, and still less did he grant him any fitting recognition. Hieronymus was of an envious disposition, and being perfectly aware that he had been placed on the throne contrary to the wishes of the people, he also shewed his aversion to them in every possible way. He possessed a shrewd understanding and an enlightened mind, and introduced many beneficial new laws into the government of the country, and, as we have already seen, he was no foe to public amusements. If, however, he met any citizen or

official at these entertainments, he said they seemed to have plenty of money, though they were always complaining; on the other hand, if they stayed away, he declared they had no love for him. Moreover he was arbitrary and penurious, obstinate and reckless. We are told of him, 'though only of middle height and slender figure, his complexion pale and sickly, yet the sharp glance of his grey eyes—the left one seldom quite open—and the stern expression of his mouth, inspired respect and awe.' 'I did not venture to contradict,' writes Mozart to his father, 'having come direct from Salzburg, where we are unused to do so.' To this we may add that the Archbishop liked none but Italian musicians, and he had the peculiarity of only being impressed by people who were tall and stately; thus he had no respect for small insignificant-looking persons. Mozart was a German and a Salzburger; his slight figure, and the delicate features of his youthful face, won therefore no consideration from the Archbishop. On this account he treated his artistic powers with contempt; nothing that Mozart could compose pleased him, being invariably found fault with, and in very unsparing terms. He told Mozart that he did not in the least understand his art, and that he ought to go to Naples, there to learn something. This was not a little irritating to the academician of Verona and Bologna, who had already enjoyed such triumphs everywhere, both as a performer and a composer. Still on the whole it

rather amused him, and he writes in his humorous style, 'I played my concerto to-day to some ladies at Cannabeche, and, though known to be mine, it pleased very much. No one said that it was *not well composed*, because people here don't understand these things. They ought to apply to the Archbishop, who would soon put them on the right scent.'

In reality it was nothing but avarice that drove the 'Mufti' to such treatment, for he was quite aware of Mozart's genius, and always gave him orders for works that were of use to himself. The father writes to the son in Paris, 'I have written two long letters to Baron Grimm, detailing all our circumstances, and referring him to you for information as to the persecution and contempt we have encountered from the Archbishop. I have told him that he was only civil and complimentary when he wanted something, and that he had never paid you a single kreutzer for all your compositions.' His great object was to deter the young composer from thinking that he had claims to a higher yearly salary than 150 gulden. Thence was it that old Mozart, conscious of his own integrity and loyal fidelity, had no inclination to shew the crawling servility that this spiritual prince demanded. It was the same with the young artist, who, with all his modesty, in reality recognised no authority but that of his own mind; and no doubt in his frank and candid moods was apt to forget that he was in the service of the Archbishop, and

was, therefore, by no means careful in dissembling his opinions. There was no lack of envious people to carry tales to the Archbishop, thus purposely irritating him, in order that the young Concert-Meister might doubly feel the weight of the prelate's sovereignty. Mozart submitted to this with his usual patience, which he did for his father's sake, and by the elasticity of his nature quickly recovered those fresh impulses that impelled him to work. At length, however, the matter became too bad, and the father himself thought of dissolving the connection.

During the last few years he had endeavoured to find a suitable appointment for his son in Florence, Vienna, and Munich, but nowhere did he succeed in this. He was obliged to go to work very cautiously owing to the malevolence of the Salzburgers, it being the interest of his colleagues to get rid of Wolfgang that they might fill his place; so they were always ready to slander him. The father's circumstances, too, did not permit him to resign at once a secure position. But it was now too much for human patience, and the annoyances he had to bear were beyond endurance. Wolfgang, in after days, writes to his father from Mannheim, 'I hope that you have less annoyance than when I was in Salzburg, for I must admit that I was the chief cause of this. They gave me bad treatment which I did not deserve, and you naturally took my part only too lovingly. I can tell you, indeed, that this was one

of the principal and most urgent reasons for my leaving Salzburg in such haste.' To which the father gives the following excellent answer: 'You are right in saying that my greatest sorrow was the abominable treatment you were forced to endure; it was that which gnawed at my heart, which deprived me of sleep, being always in my thoughts, and which would eventually have consumed my life. My dear son, when you are happy, then so am I, so is your mother, so is your sister, in fact we are then all happy. I pray through the mercy of God, this may be the case, and your prudent conduct inspires me with entire confidence in the future.'

Wolfgang was resolved to go away and to resign his situation in the Archbishop's service. He urged with ever-increasing impatience that they should all leave Salzburg together, and at once proceed on an artistic tour to seek fame and a livelihood, until they could find a fitting appointment. But the father, who knew the world better, rejected this plan as impracticable. Meanwhile, circumstances altered, though he still doubted whether they could in this manner defray the expenses of their living. He subsequently writes, 'You know how many years our patience has been tried in Salzburg, you know how often you and I were anxious to get away; you, no doubt, remember all the reasons I alleged why we should not *all* leave Salzburg; you have now the proof that I was right—a heavy outlay on the journey, and small profits, or, at all events, not sufficient to

support a whole family.' He could not make up his mind either to allow the son to travel alone :—'You are aware that you would have to manage everything yourself—you, who are accustomed to do nothing without the help of others, knowing very little about our coinage, and still less of that of foreign countries, and as for packing and the many untoward occurrences you must expect when travelling, you would not have the least idea what to do. I must further remind you that so young a man, even were he a heaven-born Maestro, and excelled all others, never can at once win the recognition he deserves; for this purpose a certain number of years are required, and, so long as you are under twenty years of age, envious men, persecutors, and enemies, will seize the pretext of your youth and inexperience to justify their criticisms and their censure.' How open and unsuspicious was Wolfgang, how kind and unselfish, but, again, how irritable and pugnacious in word and wit! 'My son,' writes the father, 'you are too passionate and hasty in everything; your whole character has changed since your childhood and boyhood—you were then more serious and less childish, &c. It seems to me that you are too eager at the very first provocation to reply in a bantering tone, this being the first step towards familiarity, which we must not encourage in this world if we wish to be respected. It is your goodness of heart that leads you to bestow all your love and confidence on anyone who flatters you or praises

you up to the skies—in such a person you can see no fault.' Again, 'I entreat you to place your trust in God, for all men are more or less wicked. The older you grow, and the more intercourse you have with mankind, the more will you be convinced of this sad truth. Recall all the promises, the wheedling assurances, and a hundred other things we have known, and draw your own conclusions, as to how far the help of man is to be relied on. In the long run everyone finds or invents a plausible excuse for backing out of his kind intentions, and transferring the burden to a third person.' Wolfgang's danger on this point was great, for his whole nature had hitherto disposed him to believe in men, and when seized by a fit of enthusiasm for his art, all prudence, all advantage to himself, and the best laid plans for the future, were wholly forgotten. The worldly-wise father also trembled at the moral dangers to which his inexperienced son must be the more exposed at his first entrance into life, because his feelings were easily excited, and his liking quickly captivated. He had grown up in the narrow circle of a burgher family, and always lived in the midst of his artistic occupations—thus he had no foreboding of the temptations that awaited him beyond this circle. The father therefore delayed the plans for a journey as long as possible, representing to the son that this apprenticeship would be very advantageous to his artistic development and as a preparation for travelling, and that he

would have a better prospect of success, when more matured both as a man and an artist.

But even this consolation failed at last, and after more than two years had elapsed since Mozart had made a long stay in Munich when writing 'La Finta Giardiniera,' the father resolved humbly to entreat the Archbishop to grant him and his son leave of absence for the purpose of making an artistic tour. The request was peremptorily refused. His eminence did not approve of anyone in his service travelling about to gain money like beggars. The family weighed the matter well. Wolfgang urged, Nannerl was on his side, the mother advised reflection, and it did indeed cost the father many a sleepless night. At length they came to a decision: Wolfgang sent in his resignation, respectfully requesting permission to quit the Archbishop's service.

This step was quite too much for the gracious prelate; enraged at the audacity of the young Maestro in so unceremoniously leaving him, he granted the petition without delay, and in the most ungracious terms. Indeed, there was a rumour that the father was to lose his appointment, but this was not the case. There seems to have been no little discord among the members of the orchestra, for in the Archbishop's *Decretum* it is expressly stated that he wished to have peace in his orchestra, and in this hope he would not deprive Leopold Mozart of his situation.

All at Salzburg were astonished and indignant at this occurrence, and by the Court in particular this step of the Archbishop's was highly disapproved. The prelate himself was not a little out of humour about it. The old high chamberlain, Count Fermian, had just bought four new horses, and was pleased at the thoughts of driving them for the first time with his young friend Wolfgang; whom he highly valued; so he was very much displeased when he heard the news on his return from the purchase. He went to pay his respects to the Archbishop, who said to him, 'Well, we have one musician the less now!' The Count replied, 'Your Highness has lost a great performer.' 'How so?' 'Mozart is the greatest pianist I ever heard in my life. He has done good service too here with his violin, and is a first-rate composer;' on which the Archbishop said not another word.* Canon Count Joseph Stahrenberg, to whom the father afterwards recounted the whole affair, admitted that he only spoke the truth, and that all strangers who attended the Court had been full of admiration for his son, and he was himself quite fascinated by him.

Now there was nothing more to be done, Wolfgang must go. The father was a prey to much anxiety. The artistic preparations were, indeed, long ago completed for a journey intended to remind the world of Mozart's abilities both as a composer and a virtuoso. His exercises had been most fatiguing and incessant on the piano and violin, and he had written a succession of

works. These were numerous; they were fairly transcribed, and bound in little books for the convenience of packing, and also to be at hand when required at performances, or to be given away to others. But as it was now summer much profit could not be expected. Pride and good sense, however, both urged the execution of this scheme. Mozart could not have resumed his former position without a degree of humiliation which neither the father nor the son was disposed to undergo. The father with the mature experience of his years wrote out a route which opened some prospect of a livelihood, at all events for a time. They were to visit the larger towns, especially the capitals, and the country seats of the nobility, in order that concerts or orders for compositions should defray the travelling expenses, until a settled appointment could be secured in an honourable manner. 'Every effort,' writes the father, 'must be made to earn money, and every care taken to spend as little as possible. The object of the journey, and a very necessary object too, is, and must be, to obtain a situation and to get money.' 'It is true that I did wish to see you well settled, but only in such towns as Munich or Mannheim, or any other where you would not be prevented making a journey from time to time; but, so far as my wishes go, no lifelong place *per decretum*. If you had such a post even for a couple of years, you would no doubt feel sure of seeing France and Italy. You are well aware that a few more years

and, perhaps, a title, will ensure respect and consideration.

The father continues unweariedly active in smoothing the son's path, pointing out to him how he must act so as to fulfil the object of his journey; but Wolfgang was by nature devoid of those practical qualities which enable a man to take advantage of circumstances and events for his own benefit. He had no eye for such matters, and, indeed, such insight must be inborn. His thoughts and energies were absorbed in his art. There he was a match for any man, and never doubted that all the rest would come in time; but this was not to be without some efforts on his part. 'As yet he has no desire either for money or a situation,' writes the father; 'at least, if he has it is still a mystery to me.' Then he continues to repeat these injunctions, which, no doubt, went in at one ear and out at the other of the son in Salzburg, whose whole thoughts were engrossed by the prospect of the journey. In order to have some security as to practical matters, and that things should go on in an orderly manner, the father at last formed the trying resolution to send the mother with Wolfgang. After what had already passed he could not hope for leave of absence himself, and thus saw his intention to travel with the son entirely frustrated.

We already know the mother to be good-hearted, but rather indolent; she did not possess the energy and tact of the father, who, with all his love for his gifted

son, knew how to check his peculiarities and foibles. She had, however, a good deal of experience in travelling, so the current expenses and occurrences of daily life were at all events in good hands. It was agreed that she should write down every outlay and every sum received, to render an account to the father, and to keep him minutely informed of all occurrences, so that he might give them timely assistance by his advice and help. The father writes, 'I do entreat you, dear Wolfgang, to weigh well everything, and do not delay writing about any matter till it is past and done with, or we shall all be unhappy. I know that I should forget a hundred things at least about which I wish to write to you, if I had not prepared a sheet of paper, on which I note down a few words when anything occurs to me. When I write to you I refer to the document which contains all my news, and then I read your last letter and answer it. You can easily do the same; I efface on the paper all that I have already written to you, and next time a letter goes to you I transcribe what still remains on the diary—and you, my dear wife, will, I hope, write the lines very closely—you will see that I do this in my letters.'

It is touching to see the forethought of this man, and his anxiety to ward off every risk and annoyance from the travellers. When they had fairly started on their journey, he writes, 'I beg, dear Wolfgang, that you will be very temperate. From your youth upwards

you have been accustomed to moderation, and not to drink strong wines. You know that you are easily flushed, and cold suits you better than heat—a clear proof that your blood is disposed to be heated, that you are easily excited; strong wines, or, indeed, wines of any kind, are very pernicious to your health. Do not forget the unhappiness and misery you might cause your excellent mother in a distant foreign land. You see I say nothing as to myself.' To which the son replied: 'I eat little, drink water, and have only one small glass of wine with my fruit.' The father, too, urges him to be very careful as to his companions. He says, 'I only made the acquaintance or sought the friendship of persons belonging to the higher classes; and, even among these, exclusively with those of acknowledged respectability, but never with young striplings, whatever their rank might be. I never asked anyone to visit me often in my own house, for I wished to be entirely free, therefore I deemed it more fitting to see others when I thought proper to do so. If your acquaintance does not please, or you are occupied, you can stay away, whereas if a visitor comes to you and is not well bred, you do not know how to get rid of him. Often, too, a person who is far from being disagreeable hinders me in my necessary work. You are a young man of two-and-twenty, consequently you cannot have the grave demeanour of older people. So any young fellow, whoever he might be—adventurer,

bully, or scoundrel, young, or old—might seek your acquaintance and friendship, and try to entice you into his society, and probably by degrees lead you to share his views. You might in this way become imperceptibly entangled and unable to extricate yourself. I do not enter on the subject of the fair sex, but it is one where you must observe the utmost reserve and prudence; insignificant jests, flatteries, and frolics at first, may lead a man on blindly till the return of reason shames him. I need not say this, for you have had a little experience of it in your own case. I do not reproach you. I know that you love me not only as your father, but also as your best and truest friend.'

We shall presently see that the father had his own reasons for writing in such a strain; for our young Maestro had committed plenty of juvenile indiscretions; but we know that these were mere follies, and not aberrations from the right path. The presence of the mother and the strong moral sense of the son, as well as his careful training and childlike submission, were sure guarantees that no frivolous or immoral companions would be permitted to approach the young man to tarnish his pure mind. The mother did all in her power to replace the father. 'I am busy packing, which gives me great trouble, as I must do it all myself, for Wolfgang cannot help me in the least. I am in such a heat and so tired, that I don't know whether I am on my head or on my heels.' The father, however,

in his ironical way, calculates the time they have already wasted. 'My dear wife boasted that she would rise early, would make no complaints, and do everything so quickly, like a good housekeeper.' One great object was that the journey should not cost too much. He had no means of his own, and his salary scarcely sufficed to maintain his daughter and himself; they were, therefore, obliged henceforth to retrench in every possible way, and to add to their income by giving lessons. He provided for the wants of the travellers as far as he could, their landlord, Hagenauer, and the faithful Bullinger helping from time to time with small advances of money. These were the first debts this conscientious man had incurred, and they weighed heavily on his mind. Who can blame him if he frequently and rather sternly reminds the son of his duty, urging him to attend to the demands of practical life. For Wolfgang preferred following his own bent in work, and many a time, like other artists, allowed his natural impulses to guide him rather than lay any restraint on himself. The father writes on the particular occasion that had called forth these warnings, 'Dear Wolfgang, I have not the smallest distrust of you; on the contrary, I place all possible faith and hope in your filial love. Everything depends on your listening to the sound reason you undoubtedly possess, but in some degree also on favourable circumstances. The latter you cannot command, but I trust and believe

that you will always appeal to reason for counsel.' Few youths have had a father whose thoughts are so wholly devoted to his son's welfare. This man regarded the genius of Wolfgang as a boon from heaven. He trained him to the best of his abilities, and this the world cannot fail to acknowledge, and to feel grateful for his success. 'The will and decree of Providence have ordained that I must now resume the wearisome task of giving lessons, in a place, too, where this trying work is so badly paid that the monthly expenses of a family cannot be earned by it, and yet it is necessary to look pleased and talk till you are hoarse and have a pain in the chest, in order to secure even these small sums.' Yet with all this the worthy man had still something to spare for the necessities of others. He mentions that a poor milliner had been obliged to give up the adjoining room, so he must assist her.

These are facts highly honourable to the father, and they eventually bore fruit; for the same kind, benevolent disposition distinguished the son through life; and is not this inborn peculiarity of the artist, so often soaring above commonplace exigencies, the more to be admired?

At length everything was prepared—money, luggage, clothes, and music; a chaise, too, was procured, which a *virtuoso* of that day required in order to travel suitably, and to obtain the respect of others. For the father did not choose that his son should roam about

the world like a strolling player. How sad must the parting have been! What fears and hopes have alternately agitated the father's breast! His absence lasted above a year, and brought the anxious parent much annoyance and little happiness. The son he indeed saw again, but without the profits he had so wished and hoped for from the long expensive journey. The mother never came back; and yet the journey had one result that it ought to have had to be worth so many sacrifices—Wolfgang's genius, as a man and an artist, attained a higher degree of maturity.

CHAPTER VI.

MUNICH; AUGSBURG—1777.

'Talent thrives in seclusion,
Character in the stream of the world.'

HITHERTO it was chiefly the cultivation and studies of the artist which occupied Mozart, and, indeed, occupy the youthful years of every man. The pressure of life had not as yet been felt by him; the faithful father, far more than the son, had to encounter the difficulties that life prepares for all those who aspire to tread her higher paths; our young Maestro had not as yet come much into contact with the envy of his professional colleagues, and the intrigues of baser natures. His thoughts were so exclusively occupied with his art that he quickly forgot the annoyance of such occurrences; the more so as the shrewd father held open as far as he could that path of artistic cultivation which the son must tread in his future career.

Thus we see Mozart writing his works in cheerfulness of heart, and devoting any spare time to the light-hearted enjoyments of his youth. Not till at

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length adverse and straitened circumstances threatened to injure his powers does he become somewhat depressed and impatient. He frets like a young horse that feels all his powers and vigour fully developed, and strives to be allowed his freedom, to escape from the barriers that control him, and to be able to show what he can do; and when he at last succeeds in surmounting the barrier, he for the moment is only conscious of the joys of liberty, and can think of nothing but the delights of freedom. Mozart wrote, indeed, to the father he had just quitted the very first evening, but the letter contains only jokes and insignificant things that had amused him on the journey. He has seen a cow of two colours, and a portly gentleman in Salzburg who 'promised to give a hundred thousand loves to my papa, and to my sister, the *madcap*. We live like princes; we want nothing but you, dearest papa. Well! this is the will of God, and no doubt all will go on right. I am quite a second papa, and look after everything. I settled from the first to pay the postilions, for I can speak to such fellows better than mamma. We beg that papa will be careful of his health, not go out too early, nor fret, and remember that "the Mufti H. C." [Hieronymus Colloredo, the Archbishop] is a *muff*, but God we know to be loving, merciful, and compassionate.'

Wolfgang was in a sprightly mood, for he loved travelling. He has no presentiment that he has taken

the first step in the career which is indeed to lead him to much fame, to the highest gifts of life and human felicity. Still it was a path beset with thorns, and obstacles of every kind were to hamper him as long as he lived. His unsuspicious heart saw nothing of this; for him life was all brightness, for he was quite conscious of his superior power and talents, and thought they must suffice to attain every worldly object; it totally escaped him that prudence, watchfulness, and calm reflection were also requisite; thus he never succeeded in gaining the good things of this world to such an extent as to render him free from care as to his maintenance, so that he might devote himself wholly to his artistic aims. But was this necessary? We who can follow the events of his life, know that he was endowed, as few mortals have been, with the most precious gifts of the heart and the intellect. We know that all his straits and difficulties never prevented his becoming what he did become. In fact, although the world may have treated him hardly, yet he not only continued to live and breathe in a pure atmosphere, but to thrive. An impartial survey of his whole career shows us that it was a happy one; his life was a brief but continuous course of triumphs.

It is very touching to see him, in all the ingenuousness of early youth, which looks only to the highest aims; he presses forward on his way, full of life and spirit, never doubting that he can conquer all things,

so that the whole world should one day be his portion. His father, too, rejoices in the merry tone of his first letter, and Bullinger laughed heartily when he read it. But, with regard to the jests about the Archbishop, the father writes, 'I beg, dear Wolfgang, that you will send no more pleasantries about "the Mufti"; remember that I am still here, and such a letter might be lost, or fall into the hands of others.' As for himself, he was far from being in a jesting mood; the pain of parting still weighed heavily on him, and his eye anxiously scanned the future. He writes: 'After you went I was very sorrowful, and threw myself into an arm-chair. I did all in my power to restrain my feelings when you left me, not to make our farewell more painful, but in my distress I forgot to give my son my parting blessing, so I ran to the window and sent it after you mentally. I did not see you drive out of the gate, so I knew you were fairly gone, while I had been sitting too long thinking of nothing.' Nannerl, too, wept 'most surprisingly,' and would not be comforted; indeed, she was quite ill, and did not recover till towards evening, when she and her father played picquet to divert their thoughts.

The travellers left Salzburg very early on September 23, 1777. Their first destination was Munich, where the father, indeed, did not expect much profit He knew how matters stood there, and remembered the failure of his previous attempts in that city. Still

fresh efforts could do no harm. The hotel-keeper, Albert, known as 'the learned landlord,' had been friendly towards them on a former journey, so they drove to his hotel. 'Though tired from travelling, we did not go to bed till late; however, we rose next morning at seven o'clock. My hair was in such disorder that I could not go to Count Seeau's till half-past ten o'clock.' (Seeau was theatrical intendant, and Mozart was already known to him by the 'Finta Giardiniera.') 'I regret that mamma should be suspicious of Count Seeau,' writes Wolfgang, 'for he certainly is an agreeable, polite gentleman, and more courteous than any of his degree in Salzburg.' The courtesy, however, of the worthy count did not go very far; at least, the musicians of that day had plenty of tales to tell of his rudeness. The writers of the period sought to excuse his deficiency in culture by the remark that when the old gentleman was young schools were of little value. As to his knowledge of music, an anecdote is still current in the Munich orchestra, which gives a proof of it. The horn-players in the orchestra wanted their salaries to be raised, which, indeed, in the case of every member, were sufficiently shabby. The intendant, whose box at the theatre was just above where the horn-players sat, was much enraged at their request. He had long watched the horns, and now addressed them in his queer dialect thus: 'What! you lazy fellows! I am to give you more pay, and half the time

there you sit, and never blow your horns at all!? So no increase of salary did they get.

This all-potent intendant, however, received our young Maestro in a friendly manner, for which he had his own reasons. He already knew all the details as to Mozart's leaving Salzburg, and advised him to beg at once for an audience from the Elector; and when Wolfgang rejoined that a good composer was much wanted in Munich, he said, 'I know that well.' On which Wolfgang went off to his patron, the Bishop of Chiemsee, Prince Zeil, who was still in Munich on account of diplomatic affairs. When he had heard all particulars he promised to do his best, and to speak at once to the Elector and the Electress. But a few days afterwards the Bishop, with all due courtesy, said to Mozart, 'I don't think we shall effect much here. During dinner at Nymphenburg I spoke privately to the Elector, who said: "It is too soon at this moment; he must leave this and go to Italy and become famous. I do not actually reject him, but these are too early days as yet."' The Electress also, to whom the Bishop had already spoken, shrugged her shoulders, but promised to do all she could, though doubtful as to success.

In spite of this, Mozart was presented to the Elector just as he was going out hunting.

When the Elector came up to me, I said 'Will your Royal Highness permit me to pay my homage and to offer your Royal Highness my services?' 'So you have finally

left Salzburg?' 'I have left it for ever, your Royal Highness. I only asked leave to make a journey, and being refused I was obliged to take this step, although I have long intended to leave Salzburg, which is no place for me, I feel sure.' 'Good heavens! you are quite a young man. But your father is still in Salzburg?' 'Yes, your Royal Highness; he humbly lays his homage at your feet, &c., &c. I have already been three times in Italy. I have written three operas, and am a member of the Bologna Academy; I underwent a trial where several *maestri* toiled and laboured for four or five hours, whereas I finished my work in one. This is a sufficient testimony that I have abilities to serve any court. My greatest wish is to be appointed by your Royal Highness, who himself is such a great, &c., &c.' 'But, my good young friend, I regret that there is not a single vacancy. If there were only a vacancy!' 'I can assure your Royal Highness that I would do credit to Munich.' 'Yes, but what does that avail when there is no vacancy?' This he said as he was moving on; so I bowed and took leave of his Royal Highness.

To this the father replied, 'I never was very sanguine about Munich; the Elector is bound not to engage anyone unless there be a vacancy, and, besides, there are always secret enemies to oppose your success through jealousy.' Thus the first cast of the spear only rebounded. But it was not in Mozart's nature to be cast down by frustrated hopes. His spirit was elastic, so he began to form new plans. Count Seeau, who was partly also *entrepreneur* of the theatre, his special department being comedy and the German opera, saw what an advantage it would be to him if he could

secure such a fertile and complaisant composer as Mozart for his own purposes. Hitherto all the texts of operas had been translated from French and Italian, so he asked the Bishop of Chiemsee, 'Do you know whether Mozart has enough from his family to enable him to remain here with a little assistance; I should like to keep him;' on which the Bishop referred him to Mozart himself, as he could not say positively as to this, but he had his doubts. Seeau, however, did not apply to him at once. The wary count preferred having a proposal made to him, so that he might engage Mozart on the easiest possible terms. For self-interest was one of the mainsprings of his actions. Mozart saw through this, and was cautious. We can quite imagine that he was all fire and flame at the thoughts of composing an opera. In this frame of mind he attended the German opera at Munich, and the enthusiastic description he gives is no doubt owing to the attractions of the prima donna. He writes—

The name of the first singer here is Keiserin; her father is cook to a count here! she is a very pleasing girl, and pretty on the stage; I have not yet seen her near. She is a native of this place. When I heard her it was only her third appearance on the stage. She has a fine voice, not powerful, though by no means weak, very pure, and a good intonation. Her instructor is Valesi; and her style of singing shows that her master knows how to sing as well as how to teach. When she sustains a note for a couple of bars, I am quite surprised at

the beauty of her crescendo and decrescendo. She is a great favourite with the people here, and with me.

Mamma was in the pit; she went as early as half-past four o'clock to get a place. I, however, did not go till half-past six o'clock, for I can go to any box I please, being pretty well known. I was in the Brancas' box; I looked at Keiserin with my opera-glass, and at times she drew tears from my eyes. I often called out *brava, bravissima*, for I always remembered that it was only her third appearance. The piece was 'Das Fischer mädchen,' a very good translation of Piccini's opera, with his music. As yet they have no original pieces, but are now anxious soon to give a German *opera seria*, and a strong wish prevails that I should compose it.

We see here how easily Wolfgang's young heart was stirred by every passing emotion. His tears were caused not so much by the fair singer, who served only as a pretext; they were, in reality, an ease to his heart, touched by the glad sense of liberty, the novel impressions of the journey, and the hope of composing an opera. He writes: 'I am in the happiest mood. I feel so light-hearted since I no longer have such worries to contend with.' To this was added the delights of the opera, of which he had been so long deprived. Some months afterwards he writes—

As for your reproach about the little singer in Munich, I must confess that I was an ass to write such a complete falsehood. She does not as yet know even what singing means. It was true that, for a person who had only learned music for three months, she sang surprisingly; and, besides,

she has a pleasing pure voice. The reason why I praised her so much was probably my hearing people say, from morning to night, 'There is no better singer in all Europe; those who have not heard her have heard nothing.' I did not venture to disagree with them, partly because I wished to acquire friends, and partly because I had come direct from Salzburg, where we are not in the habit of contradicting anyone; but as soon as I was alone I never could help laughing. Why, then, did I not laugh at her in my letter to you? I really cannot tell.

Wolfgang no longer remembered the mood that influenced him at that time. What a weight must have crushed his soul during the last days in Salzburg, that merely hearing a prima donna should have made him so enthusiastic! But she was pretty, which was very attractive to a Mozart, always peculiarly susceptible to female charms, and thus his usually quick perceptions were blunted in judging of her musical powers. In his later letters a particular circumstance caused him to retract his former opinion decidedly, which no doubt was, after all, not far wrong. He had now become acquainted with Aloysia Weber, whose gifts were very superior; she was not only his pupil, but also his worshipped idol, whose praises were eloquently set forth in his letters to his father. Still, most of all, he prized her talents, wishing to make a tour with her and her father, to give concerts, and he was anxious to obtain his father's consent to this project, who, however, reminded him of his high eulogy on Madlle. Keiserin, to show

him how fancy and feeling could warp his judgment. Wolfgang defends himself, and, what is very unusual with him, in both cases he exaggerates. He was very yielding by nature, and as Aloysia's parents urged him to every possible exertion, he, wishing to satisfy his father's constant exhortations to become practical, had only praised Madlle. Keiserin 'to win good friends.' We shall see that, at all events, he was not mistaken in his praise of Aloysia Weber. His gentle complaisance, however great in trifling things, never induced him to forego his convictions when matters were at stake which affected character or inner life.

His suddenly kindled enthusiasm for the German opera was kept alive by those who wished to profit by his talents. A certain Professor Huber was especially anxious to see the young composer engaged for the theatre. He was vice-intendant, and, as Mozart writes, it was his province 'to read through, to improve or to spoil, or to correct, curtail, or reject those comedies that were to be performed.' The directors accepted every work sent to them, and considered themselves bound, at least, to rehearse all Munich productions. A chronicler of that day writes, 'As almost every student or official here is attacked by the malady of authorship, the directors are overwhelmed with rubbish.' Baron Rumling paid Mozart the following compliment in speaking of him:—'Plays are my delight, with good actors and actresses, good singers, and, above all, such an

admirable composer as Mozart.' To which Wolfgang replies, 'That is all talk—to talk is so easy—but he never said as much to myself.' He played at Count Salern's, and writes to his father as follows:—

On the three days that I was at Count Salern's I played a great many things extempore—two Cassations [divertimentos] for the Countess, and the finale and Rondo, and the latter by heart. You cannot imagine the delight this causes Count Salern. He understands music, for he was constantly saying Bravo! while other gentlemen were taking snuff, humming and hawing, and clearing their throats or holding forth. I said to him, 'How I do wish the Elector were only here, that he might hear me play! He knows nothing of me—he does not know what I can do. How sad it is that these great gentlemen should believe what anyone tells them and do not choose to judge for themselves! *But it is always so.* Let him put me to the test. He may assemble all the composers in Munich, and also send in quest of some from Italy and France, Germany, and England and Spain, and I will undertake to write against them all.' I related to him all that had occurred to me in Italy, and begged him, if the conversation turned on me, to bring in these things. He said, 'I have very little influence, but the little that is in my power I will do with pleasure.'

On another occasion, when playing exclusively to musicians, he writes—

As a finale, I played my last divertimento in B; they all pricked up their ears. I played as if I had been the greatest violin-player in all Europe.

To which his father answers, 'You don't yourself

know how well you play the violin, but you must practise, and be careful to play correctly, and with feeling, just as if you really were the first violin-player in Europe.' Wolfgang took every pains to gain friends, and he had many, and yet Herr Albert, who took great interest in Mozart, could not succeed in bringing together ten friends, each of whom was to contribute a ducat monthly. This sum would have amounted to 600 florins, and Wolfgang thought it would be easy to get so many commissions from Count Seeau, that he might confidently reckon on an income of 800 florins. The mother also was much captivated by this proposal. But the shrewd father had strong doubts of its success, and he was right. The ten friends were not to be found.

Mozart, however, thought that even without their aid he could pull through. A letter to his father shows the self-confidence of the artist, but at the same time his utter want of knowledge of the world. He writes—

It would not be impossible for me to contrive to live, were I alone here, for I should get at least 300 florins from Count Seeau. My board would cost little, for I should be often invited out, and even were it not so, Albert would always be charmed to see me at dinner in his house. I eat little, drink water, and for dessert take only a little fruit and a small glass of wine. Subject to the advice of my kind friends, I would make the following contract with Count Seeau:—I would engage to produce every year four German operas,

partly *buffe* and partly *serie*; from each of these I should claim the profits of one performance, for such is the custom here. This alone would bring me in 500 florins, which along with my salary would make up 800 florins, but in all probability more; for Reiner, an actor and singer, cleared 200 florins by his benefit, and I am *very much beloved here*, and how much more so should I be if I contributed to the elevation of the national theatre of Germany in music! And this would certainly be the case with me, for I was inspired with the most eager desire to write when I heard the German operettas.

What lofty demands he makes on his abilities, and yet how slight on the world, from which he expects his reward! But Count Seeau does not care to risk even 300 gulden. The father answers, 'It is true that you might continue to live in Munich, but what honour would you gain by that? How the Archbishop would sneer! You might gain your living in any town, but not in Munich. You must not hold yourself so cheap, and thus throw yourself away. There is no occasion that you should do so.' Nannerl, too, writes, 'It would not be to your credit to remain in Munich without an engagement; as you have failed there, why not seek one in the house of some great noble?—you are sure to find one.' The father now urged him to leave Munich as soon as possible, for even during his absence, his friends could be active in his behalf; so Wolfgang took leave of Count Seeau, saying—

'I have only come, your Excellency, to explain my case

clearly. I have been told that I ought to go to Italy, which is casting a reproach on me. I was sixteen months in Italy, I have written three operas, and all this is notorious enough. What further occurred your Excellency will see from these papers.' And after showing him the *diplomata*, I added, 'I only show these, and say this to your Excellency that, in the event of my being spoken of, and any injustice done me, your Excellency may with good grounds take my part.' He asked me if I was now going to France. I said I intended to remain in Germany; by this, however, he supposed I meant Munich, and said, with a merry laugh, 'So you are to stay here after all?' I replied, 'No! to tell you the truth, I should like to have stayed, if the Elector had favoured me with a small sum, so that I might then have offered my compositions to your Excellency devoid of all interested motives. It would have been a pleasure to me to do this.' At these words he half lifted his skull-cap.

This lifting his cap was, however, the sole honour Wolfgang received; but Seeau did not forget the courteous young composer, for a few years later we shall find Mozart once more in contact with him. Before starting on his journey, however, one pleasant prospect opened on him. A friend, whom he had known in Italy, Misliweczeck, had been engaged to compose an opera for the next Neapolitan carnival, and promised Wolfgang to procure a similar commission for him. The young Maestro, whose 'inexpressible longing to compose an opera' we already know, was enchanted by this offer, and writes with much excitement to his father, closing his letter with his usual commendable modesty.

This is mere talk, but still I say what is in my heart. If papa gives me any good grounds to show that I am wrong, then I will give it up, though, I own, reluctantly. Even when I hear an opera discussed, or am in a theatre myself and hear voices, oh! I really am beside myself!

The father was not opposed to this project, and entered into correspondence with Misliweczeck on the subject, but it came to nothing after all. The father writes, 'Misliweczeck writes that he soon expects the libretto for you from Naples. I consider this a mere subterfuge, for he only says so when he wants my help.'

In Munich little or nothing had been done. 'Fine words, praise, and bravissimos,' writes the father, 'neither pay postmasters nor landlords; so as soon as you find that nothing is to be earned, you must at once proceed elsewhere. The travellers left Munich on October 11, and arrived the same evening in Augsburg, where Leopold Mozart's brother resided—a bookbinder by trade. In the present day we see in the Ludwig-strasse a large sign, 'Mozart-Friseur,' Mozart's frolic at a Salzburg masquerade being thus realised. Mother and son met with a cordial reception from this family. Wolfgang was on the most friendly terms with the merry Marianne, his uncle's daughter, a girl of nineteen. His heart was, perhaps, a little touched by her, but it chiefly afforded him an opportunity to give free course to his humorous sprightly moods in talking to her, which we also find in his letters from Augsburg.

The first visit enjoined by his father to the burgomaster, Herr von Langenmantl, by no means pleased him.

My first visit was to the Stadtpfleger Longo Tabarro [Burgomaster Langenmantl]. My cousin, a good, kind, honest man and worthy citizen, went with me, and had the honour to wait in the hall like a footman till my interview with the high and mighty Stadtpfleger was over. I did not fail first of all to present papa's respectful compliments. He deigned graciously to remember you, and said, 'And pray how have things gone with him?' 'Vastly well, God be praised!' I instantly rejoined, 'and I hope things have also gone well with you?' He then became more civil, and addressed me in the third person, so I called him 'Sir'; though, indeed, I had done so from the first. He gave me no peace till I went up with him to see his son-in-law (on the second floor), my cousin, meanwhile, having the pleasure of waiting in the staircase hall. I was obliged to control myself with all my might, or I must have given some polite hint about this. On going upstairs I had the satisfaction of playing for nearly three-quarters of an hour on a good clavichord of Stein's, in the presence of the stuck-up young son, and his prim condescending wife, and the simple old lady. I first extemporised, and then played all the music he had, *prima vista*, and among others some very pretty pieces of Edlmann's. Nothing could be more polite than they all were, and I was equally so, for my rule is to behave to people just as they behave to me; I find this to be the best plan.

This singular mixture of self-respect and unassuming courtesy towards persons of high degree, forms a

striking contrast to Beethoven's moods and idea. Brought up in French revolutionary principles, he carried into society not only the feeling of respect due to an artist and a composer, but insisted on being always placed on a footing of equality with others; so he behaved towards princes and archdukes as if he were their equal. Haydn, the man of the olden time, on this account gave Beethoven the name of the 'Great Mogul.' Still it was he who first secured the artist his just rights in society, thus gradually elevating the whole position both of musicians and artists, who in the previous century had been rather looked down upon. Both the Mozarts felt the impropriety and absurdity of too great pride of rank, but the only weapons they used in self-defence were courtesy and complaisance, though they had their little revenge afterwards by mockery. 'Every time I thought of your journey to Salzburg,' writes the father, 'the words of Wieland's Abderiten recurred to my mind—we ought to have an opportunity to see *in naturo* what we hold to be purely ideal when reading of it.' Then he instructs his son as to the high dignity of a burgomaster, and the respect in which this *mock* king is held by the burghers.

Wolfgang then went to the famed pianoforte-maker, Stein, but under a feigned name, according to his father's wish, on the pretext that he came from Innspruck, and was commissioned to look at his instruments. Stein had not seen Mozart since he was seven

years old, and such a joke was quite after his own heart. He had already told the burgomaster that after dinner he was going to Stein's.

I said that I meant to go to Stein's after dinner, so the young man offered to take me there himself. I thanked him for his kindness, and promised to return at two o'clock. I did so, and we went together in company with his brother-in-law, who looks a genuine student. Although I had begged that my name should not be mentioned, Herr von Langenmantl was so incautious as to say, with a simper, to Herr Stein, 'I have the honour to present to you a virtuoso on the piano.' I instantly protested against this, saying that I was only an indifferent pupil of Herr Sigl in Munich, who had charged me with a thousand compliments to him. Stein shook his head dubiously, and at length said, 'Surely I have the honour of seeing M. Mozart?' 'Oh, no,' said I; 'my name is Trazom, and I have a letter for you.' He took the letter and was about to break the seal instantly, but I gave him no time for that, saying, 'What is the use of reading the letter just now? Pray open the door of your saloon at once, for I am so very anxious to see your pianofortes.' 'With all my heart,' said he, 'just as you please; but for all that I believe I am not mistaken.' He opened the doors and I ran straight up to one of the three pianos that stood in the room. I began to play, and he scarcely gave himself time to glance at the letter, so anxious was he to ascertain the truth; so he only read the signature. 'Oh!' cried he, embracing me, and crossing himself, and making all sorts of grimaces from intense delight.

Mozart then praised his pianos, and by his intelligent remarks and his playing, knowing how to show off

to the best advantage the merits of these instruments, he at once gained Stein's approbation, who also consulted him about his daughter. She was then eight years of age, and afterwards well known as Nanette Streicher, the wife of Schiller's great friend. This lady enjoyed universal esteem to the day of her death, not only as a distinguished pianiste, but from her cultivation and kindness of heart. In addition to this she was a good mother, and an admirable manager at home. It was she who, when the great Beethoven, being entirely absorbed in the ideal, came to a low ebb in domestic matters, never failed with faithful devotion to rearrange his household, and always remained his attached friend.

A propos, as to his little girl, anyone who can see and hear her play without laughing must be Stein [stone] like her father. She perches herself exactly opposite the treble, avoiding the centre, that she may have more room to throw herself about and make grimaces. She rolls her eyes and smirks; when a passage comes twice she always plays it slower the second time, and if three times slower still. She raises her arms in playing a passage, and if it is to be played with emphasis she seems to give it with her elbows and not her fingers, as awkwardly and heavily as possible. The finest thing is, that if a scale occurs (which ought to flow like oil) where the fingers must necessarily be changed, she does not pay much heed to that, but lifts her hands, and quite coolly goes on again. This, moreover, puts her in a fair way to get hold of a wrong note, which often produces a curious effect. I only write this in order to give you some

idea of pianoforte-playing and teaching here, so that you may in turn derive some benefit from it.

His own playing as usual excited the highest admiration. The approval of the connoisseurs was equally gained by his powers on the pianoforte, as well as on the organ and violin. At first he had no public concert. 'The patricii were not in funds;' indeed, they presumed to banter Mozart about his cross, which he wore by his father's desire, in Augsburg, as there was no reigning prince there, so having received the order from the great and renowned Pope Ganganelli, Clemens XIV., the father thought it would win respect for him. One officer in particular was so offensive and impertinent that Wolfgang lost all patience, and pulled him up very sharply. Indignant at such treatment, he refused to play in the concert of the Patrizii, though he had promised to do so. Stein, however, now stirred up the Lutheran patricii (the others were Roman Catholics), who showed him so much politeness that in the Banern Stube academy, where some of his compositions were given, he played a concerto and a sonata—for which, besides many compliments, he received—two ducats. The father writes, 'This is always the case with them; they would not have succeeded so easily in 'getting me to their beggarly concert.' Wolfgang's only revenge was to send home a very witty sketch of the members of the academy in a letter to his father dated October 17, 1777.

Meanwhile, his friends succeeded in arranging a public concert for him, where the admiration much exceeded the receipts, and Wolfgang writes—

I may with truth say that, were it not for my kind cousins, my regrets would be as numberless as the hairs on my head for ever having come to Augsburg. I must write you some account of my fair cousin, but you must excuse my deferring this till to-morrow, for one ought to be quite fresh to praise her as highly as she deserves.

The 17th.—I now write early in the morning to say that my cousin is pretty, intelligent, lovable, clever, and gay, probably because she has lived so much in society; she was also some time at Munich. We do, indeed, exactly suit each other, for she too is rather inclined to be satirical, so we banter our friends most merrily together.

A certain Father Emilian, a conceited jackass and a sorry witling, was very sweet on my cousin, and wished to have his jest with her, but she made a jest of him. At last, when rather tipsy (which soon occurred), he began to talk about music, and sang a canon, saying, 'I never in my life heard anything finer.' I said, 'I regret that I can't sing it with you, for nature has not given me the power of song.' 'No matter,' said he. So he began. I made the third, but I sang different words—thus: 'Pater Emilian, oh! thou numskull'—*sotto voce* to my cousin; then we laughed on for at least half an hour.

This was the way the cousins made merry together; he gave her his portrait, and she was sketched for him in a French costume, 'which made her look ten per cent. better.' He is in a red coat, and powdered hair, which

gives a droll antique air to the young face, while the shrewd eyes have a lively and candid expression—whereas the Bäsle's figure is rather substantial; her face looks good-natured and merry, though not exactly pretty, but it leaves a pleasant impression. In accordance with the burgher fashion of that day she wears an embroidered mob cap which is very becoming to her. She has no curls, and wears a little black lace handkerchief on her shoulders. The portraits of these two are quite characteristic of each. With him nobility of intellect is clearly manifest through the disadvantage of an insignificant appearance, and illuminates his delicate features. The Bäsle had no conception of this, and thought Mozart's zeal for the piano very comical. Her simple genuine burgher ways and fresh youth incited the Maestro to all sorts of loving frolics, but never affected his inner self.

A propos, mamma and I earnestly beg you, dear papa, to send our charming cousin a souvenir; we both regretted so much having nothing with us, but we promised to write to you to send her something. We wish two things to be sent —a double neckerchief in mamma's name, like the one she wears, and in mine some ornament; a box, or *étui*, or anything you like, only it must be pretty, for she deserves it.

A number of presents received by Wolfgang during his former travels were still in the father's hands.

The farewell was of course very sorrowful, so that Stein mentions it in a letter to Mozart's father, who at

the next crossbow meeting, caused to be painted on the target, 'The sad parting between Wolfgang and the Bäsle, both dissolved in tears.' The target was most amusing: an Augsburg girl stood on the right hand presenting a huge nosegay to a young man in boots and travelling attire; in the other hand she grasped a long white sheet that trailed on the ground, with which she was drying her weeping eyes. The youth had a similar sheet which he was also applying to his eyes, and held his hat in the other hand.

Shortly after his arrival in Mannheim, he wrote the following droll letter in which certainly no wit is to be found, but we see the pleasure in sound and rhythm, which always gratified his delicate ear rather than his mind. Children and the mob act alike. The original impulses of power create the beautiful. How the ear of this fertile artist seems to rejoice in the mere sound of the echoing words, totally devoid of meaning as they are! Wolfgang writes—

Mannheim, Oct. 5, 1777.

My dear Coz—Buzz,—I have safely received your precious epistle—thistle, and from it I perceive—achieve, that my aunt—gaunt, and you—shoe, are quite well—bell. I have to-day a letter—setter, from my papa—ah-ha, safe in my hands—sands. I hope you also got—trot, my Mannheim letter—setter. Now for a little sense—pence. The prelate's seizure—leisure, grieves me much—touch, but he will, I hope, get well—sell. You write—blight, you will keep—cheap, your promise to write to me—he he, to Augsburg soon—

spoon. Well, I shall be very glad—mad. You further write, indeed you declare, you pretend, you hint, you vow, you explain, you distinctly say, you long, you wish, you desire, you choose, command, and point out, you let me know and inform me that I must send you my portrait soon—moon. *Eh, bien!* you shall have it before long—song. Now I wish you good-night—tight.

I can now write no more—which makes my heart sore. To all my kind friends much love—dove. Addio! Your old young, till death—breath,

WOLFGANG AMADÉ ROSENCRANZ.

Miennham, eht ht5 rebotoc, 7771.

And so he goes on and on till one's eyes and ears are utterly perplexed, and no doubt the Bäsle herself must have been somewhat annoyed. Jests alone, and those very poor ones, and no tender expressions, which no doubt the girl, who was very fond of her merry cousin, would infinitely have preferred; he closes his letter thus:—

How do I like Mannheim? As well as I can any place where my cousin is not. I hope, on the other hand, that you have at all events received my two letters—one from Hohenaltheim, and one from Mannheim—this, such as it is, being the third from hence, but making the fourth in all.

This is written on November 14, only three weeks after their parting, and then follow a few nonsensical phrases, which, however, testify to his merry mood:—

Love me as I love you, and then we shall never cease loving each other.

We shall presently see how the affair collapsed, to the vexation of the Bäsle.

Meanwhile, the mother and son left Augsburg, and after a short visit to Prince Wallenstein at Hohenaltheim, arrived at Mannheim on October 30, 1777. How many important events were to occur there to Mozart!

CHAPTER VII.

ALOYSIA WEBER—1777–78.

'First love's golden days.'

THE day after Mozart's arrival at Mannheim he wrote to his father—

I went to-day with Herr Danner to M. Cannabich's [Director of the Elector's orchestra]. He was uncommonly polite, and I played something for him on his piano, which is a very good one. We went together to the rehearsal. I could scarcely help laughing when I was presented to the musicians, because though some who knew me by *renommé* were very civil and courteous, the rest, who knew nothing whatever about me, stared in such a ludicrous way, evidently thinking that because I am little and young nothing great or mature is to be found in me; but they shall soon find it out.

Wolfgang was peculiarly tenacious on this point. His appearance was insignificant, and his genius only visible when he played or conducted an orchestra—but even then his animation appeared very droll to the Bäsle. He was now one-and-twenty, and the mother writes that his beard was growing so much that it must

be removed. To which the father jocosely replies, '*A propos*, is the beard to be cut off, burnt off, or shaved?' The answer is amusingly *naïf*:—'No barber has yet shaved Wolfgang; his beard has been cut with scissors; this will no longer suffice, so we must have recourse to a barber.' The mother also writes, 'You cannot imagine how much Wolfgang is appreciated here, not only for his music, but for other things. Everyone says that he has no equal, and they perfectly idolise his compositions.'

The music director Cannabich was beyond all others his warmest admirer. He had known Wolfgang when a boy, and now welcomed him to his house in the most hospitable manner. The musicians of the Electoral orchestra were considered good worthy people. They were well paid, and their prince, the accomplished Karl Theodor, had done much for music, while his cheerful disposition and courteous manners imparted to his subordinates a certain degree of geniality and amiability. The homes and the hearts of these people were always open to every man of talent and good-breeding. Mozart found this to be the case, as others had done before him. Even in this circle, however, something of the frivolity of the Elector's Court had grown up, and it seems not quite passed away even now. We are told by a contemporary writer that the bad example of the nobility had penetrated even into burgher families, but he justly adds,

'The ladies in this city are very handsome, polite, and charming.'

Mozart was well aware of this evil. In writing about a worthy German who brings up his children well, he says, 'And this is why the girl is persecuted here'; but such matters did not affect him much. It had been very nearly the same at Salzburg, and this homage to the fair sex only had the effect of making him easy and natural in their society. He neither saw nor heard anything of their follies, because his soul was wholly absorbed in his art, and this so glorified his life, that he only saw what was delightful and attractive in woman; but these good qualities he did see, and fully appreciated and loved.

At Cannabich's house, where Mozart constantly dined, and often supped with him and his daughter, they were merry enough, as the following letter shews:—

I, Johannes, Chrysostomus, Amadeus, Wolfgangus, Sigismundus, Mozart, plead guilty to having both yesterday and the day before (and very often besides) stayed away from home till twelve o'clock at night, from ten o'clock till the aforesaid hour, I being in the presence and company of M. Cannabich, his wife and daughter, the Herrn Schatzmeister, Ramm, and Lang, making doggerel rhymes with the utmost facility in thought and word, but not in deed. I should not, however, have conducted myself in so reckless a manner if our ringleader, namely, the so-called Lisel (Elisabeth Cannabich), had not inveigled and instigated me to mischief, and I am bound to admit that I took great pleasure in it myself.

I confess all these my sins and shortcomings from the depths of my heart, and in the hope of often having similar ones to confess, I firmly resolve to amend my present sinful life.

And so he goes on with his jokes.

The magnet, however, that attracted the young Maestro into this house was Rosa—a girl of thirteen, 'a very pretty sweet girl.' The painter Kobell writes of her:—'How many sweet precious moments did heaven grant me in the charming society of the lovely Rose Cannabich! Her memory is cherished as an Eden in my heart!'

Wolfgang says of her :—

She has so much genius, reads very tolerably, has great natural aptitude, and plays with great feeling.

She played to him the very day after his arrival.

I began to teach my sonata to Madlle. Rose three days ago, and she has learned the *allegro*. The *andante* will give us most trouble, for it is full of expression, and must be played with accuracy and taste, and the *fortes* and *pianos* given just as they are marked. She is very clever, and learns with facility.

He also writes, December 6, 1777 :—

Young Danner asked me how I intended to compose the *andante*. 'Entirely in accordance with Madlle. Rose's character,' said I. When I played it, it seemed to please much. Danner mentioned afterwards what I had said. And it is really so; she is just what the *andante* is.

Which *andante* may that be? I think that in the

sonata in B flat (André, No. 10). It is entitled 'Amoroso,' an addition rarely made by Mozart. This also corresponds with the composer's own remark:—

I send my sister the *allegro* and the *andante* of the sonata I wrote for Madlle. Cannabich. The Rondo will follow shortly.

This *andante* possesses a great charm of deep feeling, and the kind of feeling, too, that Mozart was likely to have on this occasion. Tender questions, and timid answers, and all the charming playfulness of a young girl's heart, who, though not devoid of a sweet presentiment of the joys of life, yet, with the sensitiveness of youth, is half ashamed of her sensations, as if she felt they were criminal. We must then figure to ourselves the ardent young Maestro glowing with that excitement with which his heart was always overflowing. If Pygmalion could animate marble, how much more could genius and a fiery soul kindle a flame in the heart of a young girl, in whom deeper feelings were already imaged forth. Be this as it may, we have no proof that it was actually love that inspired this sonata; but, at all events, it is certain that in this manner these two young creatures became very intimate. Shortly after Wolfgang writes:—

She caused me most indescribable pleasure yesterday, by playing my sonata in the most admirable manner. The *andante* (which must not be played *quick*) she executed with the greatest possible feeling; and she likes to play it.

This was followed by regular instruction. Wolfgang went daily to the house, and, glowing with pure love for the Beautiful, these two youthful spirits advanced to greater maturity both in art and in life.

It was, however, only for a very brief period that their hearts beat for each other. Such little fancies were by no means rare in gay Mannheim, and served as good training for the artist. Cannabich also took him to the house of Wendling, a flute-player. Wolfgang writes that his daughter, who was formerly the favourite of the Elector, played charmingly on the piano.

I cannot describe to you the happy mood I was in. I played extempore, and then three duetts with the violin, which I had never in my life seen, nor do I now know the name of the author. They were all so delighted that I—was desired to embrace the ladies. No hard task with the daughter, for she is very pretty.

Wieland, too, whom we shall meet with later, writes of her, that she was like a Raphael Madonna, or a Carlo Dolce—that on first seeing her it seemed scarcely possible to resist addressing her with a 'Salve Regina.' Heinse called her his *centifoglia Rose*—so Wolfgang, it seems, had good taste.

But what did he at that time understand about the intoxicating spell such a personality can exercise over men! 'She is very pretty,' is all he has to say of a girl who had enraptured two poets into expressions of ecstasy. He was, indeed, one day to learn the strength

of this spell to its fullest extent, and to transfer it, as no one else has ever done, into artistic images. But even then we find none of the sensuality that pervades the forms in Wieland's poetry; Mozart's thoughts were ever gay, pleasing, and ingenuous.

The moment was now come when the full brightness of day, preceded by so much twilight, was suddenly to dawn on him in all its glory. That passion which so often decides the weal or woe of our lives, was now to take possession of our young genius. It came about thus.

At the beginning of 1775 Mozart made the acquaintance of the theatre-copyist Weber, wishing to have some of his works copied. This man was an uncle of the Weber who afterwards wrote the 'Freischütz.' The straitened circumstances in which he and his family lived roused Wolfgang's inborn kindliness. He strove the more eagerly to assist them, as he found that the second daughter, Aloysia, a girl of fifteen, had a glorious voice. He resolved to give her lessons, and, as it often happens, and frequently in the case of Mozart himself, out of artistic interest soon arose an inclination of the heart which imparted life to the affair. Indeed it was inevitable that the blooming beauty of this girl should day by day make a deeper impression on Wolfgang, and ere long the connection between master and pupil became so confidential and impassioned, that it may be called true love—and it

was this first true love on both sides that fascinated these young creatures. The poet says, 'My heart and thy voice comprehend each other but too well.' Such was no doubt Mozart's idea when he imparted to the gifted girl all he had learned of singing in Italy. She had quick perceptions, and an innate love of art, so when Mozart accompanied her voice, he must have touched her feelings in a way which music alone can do. In their youth and innocence, they had not yet discovered that it was love which attracted them so passionately towards each other—we do not, indeed, know the girl's thoughts, but her youth, and Mozart's letters, lead us to the conclusion that she innocently yielded to a preference which had its root in artistic interest. We know that Wolfgang, though he felt warmly and truly, was equally unconscious of his feelings. Nothing can be more charming than his letters to his father, which bear living witness to this important event in his life. In them Wolfgang from the very first unconsciously betrays the sensations of his heart, though he still imagines he is only interested by Aloysia's voice, and that the poverty of the family impels him to such impetuous expressions. In writing thus, however, to his grave stern father, to whom he is responsible for the fulfilment of all the duties of life, his words have less significance than if written to a friend or confidant in this affair of the heart.

In the middle of January he writes :—

Next Wednesday I am going for some days to Kirchheim-Boland, the residence of the Princess of Orange.

As she has a passionate admiration of singing, I have had four arias copied out for her. I will also present her with a symphony, for she has a very nice orchestra and gives a concert every day. Besides, the copying of the airs will not cost me much, for a M. Weber who is going there with me has copied them. He has a daughter who sings admirably, and has a lovely pure voice; she is only fifteen. She fails in nothing but in stage action; were it not for that, she might be the prima donna of any theatre. Her father is a downright honest German who brings up his children well, for which very reason the girl is persecuted here. He has six children—five girls and a son. He and his wife and children have been obliged to live for the last fourteen years on an income of 200 florins; but as he has always done his duty well, and has lately provided a very accomplished singer for the Elector, he has now actually 400 florins. My aria for De' Amicis she sings to perfection with all its tremendous passages: she is to sing it at Kirchheim-Boland.

He describes this holiday excursion a couple of weeks afterwards:—

We had a capital covered coach which held four; at four o'clock we arrived at Kirchheim-Boland. We immediately sent a list of our names to the palace. Next morning early, Herr Concert-Meister Rothfischer called on us. He had been already described to me at Mannheim as a most honourable man, and such I find him to be. In the evening we went to court (this was on Saturday), where Madlle. Weber sang three airs. I say nothing of her singing, but it is indeed

admirable. I wrote to you lately with regard to her merits; but I cannot finish this letter without writing further about her; as I have only recently known her well, so I have now first discovered her great powers. We dined afterwards at the officers' table.

In the evening we might have supped at court, but we preferred being all together at the inn. We would gladly have made them a present also of the dinners at the officers' table, for we were never so pleased as when by ourselves; but economy rather entered our thoughts, since we were obliged to pay heavily enough at the inn.

The following day, Monday, we had music again, and also on Tuesday and Wednesday. Madlle. Weber sang in all thirteen times, and played twice on the piano, for she plays by no means badly. What surprises me most is that she reads music so well. Only think of her playing my difficult sonatas at sight, *slowly*, but without missing a single note. I give you my honour I would rather hear my sonatas played by her than by Vogler. I played twelve times, and once, by desire, on the organ of the Lutheran church. I presented the Princess with four symphonies, and received only seven louis d'or in silver, and our poor dear Madlle. Weber only five. This I certainly did not anticipate! I never expected great things; but, at all events, I hoped that each of us would at least receive eight louis d'or. *Basta!* We were not, however, losers, for I have a profit of forty-two florins, and the inexpressible pleasure of becoming better acquainted with worthy upright Christian people, and good Catholics. I regret much not having known them long ago.

From this time forth Wolfgang spent all his time in the society of the Weber family, making his Aloysia

study all his arias—indeed, sending to Salzburg for those he had not brought with him. He procured for her also an opportunity to be heard elsewhere, and mentions with delight that Raaff, the best singer at Mannheim, who was certainly no flatterer, when asked to give his sincere opinion, said, 'She does not sing like a scholar, but like a professor.' He also composed an aria for her, into which he threw his whole feelings more distinctly than in his letters, and this aria he cherished more fondly than any other of his compositions. At first he intended it for Raaff, but he writes:—

The beginning seemed to me too high for Raaff's voice, but it pleased me so much that I would not alter it; and from the orchestral accompaniment, too, I thought it better suited to a soprano. I therefore resolved to write it for Madlle. Weber. I laid it aside, and took the words '*Se al labbro*' for Raaff. But all in vain, for I could write nothing else, as the first air always came back into my head; so I returned to it, with the intention of making it exactly in accordance with Madlle. Weber's voice. When it was finished, I said to Madlle. Weber, 'Learn the air by yourself, sing it according to your own taste, then let me hear it, and I will afterwards tell you candidly what pleases and what displeases me.'

In the course of a couple of days I went to see her, when she sang it for me and accompanied herself, and I was obliged to confess that she sung it precisely as I could have wished, and as I would have taught it to her myself. This is now the best aria that she has, and will insure her success wherever she goes.

How entirely must his heart and fancy have been captivated by this fair young girl, when so trivial a reason sufficed to cause him such emotion! he who, beyond all others, had usually full control over his creative powers! The words he selected had been set to music by the 'London Bach,' and pleased Mozart so much that he said they were always ringing in his ears. He writes:—

I have also, for practice, arranged the air '*Non sò d' onde viene*,' which has been so charmingly composed by Bach. Just because I know that of Bach so well, and it pleases me and haunts my ear, I wished to try if, in spite of all this, I could succeed in writing an aria totally unlike the other. And, indeed, it does not in the very least resemble it.

The words of this aria, though describing a situation very different from his own, yet expressed in beautiful simplicity the sensations of his heart. In this work of Metastasio's the king has condemned to death an unknown youth (who afterwards proves to be his son), for an attempt on the king's life. Suddenly he feels strangely moved by the aspect of the criminal, and says to his friend, 'Alcandro! I own I am astonished at myself. This youth's features, his glance, his voice, awaken unwonted trembling in my heart, that vibrates in every pulse. I seek the cause in memory, and find none. Ye righteous Gods! What is it that I feel?' and then he continues, 'I know not whence proceeds this tenderness, this agitation that involuntarily

pervades my being, this thrill that runs through my veins—compassion alone does not seem enough to give rise to such emotions.'

Was not this precisely Mozart's own condition? Did not the pity and sympathy he felt for Aloysia and her family move his heart deeply, daily exciting him more and more? Was not a more profound feeling roused within him in joyful anticipation? Yes, he was awakened, he felt more than pity, whether aware of it or not, and this gave the composer the creative power to write one of the most eloquent arias that ever expressed the awakening of first love, and as he so ardently wished that his beloved Aloysia should share these feelings, he placed these words on her lips. He writes:—

I must say that all those who knew me, *Hofräthe*, *Kammerräthe*, and other high-class people, as well as all the court musicians, were very grieved and reluctant to see me go; and really and truly so.

He seems never weary of speaking of her, and when he sends the aria to his father, he begs him not to give it to anyone to sing, as it is written for Madlle. Weber, and fits her like a glove.

Was not the mode in which his idol sang these words and music already a response?

Madlle. Weber sang De' Amicis' air, '*Parto m' affretto*'; and, as a finale, my symphony 'Il Rè Pastore' was given. I do entreat you urgently to interest yourself in Madlle.

Weber; it would make me so happy if good fortune were to attend her.

How could she resist such tones? The love springing up in her heart was not yet become a ruling passion, and yet she cannot but feel that a crisis in her life is at hand, which must decide her future destiny. Mozart had been careful to develop, in this aria, the whole beauty of her bright and unusually high soprano, in all its rich colouring, and above all the magic charm with which she rendered expressive melodies. This aria does indeed overflow with music, and expresses the inmost emotions of the heart in truly golden sounds. Who can wonder that the young artist regarded with enthusiasm the slender form of the girl of fifteen. Mozart's heart now fully bloomed forth; he enjoyed life to the uttermost, and thought it was always to be thus. Aloysia enjoyed the same felicity with himself, so they were happy together. He had soared to the highest pinnacle of his life—all was hope, and joy, and sweetest intoxication of love!

We must now drop the curtain over this fair scene of youthful felicity, that it may, at least for a time, be realised by the hearts of all who love Mozart, and prize him as the true poet of love, and that we may feel that he held in his hand the cup of brightest bliss and thus imbibed ample nourishment for his soul. Come what may, he who has even once in his life known perfect happiness, can never be entirely miser-

able. He never can lose that peculiar mood of the soul, when excitement reached its highest point, and made him feel all the fulness of life, and such a remembrance will never cease to inspire his creations with joyousness. In Mozart, as ought to be the case with an artist, this awakening of the heart gave rise to an awakening of his whole artistic nature. Thus the felicity of these weeks was for him infinite, and for art imperishable.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST STRUGGLE WITH HIS FATHER.

'Passion and reason, how seldom combined!'

After what we have recently heard of our young Maestro we are almost tempted to believe that he had been seized with that giddy frivolity so prevalent in gay Mannheim, and entirely devoted to foolish love affairs. He writes a French song for Madlle. Gustl Wendling, and an aria to suit the 'soul-stirring voice' of the celebrated Dorothea Wendling, of whom Heinse said, 'She has much in the expression of her countenance, that I have observed in the most admirable of her sex—the winning, calm, and tranquil repose of woman's love, yet again something that tells of quick emotions easily roused into passion.' Mozart also wrote for Thérèse Pierron, a girl of fifteen, 'our house nymph,' a sonata with violin accompaniment; but all these emanated from that complaisance which made him place his sparkling powers at the service of all who wished to profit by them; indeed every opportunity for writing or hearing music was always welcome

to him. For music was all in all to him—as in his childhood, nothing which had not some slight analogy with his art, even now ever touched his heart; and it is very doubtful whether in the course of his life, any fair being made such a profound impression on him, or became more dear and precious in his sight than music. His whole atmosphere breathed music, and however much his heart sympathised with the things of the world and with man, we shall still under every circumstance find him ready and eager to compose, whether to lighten a burden that weighed on his heart, or to enjoy the play of fancy that makes every artistic creation so irresistibly lovely.

So, amidst all the events we have described, Wolfgang's mind was in reality engrossed by art. We see by his letters to his father, which chiefly contain projects and schemes, how ardently he hoped, by perseverance in his profession, to become at last successful. The object of his journey had been fully impressed on him. He was to strive to gain a maintenance and an appointment in order to irritate the Salzburgers, and to set free his father from the oppressive burden of providing for his family. But this was not the idea that influenced Wolfgang. His eager impulse to artistic work, when he could obtain it, was the mainspring that always kept him on the alert. Indeed it is touching to see him who so much liked 'study and speculation,' incessantly occupied either in giving lessons, or seeking

orders for fresh work, while he spares no trouble or persuasion to procure an appointment in Mannheim. For he liked the place—he was for the first time in a city where his art was considered a chief object, and where it had certainly risen to a degree of excellence not easily to be found elsewhere.

The Elector, Karl Theodor, in his zeal for art and science, had built an academy and a theatre. He was anxious to establish a German opera as well as German dramas, for which he had succeeded in engaging the most superior actors. This project alone sufficed to enchain Mozart. How had the same thought kindled his spirit in Munich! Now, in Mannheim, he heard a genuine German opera, 'Günther von Schwarzburg,' by old Holzbauer, which pleased him exceedingly.

Now about the opera briefly. Holzbauer's music [for the first great German operetta, 'Günther von Schwarzburg'] is very beautiful, but the poetry is not worthy of such music. What surprises me most is that so old a man as Holzbauer should still have so much spirit, for the opera is incredibly full of fire.

There were distinguished artists also in the Mannheim Theatre! Raaff, the greatest German tenor of his day—no longer, indeed, young, but a genuine artist, and his voice still admirable. Dorothea Wendling, her sister-in-law Elizabeth Wendling, and others. But the orchestra was the crowning glory, which, under the direction of Cannabich, was considered at that time the

first in Europe. Every hearer was enchanted with it, not only by its marvellous precision, and hitherto unparalleled gradation of tone, but even more by the admirable use of wind instruments, among which the clarionet was quite a novelty in an orchestra. A mass of contemporary notices is still extant on this subject, and Wolfgang shews his appreciation of its merits by declaring that his most ardent wish was to write for such an orchestra. We see him, on the other hand, quite unexcited amid these interesting doings; in fact, they inspire in him no awe whatever. On the contrary, in his letters to his father on the subject he indulges in impartial but frank criticism.

The spiritual excitement that prevailed in Mannheim at that time, both in literary and artistic matters, had the most stimulating effect on Wolfgang, and he revels in the living flood like a fish in water. The members of the orchestra soon became his friends. His complaisance in playing as well as in composing, for anyone who wished it, won all their hearts.

Ramm (hautboy-player) is a good, jolly, worthy man, about thirty-five, who has travelled a great deal, and so has much experience.

There were very few with whom he was not on good terms, and when this was not the case the fault was not his. His nature, which was all harmony, pure and clear in artistic as well as in moral things, revolted against such a person as the Vice-Kapell-Meister, Abbé Vogler,

court chaplain, and the subsequent teacher of C. M. Weber and Meyerbeer. This Vogler, though clever and a man of importance, failed in inner balance, being devoid of all artistic creative powers; and he sought by refined technicality and elaboration to make up for the inventive genius that was denied him. Wolfgang is especially severe on his pianoforte-playing. He calls him plainly a mountebank and a buffoon. And as he certainly did not conceal these opinions in Mannheim (though written in confidence to his father in Salzburg), where Vogler was much disliked, the court chaplain naturally had not much to say in favour of Mozart, who in after years was destined to suffer cruelly from this man's aversion. Vogler's intimate friend, Peter Winter, whose name lived for a time as the composer of the 'Unterbrochenen Opfer fest,' was not wanting in evil reports and slanders of every kind about Wolfgang, attacking both his artistic and moral fame.

Some of the members of the orchestra, the flute-player Wendling, the oboist Ramm, and the bassoon-player Ritter, proposed to Wolfgang that he should go with them during Lent to Paris, to give concerts there. This was the first definite offer he had received, and it induced him to prolong his stay in Mannheim.

Wendling assures me I shall never regret it; he has been twice in Paris, and has only just returned. He says, 'It is, in fact, the only place where either real fame or money is to be acquired. You are a man of genius; I will put you

on the right path. You must write an *opéra seria* and *comique*, an oratorio, and every kind of thing.'

This was enough to make Wolfgang favourable to the project; he therefore communicates it to his father. The mother also writes:—'Mr. Wendling is an upright man, who is known to everyone. He has travelled much, and is well acquainted with all the ins-and-outs of Paris, where he has been thirteen times. Our friend, Herr Grimm, is also his best friend, and has done much for him. So it is for you to decide. I shall be content, whatever your opinion may be. Herr Wendling assures me that he will be a father to Wolfgang, whom, indeed, he loves like a son, and watch over him as carefully as I myself could do. You, of course, must know that I am unwilling to let him leave me, and if I must take that long journey home alone, it will be anything but pleasant to me—but what is to be done? To go so far as Paris would be too trying at my age, and also too expensive.' Wolfgang further writes—

The first and best musicians here like me very much, and respect me too. They always call me Herr Kapell-Meister.

From the very first Wolfgang had striven for permission to wait on the Elector, in the hope of being placed in his orchestra, and his friends urged on the matter zealously. Now, extra pressure was required. Soon after his arrival he was presented at court by the intendant, Count Savioli. Mozart writes:—

The Elector and the Electress, and the whole court, are very much pleased with me. Both times I played at the concert, the Elector and she stood close beside me at the piano. After the music was at an end, Cannabich managed that I should be noticed by the court. I kissed the Elector's hand, who said, 'I think it is now fifteen years since you were here?' 'Yes, your Highness, it is fifteen years since I had that honour.' 'You play inimitably.' The Princess, when I kissed her hand, said, 'Monsieur, je vous assure, on ne peut pas jouer mieux.'

Yesterday, I went with Cannabich to pay the visit mamma already wrote to you about [to Duke Carl Theodor's children], and there I conversed with the Elector as if he had been some kind friend. He is a most gracious and good prince. He said to me, 'I hear you wrote an opera at Munich' ['La finta Giardiniera']? 'Yes, your Highness, and, with your gracious permission, my most anxious wish is to write an opera here; I entreat you will not quite forget me. I could also write a German one, God be praised!' said I, smiling. 'That may easily be arranged.' He has one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom and the young Count play the piano. The Elector questioned me confidentially about his children. I spoke quite honestly, but without detracting from their master. Cannabich was entirely of my opinion. The Elector, on going away, took leave of me with much courtesy.

These prospects were quite sufficient to make the Maestro cling to Mannheim, and when to this was added the Parisian scheme, the young artist liked hearing people say, 'Where are you to be this winter? Travelling is odious at this season—stay here.' His position at Mannheim was most agreeable, for he enjoyed free

intercourse with clever men and cultivated colleagues. The mother was entirely guided by him and his friends. Meanwhile, he drew on the banker for 150 gulden. This, of course, the father by no means approved of; it could not go on thus—he writes: 'Such a journey is no light matter, but you have yet to learn that you must have more solid ideas in your head than such tomfooleries. You must exercise the utmost foresight, and spare no trouble, or you will find yourself in the mire, and with no money; and where there is no money, there are no friends—no! not if you give a hundred lessons gratis, compose sonatas, and amuse yourself every night from ten to twelve o'clock by follies instead of attending to things of greater moment. Can you then ask for a letter of credit?—this is beyond a joke, and at such a moment the most laughing face must become grave.'

Wolfgang felt the justice of these reproaches, and replied, in an irritated but dejected tone:—

But when you ascribe this to my negligence, thoughtlessness, and indolence, I can only regret your having such an opinion of me, and from my heart I grieve that you so little know your son. I am not careless, I am only prepared for the worst; so I can wait and bear everything patiently, so long as my honour and my good name of Mozart remain uninjured. But if it must be so, so let it be. I only beg that you will neither rejoice nor lament prematurely; for whatever may happen, all will be well if we only have health; for happiness exists—merely in the imagination.

A philosophical maxim which the father in turn coolly criticises thus—'My dear Wolfgang, your axiom is only a moral axiom for men who are satisfied with nothing.'

The result was that Mozart as well as his friends pressed forward the affair with the Elector more urgently than ever. Cannabich wished to apply to Savioli to ask the Elector to make Mozart his chamber composer. The question then arose as to his instructing the Elector's children. Wolfgang often went to them, and brought his compositions that they might play them in the presence of the Elector, who was exceedingly pleased by Mozart's method of teaching the children. Mozart expressed a wish to become their permanent instructor. The Elector promised to take it into consideration. The affair continued to drag on, and at last the father is told, 'Nothing is to be got here at present from the Elector.'

This news made as powerful an impression on his Mannheim friends as on Wolfgang himself. He went to Cannabich.

When Madlle. Rose (who was in the third room from us busy with the linen) had finished, she came in and said to me, 'Do you wish me to begin now?' as it was the hour for her lesson. 'I am at your orders,' said I. 'Do you know,' said she, 'that I mean to be very attentive to-day?' 'I am sure you will,' answered I, 'for the lessons will not continue much longer.' 'How so? What do you mean?—Why?' She turned to her mamma, who told her. 'What!' said she, 'is

this quite certain? I cannot believe it.' 'Yes—yes; quite certain,' said I. She then played my sonata, but looked very grave. Do you know, I really could not suppress my tears; and at last they had all tears in their eyes—mother, daughter, and Schatzmeister, for she was playing the sonata at the moment, which is the favourite of the whole family.

But there was to be no leave-taking at that time, as his friends secured his stay by fresh plans, and the final farewell, two months later, was to cost many more tears. For the fair Aloysia far surpassed the pretty Rose Cannabich, though as yet Wolfgang was not acquainted with Madlle. Weber.

Wendling, who became 'quite red and flushed' when he heard the news, hit upon a happy expedient. A rich Dutchman, 'a true philanthropist,' offered to give Mozart 200 gulden for three little short easy concertos and a couple of quartetts for the flute. Some pianoforte duetts and one for the violin were also to be published by subscription. Wolfgang was to board with Wendling, and lodge with the mother of the Hof Kammer-rath Serrarius, to whose daughter (the 'House Nymph') he in return was to give lessons gratis. The mother boarded in the house of young Danner, to whom Mozart gave lessons in composition. Even the father was quite satisfied with these arrangements, for he did not approve of a journey in the winter cold for his dear ones, and Wolfgang's letters showed him that his time would not be badly spent.

I stay to supper there, when we converse and sometimes

play; I then invariably take a book out of my pocket and read, as I used to do at Salzburg. We cannot very well rise before eight o'clock, for in our rooms (on the ground-floor) it is not light till half-past eight. I then dress quickly; at ten o'clock I sit down to compose till twelve or half-past twelve, when I go to Wendling's, where I generally write till half-past one; we then dine. At three o'clock I go to the Mainzer Hof (an hotel), to a Dutch officer, to give him lessons in *galanterie* playing and thorough bass, for which, if I mistake not, he gives me four ducats, for twelve lessons. At four o'clock I go home to teach the daughter of the house. We never begin till half-past four, as we wait for lights. At six o'clock I go to Cannabich's to instruct Madlle. Rose.

The mother confirms this by saying, 'Wolfgang has so much to do, that he does not know which way to turn.'

A musical incident now occurred which caused fresh excitement in our young artist. Wieland's 'Rosamunde,' a German work set to music by Schweitzer, was to be produced at Mannheim, where everyone was in a state of eager expectation. The poet himself was to come to Mannheim for the occasion. Accordingly he arrived on December 21, and was overwhelmed with attention from the court and the public. Wolfgang writes:—

I have made acquaintance with Herr Wieland. He does not, however, know me as I know him, for he has heard nothing of me as yet. I had not at all imagined him to be what I find him. He speaks in rather a constrained way, and has a childish voice, eyes very watery, and a certain pedantic uncouthness, and yet at times is provokingly conde-

scending. I am not, however, surprised that he should choose to behave in this way at Mannheim, though no doubt very differently at Weimar and elsewhere, for here he is stared at as if he had fallen from the skies. People seem to be so ceremonious in his presence; no one speaks, all are as still as possible, striving to catch every word he utters. It is unlucky that they are kept so long in expectation, for he has some impediment in his speech which causes him to speak very slowly, and he cannot say six words without pausing. Otherwise he is, as we all know, a man of excellent parts. His face is downright ugly and seamed with the small-pox, and he has a long nose. His height is rather above that of papa.

Wolfgang's judgment, therefore, was not biassed by the universal enthusiasm. A fortnight afterwards he writes :—

Herr Wieland, after meeting me twice, seems quite enchanted with me. The last time, after every sort of eulogium, he said, 'It is really fortunate for me having met you here,' and pressed my hand.

How must Wieland, who first introduced into our beloved German tongue that sprightly charm without which all poetry must be dry and withered—how must he have spoken to his friends in Weimar of the young genius, whose grace so vividly recalled to him his adored idol, another great Wolfgang! Did he really recognise at this time, in all its superiority, the genius of him whose fame was to fill the world for centuries yet to come? Probably not!

The performance of the opera was indeed prevented by the death of the Elector of Bavaria, and Karl

Theodor set off to Munich. But Wolfgang knew the music through rehearsals, and though he had not much to say in its favour, yet the enthusiastic sympathy shown by the public for these native strains of dramatic music, exercised a vast influence over his mind, and at this time he wrote to his father :—

I know for certain that the Emperor intends to establish a German opera in Vienna, and is eagerly looking out for a young Kapell-Meister who understands the German language, and has genius, and is capable of bringing something new into the world. Beuda at Gotha has applied, but Schweitzer is determined to succeed. I think it would be just the thing for me, but well paid of course.

He urges the father to apply to all the friends he can think of in Vienna ; but on this occasion nothing came of it. 'It seems to me,' writes the father, 'that the Emperor is rather like our Archbishop—he wants something good, provided it costs nothing.' A certain Herr Heufeld wrote to get more information about Wolfgang, which annoyed Mozart very much, because just at that time his love for Aloysia made him wish more than ever for a settled appointment; besides, the tone of the gentleman's letter offended him. He writes:—'It was no use sending me Heufeld's letter, for it gave me more pain than pleasure. The simpleton thinks I am going to write a comic opera at a venture. It seems to me also that it would not have been any discredit to his nobility if he had put your "*Herr* son,"

and not merely "your son"—but he is only a Viennese clown, or else he thinks that men always remain twelve years of age.'

We see from these words the strange state of excitement in which Wolfgang was, during these months. He is not usually so irritable, and, above all, not so easily offended. But he was about, as it were, to be born afresh. His inmost feelings were to be assailed on every side, when a brief period of eager and painful struggles, brought him speedily into the full possession of the powers given him by Nature.

The far-seeing father wrote to Padre Martini, to ask him to persuade the Elector to give Wolfgang an appointment in Mannheim. In Salzburg, too, a fair prospect was opening. The organist there, Adlgasser, was suddenly seized with paralysis when playing the organ, and died the same evening. Application was at once made to Michael Haydn and to old Mozart, to ask them if they knew where a good organist was to be met with, who could also play the piano, and whether such a person could be found in Mannheim. The father mentioned this to the son, but without connecting it with any plan, for the Paris journey was in his mind. As for the son! he turned a deaf ear! He had just recovered his freedom and tasted its joys, and was he to return into his cage? He took no notice whatever, in his reply to his father, of this passage in his letter. More important things were weighing on his heart.

The breath of ardent love was now swelling the sails. The recognition of the most distinguished men made Wolfgang fully conscious of his powers, and still more so the comparison of his works with those of other artists which his own far surpassed, and who, though so infinitely inferior to him, filled the world with their fame. In this first awakening of his whole nature, his surging enthusiasm imagined that he could accomplish everything, and it may be said that he did so in reality. He thought he could take a bold flight into the world, and by one stroke win fame and a secure position.

Meanwhile the father, occupied of course with the Paris journey, which was now close at hand, gave the son all sorts of good advice. He was to take care that his mother's journey to Augsburg was comfortably arranged, when the proper time arrived; and also to regulate all his affairs in Mannheim, and leave nothing unsettled—to be very prudent and reserved in Paris, especially with artists. All confidential intimacy was to be avoided with composers whose rivalry was to be feared, such as Gluck and Piccini, when they came to Paris, and also with Grétry. But, above all, he was to observe great discretion in the society of ladies, some of whom were too apt to waylay young geniuses, to spend their money, and to entangle them in their matrimonial nets. He adds, 'That would be my death.' He has no cause indeed to dread the latter, for the son's heart was so entirely engrossed with *one* image, that he could not

even look at any other woman. He now no longer wished to go to Paris, for his thoughts dwelt on a very different subject, and the father was greatly surprised when he suddenly heard that they were not going to Paris.

Mamma and I have discussed the matter, and we agree that we do not like the sort of life the Wendlings lead. Wendling is a very honourable and kind man, but unhappily devoid of all religion, and the whole family are the same. I say enough when I tell you that his daughter was a most disreputable character. Ramm is a good fellow, but a libertine. I know myself, and I have such a sense of religion that I shall never do anything which I would not do before the whole world; but I am alarmed even at the very thoughts of being in the society of people, during my journey, whose mode of thinking is so entirely different from mine (and from that of all good people).

The mother in her next letter confirms this:—'It is quite true that Herr Wendling is the best man in the world, but neither he nor his family know anything of religion, nor do they care for it. The mother and daughter never through the whole year go to church, nor to confession, nor to hear mass; but they go regularly to the theatre. They say church is unhealthy.'

To this the father replies:—'It is quite right that you should not travel with the party you mention, but you have long been aware of their want of religion, and yet during this lengthened period of your acquaintance with the family, you have never named this to your

anxious father, or asked his advice, and (sad to say) neither has your mother!'

They had allowed themselves to be deceived by the universal praise of the Wendlings, and also by their many good qualities. But neither Wolfgang nor his mother (who was quite under his influence) would have written so sharply on this matter, had not other motives been combined with their pious convictions; and these we are about to learn. Wolfgang's dearest wish now was to forego his journey to Paris.

I lately wrote to you my chief reason for not going to Paris with these people, but another is that I have reflected well on what I have to do in Paris. I could not get on passably without pupils, which is a kind of work that does not suit me—of this I have a strong example here. I might have had two pupils; I went three times to each, but finding one of them not at home, I never went back. I am willing to give lessons out of complaisance, especially when I see genius, and inclination and anxiety to learn; but to be obliged to go to a house at a certain hour, or else to wait at home, is what I cannot submit to, if I were to gain twice what I do. I find it impossible, so must leave it to those who can do nothing but play the piano. I am a composer, and born to become a Kapell-Meister, and I neither can nor ought thus to bury the talent for composition with which God has so richly endowed me (I may say this without arrogance, for I feel it now more than ever); and this I should do were I to take many pupils.

What a salutary impression does this lively sense of his high vocation make on us, and this revolt of

the youthful spirit against the constraint of a 'métier'! But what did he in reality wish for? Many letters pass between father and son, by which we learn that even the flute quartetts for the Dutchman are not yet ready; he must, therefore, have spent the greater portion of his time with his beloved Aloysia. At length we hear his plan: he wishes to travel with the Webers, and give concerts!

This scheme, as he fully details it to his father, offers a striking proof of his inexperience, but also of his passionate love for Aloysia, as well as of the natural goodness of his heart. The thought of assisting an impoverished family, which he could do without injury to himself, delights his heart. He eagerly wishes also to remain near his idol until he could call her his own. That his every effort was devoted to this object we discover from a letter he wrote some weeks previously about his youthful friend Schiedenhofen, who had just made a wealthy marriage:—

I cordially wish him joy; but his is, after all, only one of those money matches, and nothing else!

Added to this was the irresistible passion to write operas!

He therefore wishes to remain in Mannheim in order to finish the works already bespoken.

In the meantime Herr Weber will endeavour to make various engagements for concerts with me, and then we shall travel together. If I am with him, it is just as if I

were with you. This is the reason that I like him so much —except in personal appearance, he resembles you in all respects, and has exactly your character and mode of thinking. If my mother were not, as you know, too *comfortably lazy* to write, she would say precisely what I do. I must confess that I much enjoyed my excursion with them. We were pleased and merry; I heard a man converse just like you; I had no occasion to trouble myself about anything; what was torn I found repaired. In short, I was treated like a prince. I am so attached to this oppressed family that my greatest wish is to make them happy, and perhaps I may be able to do so. My advice is that they should go to Italy, so I am all anxiety for you to write to our good friend Lugiati [impresario], and the sooner the better, to enquire what are the highest terms given to a *prima donna* in Verona—the more the better, for it is always easy to accept lower terms. Perhaps it would be possible to obtain the *Ascensa* in Venice. I will be answerable with my life for her singing, and her doing credit to my recommendation. She has, even during this short period, derived much profit from me; and how much further progress she will have made by that time! I have no fears either with regard to her acting. If this plan be realised, M. Weber, his two daughters, and I, will have the happiness of visiting my dear papa and dear sister for a fortnight, on our way through Salzburg. My sister will find a friend and companion in Madlle. Weber; for, like my sister in Salzburg, she enjoys the best reputation here, owing to the careful way in which she has been brought up; the father resembles you, and the whole family that of Mozart. They have, indeed, detractors, as with us, but when it comes to the point they must confess the truth; and truth lasts longest. I should be so glad to go with them to Salzburg, that you might hear her. My

air that De' Amicis used to sing, and the *bravura aria* '*Parto m' affretto,*' and '*Dalla sponda tenebrosa,*' she sings splendidly. Pray do all you can to insure our going to Italy together. You know my greatest desire is—to write operas.

I will gladly write an opera for Verona for thirty zecchini, solely that Madlle. Weber may acquire fame by it; for, if I do not, I fear she may be sacrificed. Before then I hope to make so much money by visiting different places that I shall be no loser. I think we shall go to Switzerland—perhaps also to Holland; pray write to me soon about this. Should we stay long anywhere, the eldest daughter [Josepha, afterwards Madame Hofer, for whom the part of the Queen of the Night in the 'Flauto Magico' was written] would be of the greatest use to us; for we could have our own *ménage*, as she understands cooking.

Send me an answer soon, I beg. Don't forget my wish to write an opera; I envy every person who writes one; I could almost weep from vexation when I hear or see an aria. But Italian, not German—*seria*, not *buffa*! I have now written you all that is in my heart; my mother is satisfied with my plan.

The mother adds a postscript:—

No doubt you perceive by the accompanying letter that when Wolfgang makes new friends he would give his life for them. It is true that she does sing incomparably; still, we ought not to lose sight of our own interests. I never liked his being in the society of Wendling and Ramm, but I did not venture to object to it, nor would he have listened to me; but no sooner did he know these Webers than he instantly changed his mind. In short, he prefers other

people to me, for I remonstrate with him sometimes, and that he does not like. I write this quite secretly while he is at dinner, for I don't wish him to know it.

Wolfgang reiterates his urgent request in several letters, and enters into all the details, as they spring up in his loving heart. Meanwhile, the father had already begun a very long letter, in which he places the matter before his son in a light which admits of no denial. Wolfgang's thoughtlessness in drawing on a banker for money, while the father at home could scarcely contrive to struggle on free from debt, provoked him much; and also the indolence that caused him to delay the completion of the works bespoken by the Dutchman; so that, instead of 200 florins, he had as yet only received 50 florins, and it was with this sum that the expense of his visit to Mannheim was to be defrayed. This new project of his son's was therefore so obnoxious in his eyes that it nearly drove him crazy! But it is a proof of the solid character and clear head of the man that, in spite of the irritation he feels, perceiving that his son does not suspect this, he abstains from all foolish and exaggerated accusations. On the contrary, though he sharply analyses and criticises the project of the youth, paternal love, and, still more, his sense of Wolfgang's well-grounded principles, alone guide his pen. He points out to him the right means to employ if he wishes to attain success; not merely to secure a momentary gain to relieve his father from debt, but to

strive after a remunerative employment for his talents, by which a certain position might be secured.

We really do not know which to admire most, the wisdom of the experienced father, who knows how to keep the son in the right path, even amid the hardest trials, or the genuine filial modesty of the son who controls his ardent passion in compliance with the will of his father, whose nature he considers so noble. All now became smooth again between the father and the son; and from this struggle we recognise the solidity of both characters, which, indeed, alone rendered it possible for the surpassing gifts of the son to attain the loftiest height in his own sphere. Towards the close of his life, above all, we learn how dearly Wolfgang loved this best of all fathers, and how fully he was impressed by his wisdom and his goodness of heart.

Meanwhile, both speak out boldly. Wolfgang was obliged to listen to very plain truths; especially how far he was as yet from securing an appointment, or even keeping one in view, giving himself up body and soul to every passing momentary impression, and now on the point of altogether neglecting his duties.

The object of your journey was to assist your parents, and to contribute to your dear sister's welfare, but, above all, that you might acquire honour and fame in the world, which you in some degree did in your boyhood; and now it rests entirely with you to raise yourself by degrees to one of the highest positions ever attained by any musician. This is a duty you owe to a kind Providence in return for the remarkable talents

with which He has gifted you; and it depends wholly on your own good sense and good conduct, whether you become a commonplace artist whom the world will forget, or a celebrated Kapell-Meister, of whom posterity will read hereafter in books —whether, infatuated with some pretty face, you one day breathe your last on a straw sack, your wife and children in a state of starvation, or, after a well-spent Christian life, die peacefully in honour and independence, and your family well provided for.

Then the father distinctly pointed out to him, how difficult, if not impossible, it would be to take a young girl to Italy with no artistic fame, and to procure an engagement for her on the stage. 'Your proposal to travel about with Herr Weber and—N.B. two daughters—has driven me nearly wild!' This was, indeed, recklessly to trifle with the good name of his parents, and to expose himself to the derision, laughter, and mockery of the world. Besides, war was everywhere threatening to break out. Such schemes were only for lesser lights, for petty composers or mere scribblers. '*Off with you to Paris at once!* Place yourself by the side of great people—*Aut Cæsar aut nihil.* The thought alone of seeing Paris should have preserved you from such flights of fancy.'

It was thus he succeeded in impressing his son, for he knew where he was most vulnerable. He appealed to his filial love, his sense of duty, his feeling of honour, and his ambition. One point alone he leaves untouched, which Wolfgang had not as yet openly acknowledged—

his love affair. The father was certainly judicious in ignoring it, for the son, like any man of deep feeling, would have been impervious to all reason. On the contrary, the father shews that he feels sympathy with the talents of the girl, as well as with the necessities of her family, by advising the singer Raaff to interest himself in Aloysia, for he could be of use to her if he chose.

When Wolfgang read this letter he was deeply affected—so much so that he was seized with illness, and obliged to remain for several days in his room. At length, reason conquered passion. He now saw the impropriety of his wish, and also that it was not necessary finally to forego the impulses of his heart, or even to renounce the project he had formed; that, in fact, he was much more likely to attain his aims by doing what the father wished. He did not attempt to conceal either from his father or himself that the possession of Aloysia was his great object, and that he only left Mannheim in the hope of securing a permanent appointment. He therefore yielded with filial submission to the father's will.

I always thought that you would disapprove of my journey with the Webers, but I never had any such intention —I mean, *under present circumstances*. I gave them my word of honour to write to you to that effect.

We have no difficulty in guessing the course of the affair. No doubt, Wolfgang, who knew and loved Italy,

first suggested the idea of the journey, which was eagerly taken up by the Webers, and carried out more speedily than he himself wished.

These good people are as tired of being here as——you know *who* and *where* [meaning the Mozarts, father and son, in Salzburg], and they think everything feasible. I promised them to write every detail to my father, but when the letter was sent off to Salzburg, I constantly told her that she must have a little patience, for she was still rather too young, &c. They take all I say in good part, for they have a high opinion of me.

At first, indeed, he cast back his father's reproaches with sufficient bitterness:—

Believe what you please of me, only nothing bad. There are people who think no one can love a poor girl without evil designs. But I am no Brunetti [a violinist in Salzburg], no Misliweczeck. I am a Mozart; and, though young, still a high-principled Mozart.

But soon the full sunshine of trusting love breaks through the dark clouds of pain and mortification:—

'Next to God comes papa' was my axiom when a child, and I still think the same.

Preparations for the journey were at once made, while the father sent his best blessing to his son on his way. He writes:—'You may indeed imagine what a trial it is to me to know that you are going still further from me. You may in some degree realise this, but you cannot feel as keenly as I do how this weighs on

my heart. My dear Wolfgang, I have not the smallest mistrust of you, no! not an atom! and I place all my hope and confidence in your filial affection. I know that you love me not only as your father, but as your best and truest friend; in fact, the duration of my life or my speedy death (under Providence) is in your hands. If I know you as I think I do, I may feel that I have nothing but satisfaction to look forward to from you; and this consoles me for your absence, though I must meanwhile renounce the fatherly delight of hearing, and seeing, and embracing you. From my heart do I give you my paternal blessing, and remain until death your faithful friend and loving father.'

Wolfgang set off on his journey; and we gladly interrupt this narrative for a moment, to dwell on this picture of love and confidence between father and son; for it is rare, indeed, to find an example of such purity of feeling and self-sacrifice, the basis of the higher phase of man's nature. We discover here those influences that guide and sustain life—the rich soil from which springs all that is good and noble—love, trust, and a sense of duty. In the course of Mozart's life we shall see that it was these same influences which decided his mode of action, and towards the close of his life increased to such a degree that he became, as an artist, one of the greatest that ever lived. As a man, likewise, he displayed a degree of moral power, heightened by the loving grace of his nature into the purest specimen

of humanity, presenting us with an exalted type of true virtue. We see that he was ready to sacrifice to the will of another the most profound feeling he had ever known, and which he, no doubt, deemed unassailable in its purity. This singular instance of self-denial, proceeding from a deep sense of the claims of duty, this patient submission, offer a proof of the wisdom of the youth that we could scarcely expect in a man, and which we shall henceforth find to be the basis of all his actions. His conduct on this trying occasion shews his moral sense in its best light, in thus yielding to the will of his father without betraying or compromising his better self. But from this time forth we shall see him doing what he considers right with decision and firmness, even when his kind and beloved father differs from him. The qualities of the man now begin to be developed in the youth, and it is by these same qualities that Mozart attained true greatness.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS STAY IN PARIS—1778–79.

'I feel these sorrows deeply in my heart—mysterious creative power.'

Among Mozart's sonatas is one in A minor, which must always be remarkable in the eyes of Mozart's admirers, by the resemblance the first movement bears to the manner and style of Handel, and still more by the passionate, nay, despairing feeling expressed in the finale. It would be especially difficult to understand this final movement, as its style is so rarely to be met with in Mozart, were it not that we learn, from the discovery of the autograph, that the date of this sonata corresponds with that of his visit to Paris. Both peculiarities are thus explained, and, in fact, nothing can give us such good information of the mood of Mozart's soul at that time as this sonata. The energetic struggles with himself, the manly firmness battling with the passionate wish of his heart, are clearly portrayed in the sharp rhythmical motion of the first movement, which indicates the spiritual type of that struggle

between inclination and duty with which Wolfgang was at that time assailed. We cannot, therefore, wonder that the expression of this state of mind is not written in the genuine Mozart style, but rather reminds us throughout of Händel's manner, who represented among musicians, so to speak, the grand and classical style in the most decided forms, in opposition to freer and lighter compositions. In his art he seized that moment of northern life, developed by Protestantism, and carried through by that 'categorical imperative' of duty, which, half a century later, the Königsberger accomplished for science and life. Though there are no traces in Mozart's compositions of direct plagiarism, but merely a tendency to the same style, yet on this occasion he was anxious to adopt the peculiar character of a mode of expression hitherto foreign to him, in order to illustrate a frame of mind as yet equally unknown to him, and which, indeed, remained so during the whole of his life. We find an instance of the same kind in the well-known air of Elvira in 'Don Giovanni,' when similar reasons influenced the composer.

Mozart's was no one-sided formal character. We have already said that free impulse alone was the law by which he lived and acted, and in accordance with which his nature would permit him to live. Thus, although he had vanquished his own will, and yielded to that of his father, we by no means find that peace and

harmony, which generally result from such a struggle. He sacrifices to his father's importunities the wish to remain with his cherished idol, and by her side to win the crown of victory. In order to attain the aim both he and his father strove after, by which his power and great gifts might be fully developed, and a settled position secured, he had been forced to pursue another path instead of the one he from his inner convictions thought the best. He had cherished the thought of being by the side of his Aloysia, and writing works for her which could not fail to bring him fame and position. He placed his faith in the influence of this love to kindle his art into the highest achievements. His idea was, that on the path of love, and in the strength of passion, he could better fulfil the duties he owed both to his father and himself. The former, however, thought otherwise, and snatched him by force, nay, even harshly, from the path he had chosen.

There can be no doubt that the son's heart was deeply wounded by the sharp and satirical manner in which the father alluded to the various preferences of the son—first for the little singer in Munich, then for the Bäsle, and Madlle. Rose—in some degree reproaching him for these transient likings; and now he does the same with regard to Madlle. Weber, affecting to think that his love for her was of the same description. This was neither wise nor just, for it roused a certain bitterness in the heart of the son which was not effaced

till a new and severe sorrow befel both father and son, bringing their hearts once more into unison. Yet it would not be fair to reproach the father. He acted at that time in a manner which circumstances fully justified.. He was bound to provide for the payment of his debts, and to endeavour to obtain for his son an appointment befitting his talents, and the honour and credit of the Mozart family. And he deemed that this object, which alone appeared in his eyes the rightful one, could only be attained by Wolfgang going to Paris. Moreover, as we shall presently learn from his own assurances, he did not consider his son's passion so profound as it proved to be. And yet it is not to be denied that a fair blossom was here crushed, and that Mozart suffered deep sorrow in consequence. But ought we thus to strive to escape sorrow? And how can we tell whether Wolfgang's plan might not have led to equally great things with those which now lie before us, as the results of his life? Goethe's words are certainly true—'Happy he to whom first love stretches out a hand.' Suffering alone reveals to genius the deeper sources of life. Even when expressed in this finale with all the vehemence of despair, there are moments when a hope of reunion seems to shine through the gloom. Indeed, the sun as it glances on the incomparably lovely middle movement in a major key, seems to us brighter and purer because it breaks forth from the clouds of the minor. A veil lies over those inner episodes of the

human heart which the hand of a stranger cannot venture to raise. We may call it fate that now chastened Mozart. He certainly suffered deeply, but sorrow matured him for higher things.

We have now some lost ground to make up. When the journey was settled, Wolfgang gave several concerts in order to make known his own abilities as well as those of his pupil. It was then that the full extent of his powers was revealed to the Mannheimers. Thus he wrote to his father :—

Madlle. Weber sang three arias of mine, the '*Ah tranquillo*' from the 'Rè Pastore,' and the new '*Non sò d' onde viene.*' With this last air my dear Madlle. Weber gained very great honour both for herself and for me. All present said that no aria had ever affected them like this one ; and, indeed, she sang it as it ought to be sung. The moment it was finished, Cannabich exclaimed, '*Bravo ! bravissimo maestro ! veramente scritta da maestro !*' It was given for the first time on this occasion with instruments. I should like you to have heard it also, exactly as it was executed and sung there, with such precision in time and taste, and in the *pianos* and *fortes*. Who knows? you may perhaps still hear her. I earnestly hope so. The members of the orchestra never ceased praising the aria and talking about it.

And Aloysia ? The day after he arrived in Paris he wrote :—

Madlle. Weber paid me the compliment kindly to knit two pairs of mits for me, as a remembrance and slight acknowledgment. M. Weber wrote out whatever I required

gratis, gave me the music-paper, and also made me a present of Molière's Comedies (as he knew that I had never read them), with this inscription:—'*Ricevi, amico, le opere di Molière, in segno di gratitudine, e qualche volta ricordati di me.*' And when alone with mamma he said, 'Our best friend, our benefactor, is about to leave us. There can be no doubt that your son has done a great deal for my daughter, and interested himself much about her, and she cannot be too thankful to him.' The day before I set off, they would insist on my supping with them, but I managed to give them two hours 'fore supper instead. They never ceased thanking me, and saying they only wished they were in a position to testify their gratitude, and when I went away they all wept. Pray forgive me, but really tears come to my eyes when I think of it. Weber came downstairs with me, and remained standing at the door till I turned the corner and called out Adieu!'

Now, above all, novel impressions and strong excitement were needed in order to banish Wolfgang's distress of mind. But these were wanting, and we see that the elasticity of spirit which he maintained in every after-phase of his life, both in mind and imagination, was somewhat abated during this summer. A deep feeling of discontent seems to have assailed him, for he felt as if he had not acted rightly. He, indeed, mistrusted Aloysia's fidelity as little as his own love. He did not conceal from his father that he was in constant correspondence with the Weber family, and gives intelligible hints as to the real goal of all his hopes and wishes. It was a great consolation to him that Raaff,

who came to Paris at the same time, and who entirely approved of his love for Madlle. Weber, became his friend, promising to give her instruction, and also to do all he could for the family. Some weeks later he writes:—

I am pretty well, thank God! but still I am often puzzled to know what to make of it all. I feel neither hot nor cold, and don't take much pleasure in anything. What, however, cheers and strengthens me most is the thought that you, dearest papa, and my dear sister are well, that I am an honest German, and though I cannot *say*, I may at all events *think* what I please, and after all that is the chief thing.

This was, indeed, little enough! We here perceive the deep disquietude of his whole being, where formerly every pulse beat so fresh and bright. In addition to this, he felt the utmost antipathy towards French music:—

Baron Grimm and I often give vent to our wrath at the music here. N.B.—when *tête-à-tête*; for in public we call out 'Bravo! bravissimo!' and clap our hands till our fingers tingle.

And, on another occasion:—

If this were a place where people had ears to hear or hearts to feel, and understood just a little of music, and had some degree of taste, these things would only make me laugh heartily, but as it is (so far as music is concerned) I am surrounded by mere brute beasts. But how can it be otherwise? for in all their actions, inclinations, and passions,

they are just the same. There is no place in the world like Paris. You must not think that I exaggerate when I speak in this way of the music here; refer to whom you will, except to a Frenchman born, and (if trustworthy) you will hear the same. But I am now here, and must endure it for your sake. I shall be grateful to Providence if I get away with my natural taste uninjured. I pray to God every day to grant me grace to be firm and steadfast here, that I may do honour to the whole German nation, which will all redound to His greater honour and glory, and to enable me to prosper and make plenty of money, that I may extricate you from your present emergencies, and also to permit us to meet soon, and to live together happily and contentedly; but 'His will be done in earth as it is in heaven.' I entreat you, dearest father, in the meantime, to take measures that I may see Italy, in order to bring me to life again. Bestow this great happiness upon me, I implore you!

But his stay in Paris, though not productive of much outward success for our young Maestro, had important results for his future life, even beyond all that he had seen and heard in Mannheim. It was the period of the celebrated struggle between Italian music and the reformed French style of Gluck, which had been kindled into fierce flames, the Piccinists and Gluckists being bitterly opposed to each other. In this keen strife, chiefly conducted by the *literati*, there was unquestionably nothing that could promote Mozart's genius. The performance, however, of the operas of both rivals, and the extraordinary sympathy of the public, frequently excited into a positive scandal roused Mozart's attention to the uttermost to discern

the difference between their compositions, as well as the direction of the course Gluck had adopted.' Gluck, indeed, was not then in Paris, and Piccini, whose 'Roland' had at this particular time enormous success, was regarded as the hero of the day. But Mozart was already decidedly attracted by the new style, and this preference, with its important influences, no doubt is owing to the circumstance that he was at that time in Paris.

He was well acquainted with Italian music, and as much at home in it as any of the other living artists. He, therefore, felt less interest in Piccini.

I talked to Piccini at the *Concert Spirituel*; he is always most polite to me and I to him when we do by chance meet. Otherwise I do not seek much acquaintance, either with him or any of the other composers; they understand their work and I mine, and that is enough.

There is no indication of any acquaintance with Grétry, the composer of that charming 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' and the founder of the French operetta, with its pleasant, easy grace, and fresh impulsive life. Wolfgang did not, indeed, seek out these masters, but he studied their scores. Meanwhile, he was devoted heart and soul to Gluck; and probably this predilection was in some degree founded on the intense pathos and earnestness of Gluck, which harmonised with the present mood of his soul, having so recently endured the first painful experiences of his life. It was Gluck who

had just interposed a violent and emphatic check on the luxurious virtuoso style of singing, which, at that period, exaggerated Italian music with all its melodious charm into utter extravagance. Thus, in compliance with the reaction of the time, which everywhere exacted a return to nature and simplicity, Gluck introduced into his music the law that all the characteristics of the various personages and their situations should be expressed with truth, and without ornament. In his 'Alceste' he had already given a high example of this, and it was quickly followed by 'Iphigenie.' Everyone felt that the spirit of the antique, which, above all, consists of noble sympathy, was here rendered in such tones that the emotions expressed by the music were grand and genuine, and true tragic pathos was portrayed. The sensual charm of Italian strains, however devoid they may be of sense and significance, give us lovely simple melody, naturally preferred by a great part of the public. The admirers of these two styles were violently opposed to each other, being as yet unaware that they were not in reality inimical; while the genius who was one day to fuse them into unity quietly watched the rage of the partisans. He did not require to concern himself much about the grace and charm of melody, for in him these were inborn and already cultivated. With all his leanings towards this form of beauty, that genuine truth and simplicity which form the basis of all art, especially that of music, never failed Mozart.

On the contrary, all his melodies, whether in the 'Finta Giardiniera,' or in his smaller instrumental pieces, breathe this natural profound feeling. But this requirement was now demanded in a far higher sense; the situations were to be grander, the passions more vehement; in fact, the tragic element pervaded the personages of Gluck, and he acquired for his music nobler means of expression. Mozart's artistic instincts, on a level with the spirit of the time, adhered at once to this style. When Gluck's victory over the Italians occurred some years later, it was a proof of the justness of his ideas. A still more decisive testimony was, that a genius like Mozart, as soon as he came into contact with this school, adopted it and made it his own. At this very moment his heart had been for the first time smitten with that passion which alone fully reveals man to himself. It had cost him a severe struggle to defend his love against sharp assaults, while his former gaiety of soul and frolicsome mood were now replaced by a gravity directed to the lofty and pathetic, destined for some years to come to rule exclusively Mozart's mind, until resolved into a loftier freedom and harmony of soul.

In addition to the other troubles that caused such violent emotion in Wolfgang, an event at this time occurred that painfully agitated his soul, and initiated the inexperienced youth into the trials of life. The good mother, who had accompanied her son to Paris, died

quite unexpectedly. Everything had become one-half dearer in Paris, so they lived together in an uncomfortable dark room, so small that there was no space in it even for a piano. This discomfort and constant solitude—for Wolfgang was occupied almost all day in the town—brought an illness on the poor mother, who also suffered from congestion, which kept her in her room for three weeks. Their intention was to move into a better apartment, where the mother could assist in the *ménage*; but in June she was again attacked by illness. She was bled, and wrote herself to her husband, complaining of much pain; and, after fourteen miserably anxious days passed by Wolfgang at her bedside, she died.

The son was now left all alone in the large metropolis. Yet we see him, whose heart and nature were so singularly susceptible, not sinking into a state of feeble lamentation, but recognising clearly and with manly self-control, that this dreadful news must be broken to his father with all possible care. He, therefore, applies to his friend Bullinger to prepare his father. He then writes to his father, who had had so many trials, first to tranquillise him about his own condition; and it is touching to see how carefully he does this, and how deeply affected he is when he hears that his father is composed.

Melancholy as your letter made me, still I was inexpressibly happy to find that you both bear this sorrow as it ought to

be borne, and that my mind may now be at ease about my beloved father and sister. As soon as I read your letter, my first impulse was to throw myself on my knees, and fervently to thank our gracious God for this blessing. I am now comparatively happy, because I have no longer anything to dread on account of the two persons who are dearest to me in this world; had it been otherwise, such a terrible misfortune would have utterly overwhelmed me.

This was the first reminder to our Maestro that all things on earth pass away. No doubt the days and nights passed by the sick bed of his mother had given rise to many serious thoughts in his mind, and her death afflicted him deeply. But, although it occurred unexpectedly, and much as Wolfgang dreaded her loss, still he watched his mother's life gradually ebb away, and knew it was an event which must have taken place in the course of nature. In his letter to his father, and also to his friend Bullinger, he expressly says:—

By the mercy of God I have borne it all with firmness and composure. When the danger became imminent, I prayed to God for only two things—a happy death for my mother, and strength and courage for myself; and our gracious God heard my prayer, and conferred these two boons fully on me.

Shortly after he was to learn the fleeting nature of things from a source he had never anticipated, which was to rend asunder his heart and disturb the course of his life. Indeed, even now he had 'fits of melan-

choly,' and his longing to see his Aloysia contributed to his sadness. On the whole, however, he was 'fresh and well,' and as for those hours of depression, he declared that they were much softened by writing and receiving letters. 'I then once more feel cheerful.'

He continued to give the most minute details of his life to his father, whose anxiety about his inexperienced son, alone in Paris, daily increased. We see his care and attention from the handwriting, which had been latterly somewhat neglected, either from carelessness or owing to natural sorrow, so that the father felt himself called upon to send him a carefully written out alphabet. Fresh vitality seems now to return to the young man, as if the past storm had cleared the atmosphere. And when he saw a prospect of writing an opera, the life-blood of the aspiring artist once more resumed its usual lively flow. This hope, however, never was fulfilled, nor did his stay in Paris produce any direct visible results. Grimm, indeed, took charge of him kindly; in fact, brought him to live with him—or rather with Madlle. d'Epinay—as they lived together. His Mannheim friends, too, although, in consequence of Mozart not having performed his promise to return, obliged to give their concerts without him, made every effort to extend his artistic fame in Paris, and thus to procure for him an opportunity for fresh compositions. Out of gratitude for this, he wrote a 'Sinfonie Concertante' for them, which the director, Le Gros, pro-

mised to produce at one of the *Concerts Spirituels*; but he never did so. He also, with his usual good-nature, and impelled by gratitude, wrote for this same Le Gros, a symphony, quite in accordance with Parisian taste, clever and lively, with startling effects, especially the *crescendo* that he had learned from the Mannheim orchestra.

Just in the middle of the *allegro* a passage occurred which I felt sure must please, and there was a burst of applause; but as I knew at the time I wrote it what effect it was sure to produce, I brought it in once more at the close, and then rose shouts of '*Dacapo!*' The *andante* was also liked, but the last *allegro* still more so. Having observed that all last as well as first *allegros* here begin together with all the other instruments, and generally *unisono*, mine commenced with only two violins, *piano* for the first eight bars, followed instantly by a *forte*; the audience, as I expected, called out 'Hush!' at the soft beginning, and the instant the forte was heard began to clap their hands. The moment the symphony was over I went off in my joy to the Palais Royal, where I took a good ice, told over my beads, as I had vowed, and went home, where I am always happiest.

This passage occurs in the letter intended to prepare the father for the death of his wife. Wolfgang well knew that such a subject was sure to interest him, and would have the best effect in diverting his mind from sad thoughts and consuming grief. This was, however, the only happy result he could report. For here, as elsewhere, envious and malicious enemies were

occupied in placing obstacles in the path of the young artist. Of Le Gros and his own 'Sinfonie' he writes:—

I believe the real cause to be Cambini, an Italian Maestro; for at our first meeting at Le Gros', I unwittingly took the wind out of his sails. He composes quintetts, one of which I heard at Mannheim; it was very pretty, so I praised it, and played the beginning to him. Ritter, Ramm, and Punto were all present, and gave me no peace till I agreed to continue, and to supply from my own head what I could not remember. I therefore did so, and Cambini was quite excited, and could not help saying, '*Questa è una gran testa!*' Well, I suppose after all he did not quite relish this.

Presently, however, he succeeded in getting some pupils and commissions. At first, through Grimm's recommendation, he gave lessons in composition for a couple of hours daily to the daughter of the Duc de Guines, and was only offered two louisd'or for his trouble, which he declined to accept. He wrote to his father that the French seemed always to think that he was still only seven years old, and treated him like a beginner. Another time he writes:—

The French are far from being as polite as they were fifteen years ago.

He then gives his father an example, which we must quote, being so characteristic of the nonchalance with which artists were at that time treated, and which also shows his own keen sensibility to such conduct:—

M. Grimm gave me a letter to the Duchesse de Chabot, so I drove there, the purport of the letter being chiefly to recommend me to the Duchesse de Bourbon, who when I was last here [during Mozart's first visit to Paris] was in a convent, and to introduce me afresh to her and recall me to her memory. A week elapsed without the slightest notice of my visit, but as eight days previously she had appointed me to call on her, I kept my engagement and went. I waited half-an-hour in a large room without any fire, and as cold as ice. At last the Duchess came in, and was very polite, begging me to make allowances for her piano, as none of her instruments were in good order, but I might at least try it. I said that I would most gladly play something, but at this moment it was impossible, as my fingers were quite benumbed from the cold, so I asked her at all events to take me to a room where there was a fire. 'Oh! oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison'—was her answer. She then seated herself, and drew for a whole hour in company with several gentlemen, all sitting in a circle round a large table, and during this time I had the honour to wait. The windows and doors were open, so that not only my hands, but my body and my feet were cold, and my head also began to ache. Moreover, there was *altum silentium*, and I really did not know what to do owing to cold, headache, and weariness. I again and again thought to myself, that if it were not on M. Grimm's account I would leave the house at once. At last, to cut matters short, I played on the wretched, miserable piano. What however vexed me most of all was, that the Duchess and all the gentlemen did not cease drawing for a single moment, but coolly continued their occupation; so I was left to play to the chairs and tables and the walls. My patience gave way under such unpropitious circumstances. I therefore began the Fischer variations, and after playing one half of

them I rose. Then came eulogiums without end. I, however, said all that could be said—which was, that I could do myself no justice on such a piano, but I should be very glad to fix some other day to play, when a better instrument might be found. But the Duchess would not hear of my going away; so I was obliged to wait till her husband came in, who placed himself beside me and listened to me with great attention, while as for me I became unconscious of all cold and all headache, and, in spite of the wretched piano, played as I *can* play when I am in the right mood. Give me the best piano in Europe and listeners who understand nothing, or don't wish to understand, and who do not sympathise with me in what I am playing, I no longer feel any pleasure. I afterwards told all this to M. Grimm.

What child-like modesty! what charming complaisance! what conscious artistic power! Yet with all these noble qualities no progress was to be made with a public like the Parisians of that day, who stood in the lowest grade of musical cultivation. To this was added his aversion to giving lessons. He writes:—

Giving lessons is no joke here, and unless you wear yourself out by taking a number of pupils, not much money can be made. You must not think that this proceeds from laziness. No! it is only quite opposed to my genius and my habits. You know that I am, so to speak, plunged into music—that I am occupied with it the whole day—that I like to speculate, to study, and to reflect. Now my present mode of life effectually prevents this. I have, indeed, some hours at liberty, but those few hours are more necessary for rest than for work.

M. Grimm regards these peculiarities of the young artist in a very different light. He mistakes these feelings for indifference, and esteems it his duty to reprove the indolence of the young Maestro. He tells him his opinion frankly, and writes to the father, 'He is too simple-hearted, not sufficiently active, too easily entrapped, too little occupied with the means that lead to fortune. In Paris, men must bestir themselves, especially at this moment, when all is strife and tumult as regards music.' Wolfgang was highly indignant at such treatment, which he says might have suited children, but not men. He more especially disliked the tone of superiority in these admonitions, which the intellectual and revered encyclopedist thought himself well entitled to use towards the apparently insignificant and unknown artist. This was quite a *pendant* to the conduct of the aristocratic Duchesse de Chabot. Besides, Wolfgang by no means liked living in the house of Madame d'Epinay and M. Grimm, for the latter 'perpetually throws his kindness in my face;' he adds:—

> The room I inhabit belongs to her, not to him. It is the invalid's room—that is, if anyone is ill in the house, he is put there; it has nothing to recommend it except the view—only four bare walls, no chest of drawers—in fact, nothing.

He also felt that things were carried on in a strange manner in this house; for, while his intellectual hosts were assiduously circulating deceitful bulletins about

Voltaire,' then lying at the point of death, he simply writes to his father :—

I must give you a piece of intelligence that you perhaps already know—namely, that the ungodly arch-villain Voltaire has died miserably like a dog—just like a brute. This is his reward! You must long since have remarked that I do not like being here, for many reasons, which, however, do not signify as I am actually here. I never fail to do my very best, and to do so with all my strength. Well, God will make all things right.

Nevertheless, Grimm was really concerned about his *protégé*. He lent him fifteen louisd'or, 'bit by bit,' which he was to be in no hurry to repay. But what Wolfgang could no longer endure was that Grimm did not consider his talents sufficiently great to enable him to make his way in Paris, and was always extolling Italian music.

He was constantly urging me to go to see Piccini, and also Caribaldi—for there is a miserable *opera buffa* here—but I always said, 'No, I will not go a single step,' &c. In short, he is of the Italian faction; he is insincere himself, and tries to crush me.

This suspicion was, however, in some degree unfounded, though certainly Grimm's mode of acting did not show much noble or refined feeling, and Wolfgang might well wish to write an opera, to prove to Grimm that he could do as much as his Piccini, although 'only a German.' We are now aware that Mozart, even at that time, had made up his mind as to the merits of

Italian operas, and appreciated the forward steps taken by Gluck and Grétry in dramatic art, who had opened a new path which they intended to pursue. Meanwhile, he could not profit by the great advantages derived from his visit to Paris. No opportunity was afforded him of writing an opera, and who can tell whether at that period, when all was party excitement, he was sufficiently impressed with his proposed combination of both styles? So the father might well wish that Wolfgang should leave Paris, and this Grimm also strongly urged.

Wolfgang's wish now was to find a situation in Munich, where he might also exert himself for the Webers. The father made no opposition to this, and wrote at once to Padre Martini, to entreat him, through Raaff, to influence the new Elector. This was done, and the friends of Mozart in the Electoral orchestra did what they could in his favour. A German composer was needed at Munich. Holzbauer was too old; so there was a good prospect for Mozart at once to obtain an appointment there. But just at the time when the transit of the court and orchestra from Mannheim to Munich was fixed, warlike threats from Prussia (1778) intervened, and all came to a standstill. The father now could only wish that Wolfgang should remain in Paris till these things blew over, and we can quite understand his being eager to seize this opportunity to see his son reinstated in Salzburg.

Soon after Adlgasser's death, some strong hints had

been given on the part of the court. Now the Kapell-Meister Lolli was also dead. So at last the Archbishop spoke out plainly. He first applied to Bullinger, and then directly to the father, who, however, went very diplomatically to work. Wolfgang was minutely informed of all particulars, but did not seem much taken with the idea. The mother being dead, and the father supported by Grimm in his wish to shorten his son's stay in Paris, friend Bullinger took up his pen to explain to Wolfgang that the conditions of the appointment were now very advantageous, and that it was his duty towards others to accept the offer, adding that people might really contrive to live in Salzburg as well as elsewhere; and, in order still further to attract him, he mentions that Madame Haydn had no longer any attractions for the Archbishop, who wished to engage a new singer, and his choice might be directed to Aloysia Weber. Wolfgang had written:—

Count Seeau, who is quite determined to engage Madlle. Weber, would have left nothing undone to insure her coming to Munich, so that there was some hope that the family might have been placed in better circumstances; but now that all is again quiet about the Munich journey, these poor people may have to wait a long time, while their debts daily accumulate. If I could only help them! Dearest father, I recommend them to you from my heart.

And to Bullinger he replies:—

You, my dear friend, are well aware how I hate

Salzburg, not only on account of the injustice shewn to my father and myself there, which was in itself enough to make us wish to forget such a place, and to blot it out wholly from our memory. But do not let us refer to that, if we can contrive to live respectably there. To live respectably and to live happily are two very different things; but the latter I never could do, short of witchcraft—it would indeed be supernatural if I did—so this is impossible, for in these days there are no longer any witches. Well, happen what may, it will always be the greatest possible pleasure to me to embrace my dear father and sister, and the sooner the better. Still, I cannot deny that my joy would be twofold were this to be elsewhere, for I have far more hope of living happily anywhere else.

He takes no notice whatever of the hints about Madlle. Weber.

Soon after the father mentions that he had been asked on the part of the court whether his son would come if the situations of the late Adlgasser and Lolli were given to the father and son, the salaries amounting to 1,000 florins a year. He reminds his son that they could enjoy a variety of recreations if no longer obliged to look so closely after money; but this offer did not tempt Wolfgang. Salzburg was too circumscribed, too uncultivated, too 'inferior' for him. Another letter, however, speedily arrived that at once conquered his aversion. The father writes, 'You do not like Paris, and in that you are not far wrong. Hitherto, my heart and mind have been troubled about

you, and I have been obliged to play a rather questionable part, as amid all my anguish of soul, I was obliged to assume an appearance of cheerfulness to make people believe that you were in the best circumstances and had plenty of money, though well did I know the contrary. I almost despaired of attaining my object, because, as you know, the step we adopted highly offended the Prince, who took your resignation much to heart. But by my laudable firmness I have succeeded in my aim, and the Archbishop has not only agreed to all our terms both for you and myself, giving you a salary of 500 florins, but expresses his regret that he cannot appoint you at once Kapell-Meister; and if my post is beyond my strength, or I become superannuated, you are to undertake my duties. The question now is whether you credit me with having a head on my shoulders, and believe that I care for your best interests—whether you wish to prolong my life or be the cause of my death. Madlle. Weber has found astonishing favour in the eyes of the Prince and everyone; they are all resolved to hear her, and when she comes here she is to stay with us. Your father of course has no head! but I will manage the matter better for you if you will be guided by me. You must speak at once in favour of Madlle. Weber, for another singer is absolutely required to perform in an opera. My next letter will tell you when to set off.'

The filial love of the son once more overcame his

profound dislike to Salzburg. But the mixture of joy and pain that affected his heart we find touchingly expressed :—

When I read it I trembled with joy, for I fancied myself already in your arms. True it is (and this you will yourself confess) that no great stroke of good fortune awaits me, still, when I think of once more embracing you and my dear sister, I care for no other advantage.

But still more he dwells on the thought that possibly Aloysia may come to Salzburg; for, if the Archbishop really wished to have a good singer, he could not possibly get a better. He writes :—

When I go to Salzburg I shall certainly not fail to plead zealously for my dear friend; in the meantime you will not neglect doing all you can in her favour, for you cannot cause your son greater joy.

He also wishes to return by Mannheim to see the Webers. But what chiefly comforts him is the Archbishop's promise to give him leave of absence to travel; without this stipulation he certainly would not have agreed to return to Salzburg. He writes :—

A man of moderate talent will never rise above mediocrity, whether he travels or not; but a man of superior talents (which, without being ungrateful to Providence, I cannot deny that I possess) deteriorates if he always remains in the same place.

Still he by no means strove to conceal his aversion to his native city. The father continues to point out

to him all the advantages he would derive from his position in Salzburg, which also would not prevent his having time to study and speculate. He was not required to play the violin at court, but had permission to conduct the orchestra with a pianoforte. He adds, 'We can attend all the balls in the town hall here during the Carnival. The Munich theatrical company come here the end of September. They are to remain all the winter till Lent, to give comedies and operettas. Every Sunday there will be crossbow-shooting, &c.' The chief point, however, was Madlle. Weber, and the father speaks out frankly on this subject:—'As to Madlle. Weber, you must not imagine that I object to this acquaintance. All young people must sometimes play the fool. You may continue your correspondence just as you do at present. I shall never question you on the subject, far less desire to read your letters. Indeed, I will give you a piece of advice. You know a number of people here, so you might cause Madlle. Weber's letters to be addressed to someone else, and receive them privately, if you dread my curiosity.'

No sooner was Grimm told of the appointment in Salzburg, than he urged his *protégé* to leave Paris at once. This was only natural, as, according to his conviction, nothing more was to be gained for Wolfgang in Paris, and he was also anxious to be relieved as soon as possible from the responsibility of such a charge; and he certainly acted in accordance with the intentions of the

father, who gratefully acknowledged this, especially as Grimm offered to advance the money for the journey to Strasburg. Wolfgang, however, could see in this nothing but mistrust and treachery, and he was still more irritated by Grimm's insisting on his being ready to start within eight days, as he had yet to receive payment from the Duc de Guines and Le Gros. The sonatas were being printed, but were not yet corrected. But though Grimm may appear somewhat harsh, yet Wolfgang's indignation about the journey had other grounds. We learn from one of the letters he wrote after his arrival in Salzburg, that, meanwhile, Aloysia had been appointed court singer in Munich, with a salary of 1,000 gulden. He writes to his father:—

That Madlle. Weber, or rather *my dear Weberin*, should now receive a salary, and justice be at last done to her merits, rejoices me to a degree natural in one who feels such deep interest in all that concerns her. I still warmly recommend her to you; though I must now, alas! give up all hope of what I so much wished—her getting an engagement in Salzburg—for the Archbishop would never give her the salary she now has. All we can now hope for is that she may sometimes come to Salzburg to sing in an opera.

Of course, the Salzburg appointment was more than ever distasteful to him, and all the annoyances he had endured during his stay in Paris appeared less in his eyes now that he had good hopes of attaining important results. He thought it the greatest folly in the world, and writes to his father as follows:—

Dearest father, I do assure you that, were it not for the pleasure of soon embracing you, I would never come to Salzburg; for, with the exception of this commendable and delightful impulse, I am really committing the greatest folly in the world. Rest assured that these are my own thoughts, and not borrowed from others. When my resolution to leave Paris was known, certain facts were placed before me, and the sole weapons I had to contend against or to conquer these were my true and tender love for my kind father, which could not be otherwise than laudable in all eyes; but with the remark that, if my father had known my present circumstances and fair prospects (and had not got different and false impressions by means of a kind friend), he certainly would not have written to me in such a strain as to render me wholly incapable of offering the least resistance to his wish; and in my own mind I thought that, had I not been exposed to so much annoyance in the house where I lived, and the journey come on me like a sudden thunder-clap, leaving me no time to reflect coolly on the subject, I should have earnestly besought you to have patience for a time, and to let me remain a little longer in Paris. I do assure you that I should have succeeded in gaining fame, honour, and wealth, and been thus enabled to defray your debts. But now it is settled, and do not for a moment suppose that I regret it; but you alone, dearest father, you alone can sweeten the bitterness of Salzburg for me; and that you will do so, I feel convinced. I must also candidly say that I should arrive in Salzburg with a lighter heart were it not for my official capacity there; for this thought is to me the most intolerable of all.

We entirely believe this. His object was now to secure a situation in Munich, as Aloysia was there;

indeed he had recently received a proof of her affection and fidelity. He writes:—

These poor people were in the greatest distress about me, fearing that I must be dead, a whole month having elapsed without any letter from me (owing to the last one being lost); an idea that was confirmed by a report in Mannheim that my poor dear mother had died of a contagious disease. So that they have been all praying for my soul. The poor girl went every day for this purpose into the Capuchin church. Perhaps you may laugh at this? I did not; on the contrary, I could not help being much touched by it.

The father seems not to have fathomed the depth of his son's feelings, or he would not have used the expression of 'making a fool of himself,' which caused a variance for a time between these two estimable men, although Wolfgang's filial piety makes him struggle in the most touching manner against the impulses of his heart—a fact which must equally excite our sympathy and our esteem. He feels his own rights, but is unwilling to maintain them contrary to his father's wishes. Yet, inspired by the power of true love, he steadily pursues his aim amid every annoyance. He leaves Paris much depressed—not knowing the important influence of his stay there on himself. His ardent hope is soon to see his beloved Aloysia, and if all goes well to be speedily united to her. This idea was indeed to prove a delusion. Meanwhile, the innumerable troubles and vexations he had been subjected to, strengthened and matured his character; but some sharp strokes of Fate

were still required to make him entirely self-dependent. These he was not to be long spared. The unappeased yearnings, and irritable frowardness, emanating from a lack of excitement and occupation peculiar to the days of early youth, especially when great abilities are concerned, were first banished from Mozart's heart by a sharp sorrow which roused all his powers of self-dependence, some years later, inciting him to strain every nerve, and qualifying him for the highest creations. It was certainly a happy circumstance for the development of our artist, that he took no share in the stormy party cabals in the great city, which at that time threatened wholly to undermine the dignity of art. Our Maestro calmly studied the great questions at stake in that strife, only at no distant day to solve them in the most brilliant manner.

CHAPTER X.

A MASTERPIECE—1779–81.

'Storms clear the air,
And all springs forth
More lovely than before.'

To an artist who derives the subject of his works from the depths of his own feelings, the experiences of the heart are of greater importance than to other men. We must, therefore, minutely follow the few details we can gather that disclose to us the course of Mozart's life. What concerns us here is the cultivation of the man—the cultivation of the artist we can only glance at. We have seen the struggle between duty and inclination in Mozart's heart during his journey to Mannheim; it was severe—all the fibres of his susceptible heart were affected by it; and yet, in these same days of sorrow, he wrote a letter teeming with pleasantries. It is addressed to the 'Bäsle,' and shews that his interest in this girl proceeded chiefly from that merry humour which she had in common with himself. All tender feelings that might naturally have crept into their intercourse were

now entirely swallowed up by Mozart's passionate love for another.

Mademoiselle, ma très-chère Cousine,

You perhaps think or believe that I must be dead? Not at all! I beg you will not think so, for how could I write so beautifully if I were dead? Could such a thing be possible? I do not attempt to make any excuses for my long silence, for you would not believe me if I did. But truth is truth; I have had so much to do that, though I have had time to think of my cousin, I have had no time to write to her, so I was obliged to let it alone. But at last I have the honour to enquire how you are, and how you fare? If we soon shall have a talk? If you write with a lump of chalk? If I am sometimes in your mind? If to hang yourself you're inclined? If you're angry with me, poor fool? If your wrath begins to cool?—Oh! you are laughing! *Victoria!* I knew you could not long resist me, and in your favour would enlist me. Yes! yes! I know well how this is, though I am in ten days off to Paris. If you write to me from pity, do so soon from Augsburg city, so that I may get your letter, which to me would be far better.

Now let us talk of other things. Were you very merry during the Carnival? They are much gayer at Augsburg at that time than here. I only wish I had been there that I might have frolicked about with you. I send my love to your father and mother, and to our cousin, and hope they are well and happy; better so, so better! *A propos*, how goes on your French? May I soon write you a French letter? from Paris, I suppose?

Now, before I conclude, which I must soon do because I am in haste (having just at this moment nothing to do),

and also have no more room, as you see my paper is done, and I am very tired, and my fingers tingling from writing so much; and, lastly, even if I had room, I don't know what I could say, except, indeed, a story which I have a great mind to tell you. So listen! It is not long since it happened, and in this very country too, where it made a great sensation, for really it seemed almost incredible, and, indeed, between ourselves, no one yet knows the result of the affair. So, to be brief, about four miles from here—I can't remember the name of the place, but it was either a village or a hamlet, or something of that kind. Well, after all, it don't much signify whether it was called Triebetrill or Burmsquick; there is no doubt that it was some place or other. There a shepherd or herdsman lived, who was pretty well advanced in years, but still looked strong and robust; he was unmarried and well-to-do, and lived happily. But before telling you the story, I must not forget to say that this man had a most astounding voice when he spoke; he terrified people when he spoke! Well! to make my tale as short as possible, you must know that he had a dog called Bellot, a very handsome large dog, white, with black spots. Well! this shepherd was going along with his sheep, for he had a flock of eleven thousand under his care, and he had a staff in his hand, with a pretty rose-coloured topknot of ribands, for he never went out without his staff; such was his invariable custom. Now to proceed; being tired, after having gone a couple of miles, he sat down on a bank beside a river to rest. At last he fell asleep, when he dreamt that he had lost all his sheep, and this fear woke him, but to his great joy he saw his flock close beside him. At length he got up again and went on, but not for long; indeed, half an hour could scarcely have elapsed, when he came to a bridge which was very long, but with a parapet on both sides to

prevent anyone falling into the river. Well! he looked at his flock, and as he was obliged to cross the bridge, he began to drive over his eleven thousand sheep. Now be so obliging as to wait till the eleven thousand sheep are all safely across, and then I will finish the story. I already told you that the result is not yet known; I hope, however, that by the time I next write to you all the sheep will have crossed the bridge; but if not, why should I care? So far as I am concerned, they might all have stayed on this side. In the meantime you must accept the story so far as it goes; what I really know to be true I have written, and it is better to stop now than to tell you what is false, for in that case you would probably have discredited the whole, whereas now you will only disbelieve one half.

I must conclude, but don't think me rude; he who begins must cease, or the world would have no peace. My compliments to every friend, welcome to kiss me without end, for ever and a day, till good sense comes my way; and a fine kissing that will be, which frightens you as well as me. Adieu, ma chère cousine! I am, I was, I have been, oh! that I were, would to heavens I were! I will or shall be, would, could, or should be—what?—A blockhead!

W. A. M.

The duetts for violin and pianoforte that Mozart began and finished in Paris breathe that cheerfulness which flows from inner harmony. The slower movements especially express an amount of tender emotion that could only proceed from a peaceful heart, whereas the D minor sonata is pervaded by a tone of gravity evidently dictated by his own feelings, the struggles and painful excitement of his mind vibrating through-

out the work. This gifted composer, however, succeeds in impressing on the creations of his fancy the stamp of peace from which true beauty flows. The organisation of his nature which, in its original state, was all concord and harmony, even when disturbed by untoward events, could always regain its balance, by the exertion of his creative imagination. In fact, we only find him dispirited when he has no work to do. He could, however, only write at the suggestion of others, for the musicians of that day seldom or never took up the pen without a regular commission. No satisfactory orders were to be had in Paris, and very few were given even at a later date; thus the year 1778 was comparatively unfruitful in compositions.

To this fact may be attributed the brooding mood which had so much dominion over our young Maestro while in Paris, and which did not entirely disappear on the journey, in spite of the hope soon to meet his beloved Aloysia once more. At last came the violent storm that was to clear the oppressive atmosphere.

Wolfgang left Paris on September 26—not, indeed, as Grimm had promised, by the usual diligence, but by a carriage which was twelve days on the journey. Wolfgang could not stand the slowness of this conveyance for more than eight days, so he stopped at Nancy. There he could find no opportunity to continue his journey; thus he did not arrive at Strasburg till the middle of October. Meanwhile, the father receiving no

tidings of his son was in a state of the most overwhelming anxiety. He writes:—'Your sister and I confessed and communicated, and prayed to God earnestly for your preservation; our good friend Bullinger daily prays for you at Holy Mass.'

Wolfgang gave several concerts at Strasburg, which, however, brought so little profit that he was obliged to draw on a banker for money. This paltry debt caused him much annoyance years afterwards, as by some unlucky chance it was not paid at the right time.

He could not pursue his journey till November 3, as the roads had become impassable owing to heavy floods. By the advice of experienced travellers he went by Mannheim. The father thought this the most foolish step possible. By the 27th, the Webers and most of his other friends had already left Mannheim, but his heart still clung to this city of bright memories. He lived with Madame Cannabich, and writes, 'People are fighting to have me,' and adds, 'Just as I love Mannheim, so Mannheim loves me.' It was his wont to feel cheerful wherever he was, and to form good hopes for the future, so he let himself be easily persuaded by the Mannheimers that the Elector would soon return, as he could not endure the unpolished manners of the Bavarians, and then Mozart would be appointed. Indeed, he soon had a prospect of profit, as well as of dramatic composition. Eight days afterwards he writes:—

I may *perhaps* make forty louisd'or here. To be sure, I should have to stay six weeks, or at most two months, in Mannheim. Seiler's company is here, whom you no doubt already know by reputation. Herr von Dalberg is the director. He will not hear of my leaving this till I have written a duodrama for him, and indeed I did not long hesitate.

But the father will not hear of this project, and writes decidedly, 'Set off at once on receipt of this'; and a few days later:—'There are two things which absorb your mind and form an obstacle to all reasonable conclusions. The first and chief of these is your love for Madlle. Weber, to which I am by no means opposed; I was not so when her father was poor, why should I be so now when she can make both her own fortune and yours? I of course take it for granted that her father is aware of your love, as it is known by everyone in Mannheim. Herr Fiala (a flute-player), having heard of it from yourself; Herr Bullinger, who is tutor at Count Lodron's, said he had travelled in the diligence from Ellwang with the Mannheim *Musici* who talked of nothing but of your talents, compositions, and love for Madlle. Weber.' He goes on to say, that in Salzburg he will be so near Munich that he can easily go there, and Madlle. Weber also might come over and pay them a visit. Fiala had spoken of her singing to the Archbishop, so her appointment would in all probability not be long delayed. He continues:—'It is singular that

your being installed in the situation here should be the only opportunity for you once more to go to Italy, and this is a project which is more in my head than all else. In fact this plan is quite indispensable, if you have not in your head the detestable and malicious idea of making a laughing-stock of your careworn father. It is my wish, if God wills it so, to live a few years longer, to pay my debts—and then, if you choose, you may knock your head against the wall! But no! you have too good a heart—you are incapable of malice—you are only volatile—it will one day all come right!' The worthy man had much difficulty in overcoming his son's hatred of Salzburg, and inducing him to give up his other views. Wolfgang did set off soon, but this time also he did not take the nearest way. He went by Kaiserheim, as the Bishop Prelate there took him as a companion on his journey. 'He is (though a priest) a most delightful man.' As he also wished to go to Munich, Wolfgang waited to accompany him, and thus did not arrive in Munich till Christmas Day. The leave-takings in Mannheim caused him much pain. Madame Cannabich had always been his best and truest friend. When he left it was at an early hour and she would not get up, in order to avoid saying farewell to him, so he crept away quietly, to make the parting less sorrowful. He took his melodrama with him. He promised himself an equal, nay an infinitely greater, joy in Munich. From Kaiserheim he writes to his cousin in Augsburg :—

Ma très-chère Cousine,

I write to you in the greatest haste, and in the deepest sorrow and remorse, and with the determined purpose to tell you that it is my intention to set off to-morrow to Munich. I would, I assure you, gladly have gone to Augsburg, but the prelate was resolved to claim me, for which you cannot blame me. It is my loss, so don't be cross. I may, perhaps, make an excursion from Munich to Augsburg, but this is by no means certain. If you will be as glad to see me, as I shall be to see you, do come to the good town of Munich. Be sure you come by the new year, that I may see your face so dear, and escort you far and near. One thing I very much regret, which is that I cannot give you house-room, because I am not at an hotel, but am living with—whom do you think? I should like to know this myself [with the Webers]. But now *Spassus* apart. For that very reason, and for my sake, it would be advisable you should come; perhaps you may have a great part to play, but at all events come. I can then pay you in my own mighty person all proper compliments. Now adieu, angel of piety! I await you with anxiety. Your sincere cousin,

W. A. Mozart.

And then comes a postscript that shews his merry mood:—

P.S.—Write to me forthwith to Munich, Poste Restante, a little note of twenty-four pages, but do not mention where you are to lodge, that I may not find you out, nor you me.

He is evidently revelling in hope, and how grievously was he to be undeceived. His Aloysia—was faithless to him! He no longer found her sentiments the same. Mozart, being in mourning for his mother,

appeared before her dressed, according to French custom, in a red coat with black buttons, which seems not to have pleased Aloysia. He quickly perceived that her feelings were utterly changed. Staats Rath Nissen, who eventually married Mozart's widow, writes:—'Aloysia seemed scarcely to recognise one for whose sake she had shed so many tears, on which Mozart quickly seated himself at the piano, and sang in a loud voice, "Ich lass das Mädchen gern das mich nicht will" (I gladly give up the girl who slights me).'

Wolfgang lived with the Webers, who received him in the kindest manner. This incident was, indeed, a severe shock to his soul. His father, too, had written through Cannabich, enjoining him to leave Munich by the first diligence, and not to attempt any further delay, though he and Raaff were working hard for Wolfgang in every direction. The father's orders, however, were imperative; so now, in addition to his ruined hopes and the gloomy prospect of Salzburg, Mozart felt much uneasiness lest his father, in his state of discontent and depression, should not receive him kindly. He really felt quite heart-broken, for he now more than ever found the need of being sustained by his father's faithful devotion, when the ground seemed tottering under his feet, when she whom he had so fondly loved was no longer to be his. He poured out his heart to his old friend Becke (a flute-player), who still further increased the excitement of his young

spirit, by representing to him all the goodness and indulgence of his father. So the measure was now full to overflowing, and there is much significance in Mozart's simple words to his father, a few days later :—

'I naturally write very badly, for I never learned to write; still, in my whole life I never wrote worse than this very day, for I really am unfit for anything—my heart is too full of tears.

It was not Mozart's way to ease his heart by words. The commotion of feelings that like a stream rushed through his heart, remained locked within him, and did not flow away in tears, though shed drop by drop on the years of his life, on the images of his fancy, and nourished (like few other artists) by his heart's blood. No word of complaint issues from his lips, but at this trying moment he thinks of his father's love; and no better proof can be given of the goodness of young Mozart's heart than Becke's letter to the father:—'Wolfgang is burning with the desire once more to see and to embrace his most dear and beloved father, which he will certainly do as soon as circumstances here will permit. Indeed, he has made me also feel very low-spirited, for during the last hour he has never ceased to shed tears. He has the very best heart in the world! I never saw anyone with more reverence and love for a father than your son has for you. His heart is so pure, so childlike, so upright towards me—how much more must this be the case towards his father! We have only to hear him

speak to do him the justice to say that he has the best disposition, and is the most honourable and zealous of men.'

Wolfgang's heart was saddened by the thought that he had so long delayed his return, and he tried every means to get an appointment anywhere rather than in Salzburg. The only object that had tempted, and even justified him in doing so, had proved a lie and a delusion.

The father at once replied that he might rest assured of the most affectionate welcome at home; that he had only urged his return because the order for his appointment had been issued four months previously, and his long absence was displeasing to the Archbishop; so they must strive to prevent its being cancelled. Still the letter that Wolfgang writes in return is more in an accusatory than apologetic tone:—

I assure you, my very dear father, that I am now full of joy at returning to you (but not to Salzburg), as your last letter shews that you know me better than formerly. There never was any other cause for my long delay in going home but this doubt, which gave rise to a feeling of sadness that I could no longer conceal; so I at last opened my heart to my friend Becke. What other reason could I possibly have? I have done nothing to cause me to dread reproach from you; I am guilty of no fault (by a fault I mean that which does not become a Christian and a man of honour); in short, I now rejoice, and already look forward to the most agreeable and happy days, but only in the society of yourself and my dear sister. I give you my solemn word of honour that I

cannot endure Salzburg or its inhabitants (I speak of the natives of Salzburg). Their language, their manners, are to me quite intolerable.

Doubtless this was all true, but it is also true that his heart was aching for his lost love far more than through aversion to his native city, and his anxiety about his father's affection. And yet this letter concludes as if nothing painful rankled in the mind of the writer :—

My cousin is here. Why? To please me, her cousin ; this is, indeed, the ostensible cause. But——we can talk about it in Salzburg ; and, on this account, I wished very much that she would come with me there. You will find a few lines written by her own hand, attached to the fourth page of this letter. She is quite willing to go ; so, if it would really give you pleasure to see her, be so kind as to write immediately to her brother, that the thing may be arranged. When you see her and know her, she is certain to please you, for she is a favourite with everyone.

Did he thus try to soothe his feelings by jests? and were those pleasantries addressed to his cousin a mere channel for turning aside the grief that gnawed his soul? Certain it is that he did not fall a prey to the violence of his grief; and who does not know that a heart with a love sorrow is the most susceptible to a fresh love! The Bäsle went with him to Salzburg, and brightened the first weeks of his stay there, and though his intercourse with her was only child's play, still she cheered the heart that had been thus flung back on him. We have no direct information from Mozart about those

days, and the passage from Nissen which we have already quoted only proves how he satisfied his pride, but not how his feelings were in reality affected by this incident. We know from innumerable expressions in his previous letters how devotedly he loved Aloysia. It is much to be regretted that the letters he wrote to her have not been preserved. We learn that the cruel deception he had suffered long continued to affect him, and if we wish for confirmation of this, we shall find it in the words he wrote to his father when he met the Webers in Vienna two years afterwards :—

What you write of the Webers, I do assure you, is not the fact. I was a fool about Madame Lange, I own.

Believe me when I say that old Madame Weber is a very obliging person, and I cannot serve her in return in proportion to her kindness to me, for indeed I have not time to do so.

But even now he gives utterance to his feelings in his own way. He wrote another aria for Aloysia; but what a prodigious difference between this and the one he wrote for her in Mannheim, where his dawning passion was expressed with such loving warmth! On this occasion, too, his own feelings are portrayed in the recitative, containing the most powerful and surprising changes of harmony. The choice of the text from the opera of 'Alceste,' by the composition of which Schweitzer, and still more Gluck, attained renown, proves that the artist now wishes to shew his powers, and, so far at least as

feeling is concerned, he succeeded in surpassing both his predecessors. The expression of passion and dramatic style are more elevated in Gluck. Mozart's special wish was to exhibit his own abilities, and likewise the powers of the fair singer. The aria is pervaded by embellishments which exhibit in the most brilliant light the fabulous extent as well as the flexibility of her voice, and by other sostenuti passages which recall the deep feeling that Mozart himself had formerly prized in this girl; but the soul of love no longer dwells in these tones. The aria is a homage offered to the singer, not a heart's gift bestowed on a beloved idol.

Aloysia was, indeed, no longer worthy of the love that Mozart felt for her. We certainly do not learn whether the admiration excited in Munich by her youthful beauty and by her singing had given rise to foolish arrogance on her part, or whether the girl, now surrounded by more aristocratic and fashionable admirers, considered the unpretentious, youthful Maestro too insignificant. This we cannot tell. At all events, her conduct is a proof that her character was not suited to the noble nature of Mozart, and we shall see that, in the course of a few years, he acknowledged his mistake. At this moment, however, his sorrow was too recent, and his love not yet overcome. It was only the great purity of his heart that prevented such a trial depriving him of peace of soul or trust in man. But, from this love in all its poetic fulness taking such

root in his heart, he gained an inestimable treasure, by which he profited through life. He had, indeed, lost the girl to whom he was devoted; but *love* he did not lose. It remained with this child of sorrow, and disciplined his soul; and few more experiences were needed, till his inner self, casting off earthly wishes, stood alone and independent. Still we see, as it were, a light misty veil floating round his head, even amid the many cheerful compositions of this period; but scarcely two years elapsed before the sun shone forth again in all its lustre, confidence and light revisiting his heart.

Neither happiness nor riches brightened Aloysia's path in life, nor the peace of mind arising from the consciousness of purity of heart. Not till she was an aged woman, and Mozart long dead, did she recognise what he really had been; she liked to talk about him and his friendship, and in thus recalling the brightest memories of her youth, some of that lovable charm seemed to revive that Mozart had imparted to her and to all with whom he had any intercourse. Everyone was captivated by her gay, unassuming manner, her freedom from all the usual *virtuoso* caprices in society, and her readiness to give pleasure by her talent to everyone who had any knowledge or love of music. It seemed as if a portion of the tender spirit with which Mozart once loved her had passed into her soul and brought forth fresh leaves from a withered stem. But

years of faults and follies intervened for Aloysia, and we shall see Mozart often brought into contact with her. Meanwhile, he parted from her with much pain, though the esteem with which he had hitherto regarded her was no longer the same.

So much the greater was the loving reverence with which the deceived lover returned to his faithful father, and the zeal with which he now applied himself to his art, and the pursuit of his ideal.

His reception at home, and the loving welcome he everywhere met with, must have deeply affected him. He had been absent almost two years. The golden bird had flown away from his cage with the fairest hopes, rejoicing in liberty. Now he came back into the same cage with many a bright feather plucked out by ruthless hands, not knowing when he should be freed from his imprisonment, and devoid of all hope. He had expected to gain fame and honour, and wealth also, in the wide world. He had striven honestly, and won some renown; but no wealth did he bring home. He returned poor to his native city—'poor in purse, sick at heart.' He had left his mother for ever in a foreign land. His youthful love, only a few short weeks ago so warm, so vivid, had been equally borne to the grave. Nowhere did he see a glimmer of joy, nowhere any token of a happy future. How many tears must he have shed when once more in the arms of his

good father! No doubt their lips were silent, but their hearts were eloquent!

All was carefully prepared for his reception. A large handsome press and a harpsichord were placed in his room. Theresel bought any amount of capons, Count Firmin already proffered the use of his horses, and Dr. Prexl placed his handsome bay horse at his service. How many other friends greeted him with delight and triumph! Yet tears ran down his cheeks, his mood was gloomy, and his heart crushed by grief. He did not then see what we have since learned—that all was to turn out for the best, and that the long journey, with all its joys and sorrows, had matured the man as well as the artist; and that even the secluded life at Salzburg into which he had been again forced would tend to the full growth of his powers, and render him capable of the highest efforts.

During the first weeks the Bäsle came to visit her uncle, and no doubt this frolicsome little creature cheered and amused Wolfgang. Many an old connection with Salzburg friends was renewed; so there was no lack of cheerful sociability. It was, however, the small amount of cultivation and reverence for art that revolted Mozart in his native city. He writes later:—

You cannot deny that in Salzburg (for me at least) there is not the smallest recreation. With many there I do not choose to associate, and most of the others do not think me

good enough. No encouragement besides for my talent. When I play, or when any of my compositions are given, it is just as if the audience were all chairs and tables.

Moreover, the mode and manner in which the 'mufti' treated him seemed more offensive than before. We know no more details of Mozart's last visit to his birthplace; but the ill-usage he afterwards experienced from the Archbishop leads us to conclude that there was nothing very encouraging in their connection. Besides, the resentment the holy prelate cherished against his young Kapell-Meister was certainly not mitigated by Mozart's long delay in entering on his new duties. The novel arrangements that enjoined very short pieces being given not only at court, but in church, was not a pleasant prospect for our Maestro, nor an inducement to use those creative powers, the nearest and dearest of all things to him, and in the exercise of which he contrived to forget all the troubles of life. He writes later that, though he certainly preferred work to idleness, it cost him such an effort to work in Salzburg, that often he could not prevail on himself to do so. 'Why? because my mind was not cheerful!' Moreover, he was oppressed by the feeling that his stay at Salzburg would impede his real mission. 'To spend one's young years in idleness, and in such a beggarly dreary place as Salzburg, is a great loss of time.'

And yet these years of gloom and oppression had their advantages. They impelled the youth to search

into and to study his own heart, and to work out the various materials of joy and sorrow he had already gathered in the world. For, though he speaks of idleness, he composed a number of works at this very time, forerunners of the masterpiece by which he was shortly to purchase his liberty, and to rise from an apprentice to become a master. We cannot furnish a list of the works produced during these two years. It suffices to say that each of them shews a greater maturity both in the man and the artist. The symphonies of this date manifest by their rich counterpoint the advantages of his stay in Mannheim and in Paris. The individual instruments are more studied, and, above all, each of the wind instruments has his seat and vote in the musical parliament. In all his works a degree of freedom and vigour prevails, which might lead us to doubt whether his heart had really received such deep wounds, if many an *andante* did not set forth in its profoundly touching melody the depth of the feeling that sorrow brings to man. But even in this suppressed melancholy lies a peace which proves that his heart had struggled through its sorrows, and from these had sprung forth lively, bright, and laughing humour.

In May, another of his droll letters is despatched to the Bäsle :—

Dearest, sweetest, most beauteous, fascinating, and charming of all cousins, most basely maltreated by an unworthy kinsman! Allow me to strive to soften and appease

your just wrath, which only heightens your charms and winning beauty, as high as the heel of your slipper! I hope to soften you, nature having bestowed on me a large amount of softness, and to appease you, being fond of sweet pease. As to the Leipzig affair, I can't tell whether it may be worth stooping to pick up; were it a bag of ringing coin, it would be a very different thing, and nothing less do I mean to accept, so there is an end of it.

Sweetest cousin, such is life! One man has got a purse, but another has got the money, and he who has neither has nothing; and nothing is even less than little; while, on the other hand, much is a great deal more than nothing, and nothing can come of nothing. Thus has it been from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; and as I can make it neither worse nor better, I may as well conclude my letter. The gods know I am sincere. How does Probst get on with his wife; and do they live in bliss or in strife? most silly questions, upon my life! Adieu, angel! My father sends you his uncle's blessing, and a thousand cousinly kisses from my sister. Angel, adieu!

Then follows a parody on a poem of Klopstock's, set so charmingly to music by Franz Schubert, 'Dein süsses Bild':—

A TENDER ODE.

To My Cousin.

Thy sweet image, cousin mine,
Hovers aye before me;
Would the form indeed were thine!
How I would adore thee!
I see it at the day's decline;
I see it through the pale moonshine,
And linger o'er that form divine.

By all the flowers of sweet perfume
I'll gather for my cousin—
By all the wreaths of myrtle bloom
I'll wreath her by the dozen—
I call upon that image there
To pity my intense despair,
And be indeed my cousin fair.

This is the last letter to the Bäsle which has as yet come into our hands. It shows that a good deal of bantering and a little tenderness passed between the two, and it appears that she had taken this playful courtship in rather a serious light; at least, those around her believed (Jahn says) that the manner in which she spoke of him betrayed some traces of hopes deceived. She was never willing to refer to that period of her life. She was not musical; thus she was far estranged from Mozart's own nature; besides, he did not find in her those more profound emotions which, with all his light-heartedness, formed in reality the basis of his being.

The Bäsle died on January 20, 1841, at the advanced age of 83.

The choruses to the drama of 'King Thamos' were written at that time, and are of deeper significance than the other instrumental pieces we have mentioned. They were afterwards provided by Mozart himself with Latin words, and thus transformed into those Hymns so universally admired, and which have become the standard of his excellence as a church composer. A

certain solemnity pervades them such as few of his sacred works possess, and an elevation of feeling, only surpassed in the 'Flauto Magico.' But the composer has relied on theatrical effect, and thus, in spite of his graver intentions, we find more worldly pomp than religious depth in these choruses, which Mozart worked out with all love and care, even in their most minute details, and which manifest the thoughtful mood that absorbed his soul. Yet some of the sacred works of that date, in spite of the narrow limits within which Hieronymus had circumscribed them, bear a much deeper impress of that spirit from which at the close of his life the *Requiem* emanated.

Now, however, an opportunity was offered him to pour forth the thoughts that had been so long fermenting within him. The director of the theatre Schikaneder, whom we shall presently hear more of, was in Salzburg this year with his company, and knew how to use Wolfgang's abilities for his own advantage. He was acquainted with the Mozart family, and soon became so intimate with them that he took part in the crossbow-shooting. Wolfgang composed an aria for him, and it was at his suggestion that the worthy Schachtner wrote the text of an operetta which we know under the name of 'Zaïde.' The subject roused Mozart's feelings. It treated of two lovers who, as in the 'Entführung,' were separated by the passion of a sultan. Mozart could here express the whole magic

charm of his own emotions, the misery of the lovers, their joys succeeded by sorrow, and then final happiness. He had himself experienced all these vicissitudes; his melodies, therefore, breathed a tenderness, a fervour, and, moreover, a dignity and grace characteristic of the genuine Mozart, just as we now know and love him—a type of his charming, refined, pure, loving soul. This aria, some instrumental pieces, and pianoforte sonatas, possess a singularly fascinating spell of warm feeling, strikingly portraying the inner life of the young artist. We see him gradually giving forth the experiences of his inner and outward life; and even the distasteful circle around him does not disturb the harmony and brightness of his soul. These, however, were only effusions of personal feeling, or at most preparatory to greater things. He longed for a task on a larger scale. His wish was *to write a grand opera.* His studies in this school had been long completed; he knew what great masters had done for the dramatic muse; he was well acquainted with their various styles—the old Italian method, as well as the recent innovations of Gluck. He burned with the desire to achieve some great work, by which he could prove himself a master and soar above all the others; and it was so.

In Munich, where, in spite of every effort, Wolfgang had failed in procuring an a pointment, his friends were as active as ever in his behalf; so when a new

Italian opera was commissioned for the Carnival of 1781, it was not difficult to direct the choice to Mozart. Both the Elector and Count Seeau knew and appreciated him. The moment the commission arrived in Salzburg, Mozart laid aside everything else, both his office and his operetta, and joyfully hurried off to Munich. The Archbishop could not venture to refuse him leave of absence, having given the most faithful pledges on this subject; and, moreover, consideration was due to his Bavarian neighbour. A Salzburger, Abbé Varesco, was to write the *libretto*, which Schachtner subsequently translated into German. It was 'Idomeneo, King of Crete,' and this was the first great work by which Mozart entered the circle of the Immortals.

Here was a task worthy of him. The Munich orchestra had known Mozart at Mannheim. It was the best in Germany—indeed, in the world—and he had a right to expect much from them, especially as its members were almost all personally attached to him. He was equally well acquainted with the singers. Dorothea Wendling's talents were very conspicuous; Elizabeth Wendling also was not devoid of merit. Raaff, though 'wedded to the old style,' was an admirable, well-trained singer. Mozart was indeed obliged to teach the *musico*, Dal Prato, the whole opera, and he writes:—'He is incapable of singing even the introduction to any air of importance, and his voice is so uneven!' He adds:—'The fellow's voice would not be so bad if he did not

sing through his nose and from the back of his throat!' But he made due allowance for this in writing his part, and achieved the right thing here also. The subject furnished many dramatic and effective situations, and though in the style of an *opera seria*, the music chiefly a succession of arias, strung together by the threads of a plot, yet Mozart, who had seen Gluck's operas, urged choruses being interwoven with the text, and that they might share in the action of the piece. And now he began to compose with a zeal which we can understand, after having seen the young eagle so long shut up in prison. He wished to take advantage of the first flight he had ventured to make into the world. He longed to prove himself to be the royal bird which in reality he felt he was. His mind was teeming with grand ideas, his heart free and fresh, his fancy burning with youthful fire. What he had now at stake was to win so much renown that he might leave hated Salzburg for ever. Long had he 'waited and watched'—in Mannheim, in Paris, and again in Mannheim, he had vainly longed to compose a grand opera. Now he held trumps in his hand, and he wished to play them out. We know that he did so, that he succeeded and won the game, and with it golden liberty.

He arrived in Munich the beginning of November, 1780, 'happy and joyous.' He lived in the Burggasse, where a tablet is now placed to his memory. Part of

the music was already written, which must now be studied, and the remainder completed. On every side he met with the most kindly reception. Count Seeau was all complaisance, though they had their disputes, when Mozart became crusty, 'or I could do nothing with him.' He writes:—

After mass last Sunday Count Seeau presented me, *en passant*, to H. S. H. the Elector, who was very gracious. He said, 'I am happy to see you here again'; and on my replying that I would strive to deserve the good opinion of His Serene Highness, he clapped me on the shoulder, saying, 'Oh! I have no doubt whatever that all will go well—*a piano piano si và lontano.*'

So he could entirely tranquillise his father as to the success of his opera.

By the end of November the first act was already rehearsed. He writes:—

The rehearsal went off with extraordinary success; the requisite wind instruments were there, but only six violins in all. No one was admitted but Count Seeau's sister and young Count Seinsheim. This day week we are to have another rehearsal with twelve violins for the first act, and then the second act will be rehearsed (like the first on the previous occasion). I cannot tell you how delighted and surprised all were; but I never expected anything else, for I declare I went to this rehearsal with as quiet a heart as if I had been going to a banquet. Count Seinsheim said to me, 'I do assure you, though I expected a great deal from you, I can truly say this I did not expect.'

The Cannabichs and all who frequent their house are true friends of mine. After the rehearsal (for we had a great deal to discuss with the Count), when I went home with Cannabich, Madame Cannabich came to meet me, and hugged me for joy at the rehearsal having passed off so admirably; then came Ramm and Lange, quite out of their wits with delight. My true friend the excellent lady, who was alone in the house with her invalid daughter Rose, had been full of solicitude on my account. When you know him, you will find Ramm a true German, saying exactly what he thinks to your face. He said to me, 'I must honestly confess that no music ever made such an impression on me, and I assure you I thought of your father fifty times at least, and of the joy he will feel when he hears this opera.' But enough of this subject. My cold is rather worse owing to this rehearsal, for it is impossible not to feel excited when honour and fame are at stake, however cool you may be at first.

The father exhorted him to spare himself, especially as at that time Nannerl was suffering from congestion of the lungs, and threatened with consumption. But Wolfgang was not to be checked in his flow of work, and writes:—

You have no doubt seen by my letters that I am well and happy. Who would not feel happy to have completed such a great and laborious work—and completed it, too, with honour and renown? Three arias alone are wanting—the last chorus in the third act, and the overture and ballet; and then—*Adieu!*

What brightness! what delight in composition! He forgets his catarrh, and no longer recalls former days in

Munich. Aloysia now lived in Vienna, having been engaged there as *prima donna*, and her family had gone with her. Mozart only once alludes to her at that time, and then only casually as an admirable singer, so that it seems as if delight in his opera absorbed all other things. He heard the celebrated Mara in Munich, and writes of her :—

Mara has not the good fortune to please me. She does too little to be compared with a Bastardella (yet this is her peculiar style), and too much to touch the heart like a Weber [Aloysia], or any judicious singer.

The sense of his artistic strength was enhanced by this work, which was everywhere greeted by the loudest praise. The father writes :—'I advise you in your work, not to think only or exclusively of musicians, but also of the unmusical public. You know there are at least a hundred ignoramuses for ten true connoisseurs; do not therefore forget what is called the popular element, that you may tickle the long ears!' Mozart replies :—

As for what is called the popular taste, do not be uneasy, for in my opera there is music for every class, except for the long-eared.

So secure did he feel in his work, that he who was usually so obliging and indulgent to the peculiarities and whims of the singers, now absolutely refused to give way an inch on points where he felt he was right. Of that splendid quartett, in which more profound

dramatic life is to be found than in many an entire opera, and which first shows the genius of the dramatic muse in its full splendour, he writes :—

I have had a piece of work about the quartett. The more I think of the quartett as it will be on the stage, the more effective I consider it, and it has pleased all those who have heard it on the piano. Raaff alone maintains that it will not be successful. He said to me confidentially, 'There is no opportunity to expand the voice; it is too confined.' As if in a quartett the words should not far rather be spoken, as it were, than sung! He does not at all understand such things.

'My dear friend, if I were aware of one single note in this quartett which ought to be altered, I would change it at once; but there is no single thing in my opera with which I am so pleased as with this quartett, and when you have once heard it sung in concert you will speak very differently. I took every possible pains to conform to your taste in your two arias, and intend to do the same with the third, so I hope to be successful; but with regard to trios and quartetts, they should be left to the composer's own discretion.' On which he said that he was quite satisfied.

Indeed after the rehearsal Raaff was pleased to find that he had been mistaken, and he no longer doubted the good effect.

Gluck's requirement that in an opera every feeling and situation be expressed in exact accordance with reality, is carried out by Mozart in this quartett in a manner which must have astonished even Gluck himself, by the delineation of the various personages and

their feelings, portraying also the *ensemble* of several persons dominated by the same mood, with a degree of ability that Gluck himself could scarcely have attained. For, in addition to the clearness with which Gluck's great mind recognised true feeling, always finding the right tone to express it, Mozart employs those contrapuntal resources of art which can alone clearly define several persons, each in his own individuality, and yet comprise them in one frame. Mozart solved this enigma in a manner far superior to Gluck himself—his strains always preserving the charm of melody, thus imparting to the whole the indescribable magic of sound. This arose partly from his inborn gift of introducing dignity, grace, and pleasing sounds into his works, and partly from having studied in the Italian school. It is not therefore surprising that his music made at that time the deepest impression. Wolfgang writes:—

The last rehearsal was splendid. It took place in a spacious apartment in the palace. The Elector was also within hearing. On this occasion it was rehearsed with the whole orchestra (of course I mean those who belong to the opera). After the first act the Elector called out Bravo! rather too audibly, and when I went into the next room to kiss his hand, he said, 'Your opera is quite charming, and cannot fail to do you honour.' As he was not sure whether he could remain for the whole performance, we played the concerted aria and the thunderstorm at the beginning of the second act, by his desire, when he again testified his approbation in the kindest manner, and said, laughing, 'Who could

believe that such great things could be hidden in so small a head?'

Wolfgang was told that the Elector also said:—'I was quite surprised; no music ever had such an effect on me; it is magnificent music.'

But let us now recall the splendid double chorus when the people flock together during the storm. Becke wrote to the father, 'This chorus is so powerful that even in the greatest heat of the sun it makes one feel ice cold.' This was a novelty at that time; but does it not produce the same effect to this day? We trace in this chorus Gluck's mighty personality, though all that is rough or uncouth is erased. At the end of December Wolfgang writes:—

The third act will prove *at least* as good as the two others—in fact, I believe, infinitely better, and that it may fairly be said, *finis coronat opus.*

He exerted himself to the uttermost.

My head and my hands are so fully occupied with my third act, that it would not be wonderful if I turned into a third act myself, for it alone has cost me more trouble than the entire opera; there is scarcely a scene in it which is not interesting to the greatest degree.

He also alludes to the subterranean music, representing the voice of the oracle given by five instruments, viz. three trombones and two French horns, placed

on the spot whence the voice proceeds—the rest of the orchestra silent. Then he had still to write what he calls the 'execrable dance music,' which occupied him so much that he could think of nothing else, not even of his health; and on January 18 he at length writes, 'Laus Deo—I have done with it at last!' Meanwhile, the day of the performance, after many delays, was fixed for January 29. The fame of the music had made its way into Salzburg; Becke had already written about it, and now Dr. Prexl wrote to Wolfgang that he had 'heard with inexpressible pleasure the great credit he had done to Salzburg.' Several of his friends went to Munich to be present at the first performance of his opera. The father, too, who 'felt the delight of a child in the admirable orchestra,' wished to come with Nannerl. He only waited till the Archbishop, who was about to go to Vienna, left Salzburg. He did not choose to run the risk of an unfavourable answer. Nannerl had a narrow escape of being disappointed; for, owing to the Empress Maria Theresa's death, everyone was obliged to go into mourning. The father writes:—Your sister has been sorely perplexed about a black dress. Her old one is so shabby that she can wear it no longer, so to-day she has made up her mind to order a new one, and the silk has been sent to the tailor; it will cost about 70 florins; she hopes the Elector will pay for it.' This last sentence is written in cypher. They set off on January 25, and arrived in due course at Munich.

They stayed with Wolfgang, so there were no letters about the performance; thus we cannot tell how it went off. But from the success of the rehearsal, and the eagerness with which the work was expected, we cannot doubt that its reception by the public was a brilliant one. All must agree that the Italian school, which at that time ruled the whole world, received a check that set limits to its supremacy by the manner in which Mozart grasped its substance in this work. No Italian has since reached the eminence to which Mozart soars in 'Idomeneo,' for from his youth upwards he was thoroughly versed in the Italian style, to the nature of which he was well accustomed. Charm of sound, tenderness and grace of melody, the most refined rhythm and finish of form, all is *unique* in this opera, and it moreover possesses a rich, profound, and earnest signification, especially by the fulness of the instrumentation. The dramatic element, however, is not maintained *throughout* in accordance with Gluck's reforms. 'Idomeneo' rather comes short in this respect, so it has disappeared from the stage, though containing much finer music than all Gluck's operas put together. Its splendid quartett has not rescued it from this fate. Mozart was not to solve this problem till the trials of life had plunged him deeper into its mysteries. But, though in 'Idomeneo' a rather one-sided tendency is perceptible, Mozart at least proved by it that he was a master who surpassed all his predecessors. Of this he was himself

aware, and such a consciousness made his heart beat higher. His own creations gave him fresh inspiration, for he felt the power of his genius in the highest sphere of art. It was in such a mood that, anticipating the glories of the future, he wrote to his father thus:—

A propos, how goes on the Archbishop? Next Monday I shall have been six weeks away from Salzburg. You know, dear father, that I only stay there to oblige you, for, by heavens! if I followed my own inclinations, before coming here I would have torn up my last diploma; for I give you my honour that not Salzburg itself, but the Prince and his proud nobility, become every day more intolerable to me. I should rejoice were I to be told that my services were no longer required; for with the great patronage that I have here, both my present and future circumstances would be secure, death excepted, which no one can guard against, though no great misfortune to a single man. But anything in the world to please you. It would be less trying to me if I could only occasionally escape from time to time, just to draw my breath. You know how difficult it was to get away on this occasion; and without some very urgent cause, there would not be the faintest hope of such a thing. It is enough to make one weep to think of it, so I say no more. Adieu! Come soon to see me at Munich and to hear my opera, and then tell me whether I have not a right to feel sad when I think of Salzburg.

In fact he never did return there—very different reasons, however, than the mere conviction of his abilities, were to influence him at last to resolve to break through the barriers that formed such obstacles to his

aims and efforts. On one occasion he secretly tried to get a situation in Munich. The father wrote:—'As to your six weeks' absence, I do not intend to stir in the matter, nor to mention it. If, however, I receive a message on the subject, I am resolved to say that it was understood you were to be six weeks in Munich after the performance of your opera, for I could not suppose that his Grace imagined such a work could be composed, transcribed, and put on the stage in six weeks.'

Wolfgang sent for some of his masses, and amid all the pressure of opera work, he wrote a grand Kyrie, that melodiously expresses his pathetic grave mood, and is embellished by grand and rich orchestral accompaniments. In order to display the excellence of the orchestra in the most brilliant light, he also set a serenade, previously composed in Salzburg, for wind instruments. In one of the seven numbers of which it consists is an *adagio*, displaying (as Otto Jahn says) the most earnest and profound feeling, and the most lofty expression of the Beautiful that Mozart ever reached.

But even now he could not find a situation. After the performance of his opera, he, indeed, remained for a time in Munich, amusing himself with his friends, the Archbishop being still in Vienna. Thus he enjoyed free intercourse with kindly men, who, according to their various capacities, could appreciate his heart as well as his works. So long as he was occupied with his

opera he went nowhere except to the Cannabichs, and no doubt during many an evening he relaxed the tension of his spirit by jests and laughter with the pretty Rose, who was now sixteen. Then, while his father and sister were in Munich, he enjoyed with them the diversions of the Carnival, which, indeed, in Munich did not amount to much—an occasional masked ball perhaps, where Mozart's love of quips and cranks might be satisfied by skipping about, bantering, and dancing. Yet he thought it necessary to apologise for this to his father. *He*, who had made such demands on his own powers, and had so brilliantly fulfilled them. Six weeks after his arrival in Vienna he writes to his father:—

It is true that in Munich I involuntarily shewed myself to you in a false light, for I had too much amusement there. But I pledge you my word that till my opera had been given, I had never been in any theatre, or gone anywhere but to the Cannabichs.

Then, in the midst of all these gay juvenile follies —for they were nothing more—an order arrived in the middle of March from the Archbishop to come to Vienna at once, Hieronymus wishing to make his appearance there in all the pomp of a spiritual prince. In January the father writes:—'This morning at nine o'clock the four handsome black horses were sent off to Vienna. Six others were attached to a chaise with the comptroller and cook (I mean the horses, not the men). I hear Cassel goes also, and probably the Archbishop

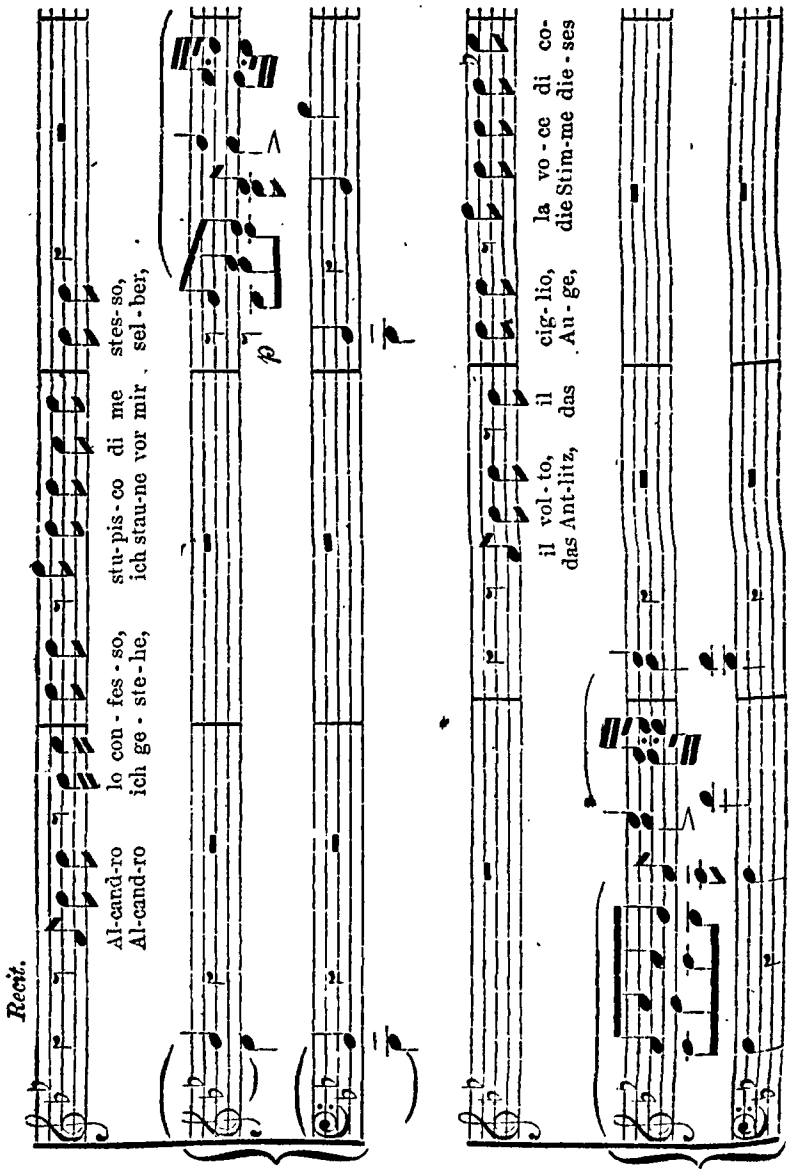
may send for Cecarelli and Brunetti'—the former being a singer, and the latter one of the orchestra. As, therefore, the Archbishop wished to shine through the talents of his musical 'servants,' Mozart of course could not be dispensed with. So Wolfgang went to Vienna, the first step on that path where he was to strive after and ultimately attain the great object of his life, and scarcely had he entered this path when his fate was decided. He never went back to Salzburg. His *Wanderjahre* were at an end.

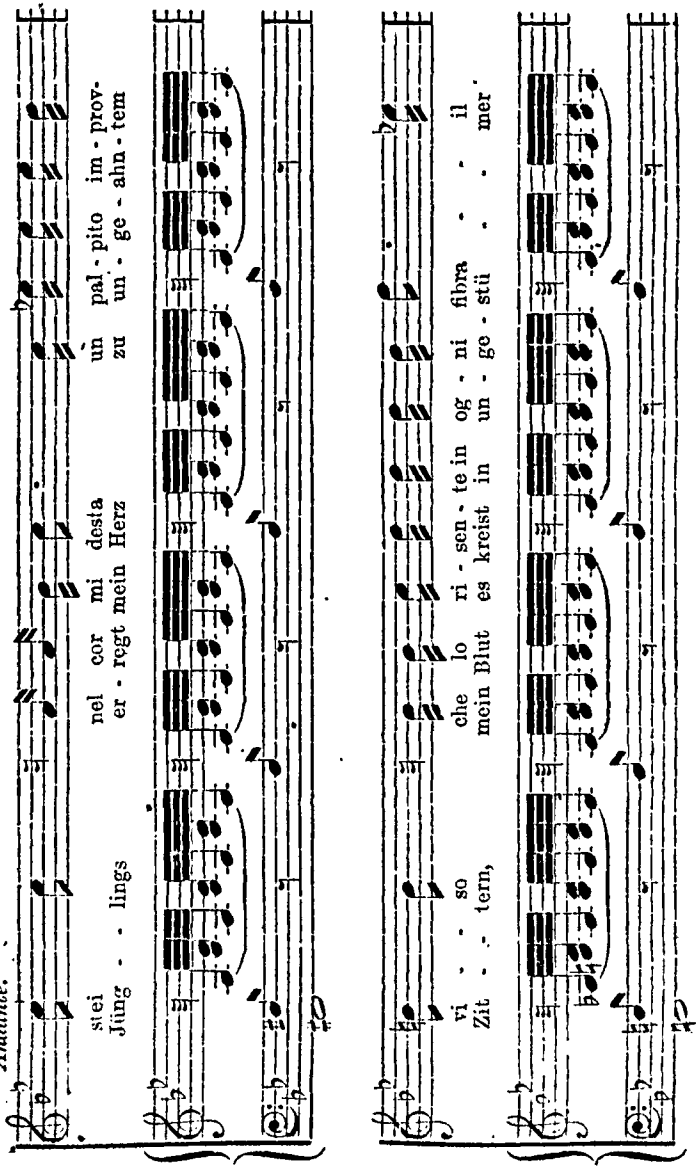
ARIE VON MOZART

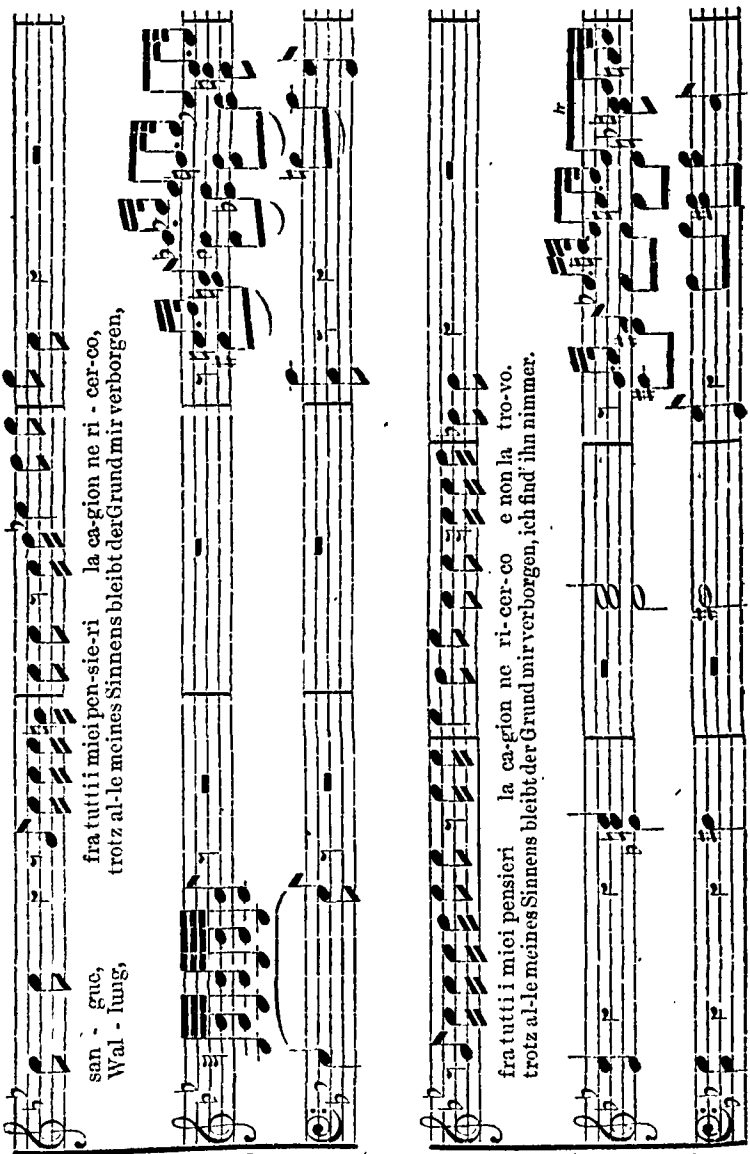
FÜR

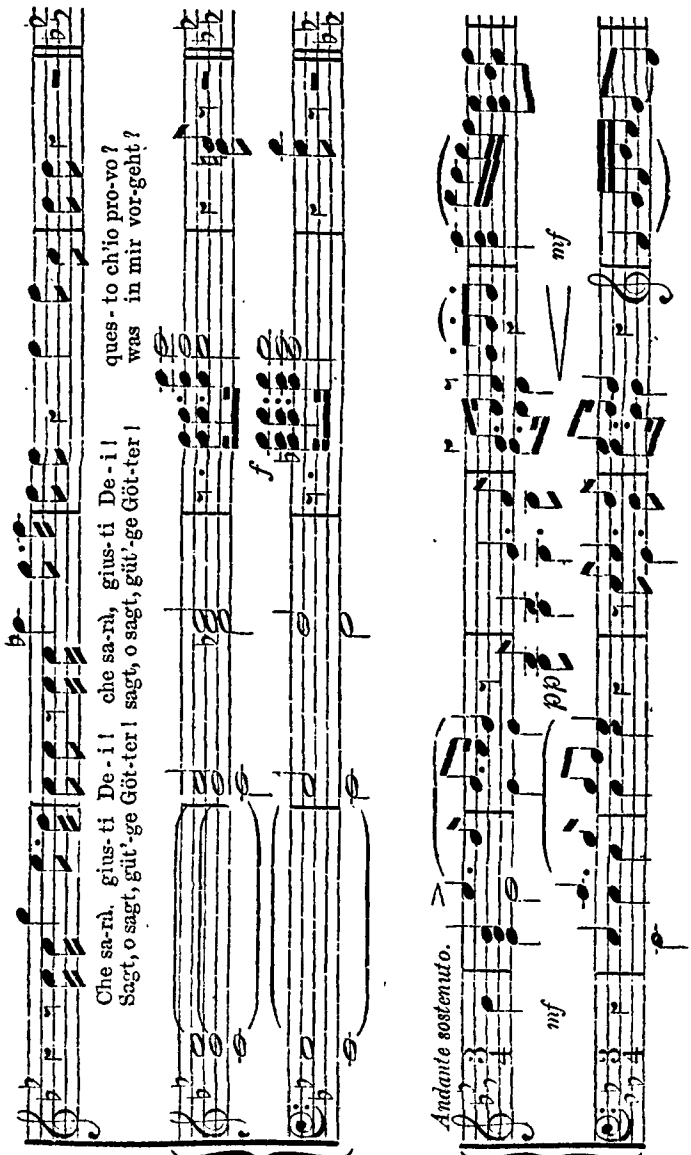
ALOYSIA WEBER COMPONIRT

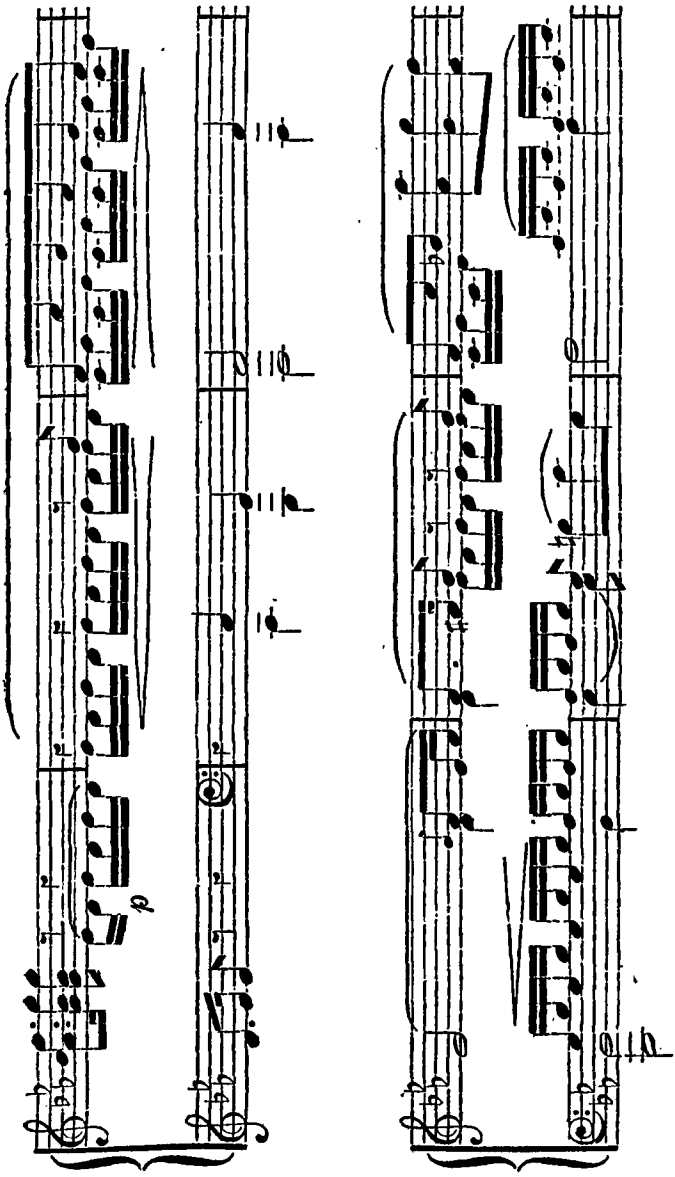
AM 24. FEBRUAR 1778 ZU MANNHEIM.

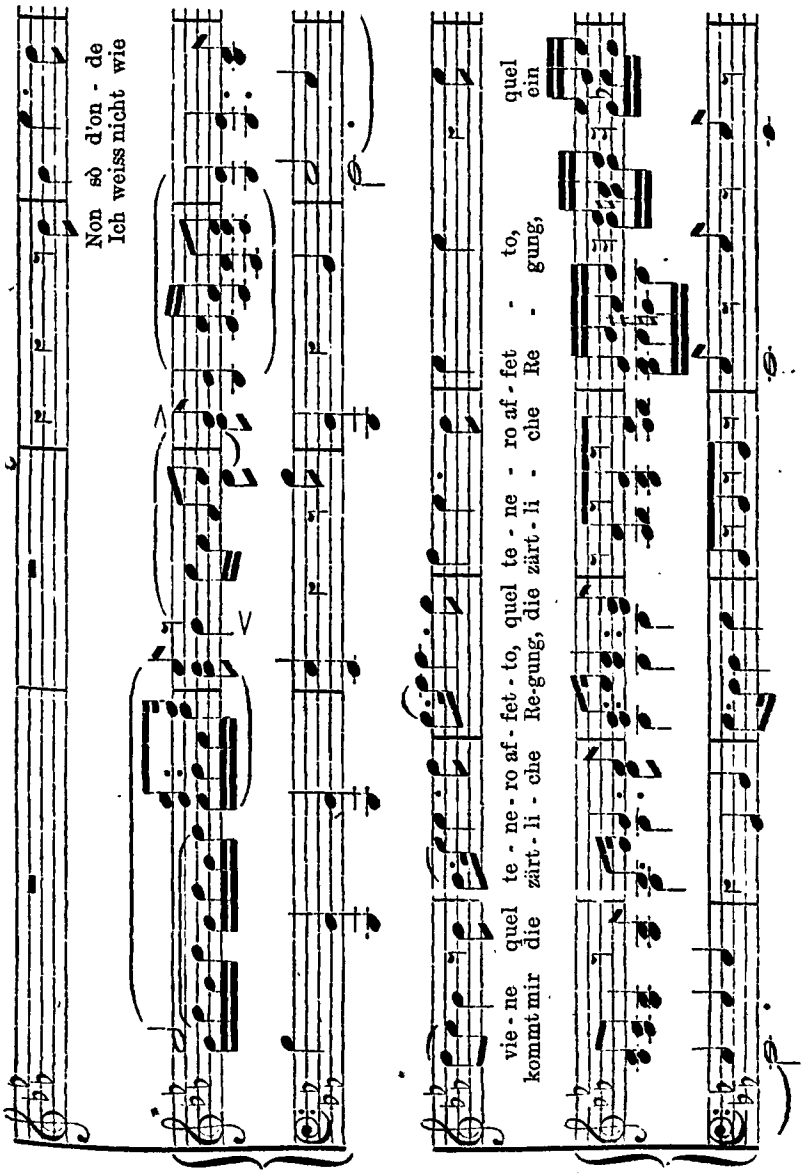

Recit.
Al-cand-ro lo con - fes - so, stu-pis-co di me stes-so,
Al-cand-ro ich ge - ste-he, ich stau-ne vor mir sel-ber,
il vol-to, il cig-lio, la vo-ce di co-
das Ant-litz, das Au-ge, die Stim-me die-ses

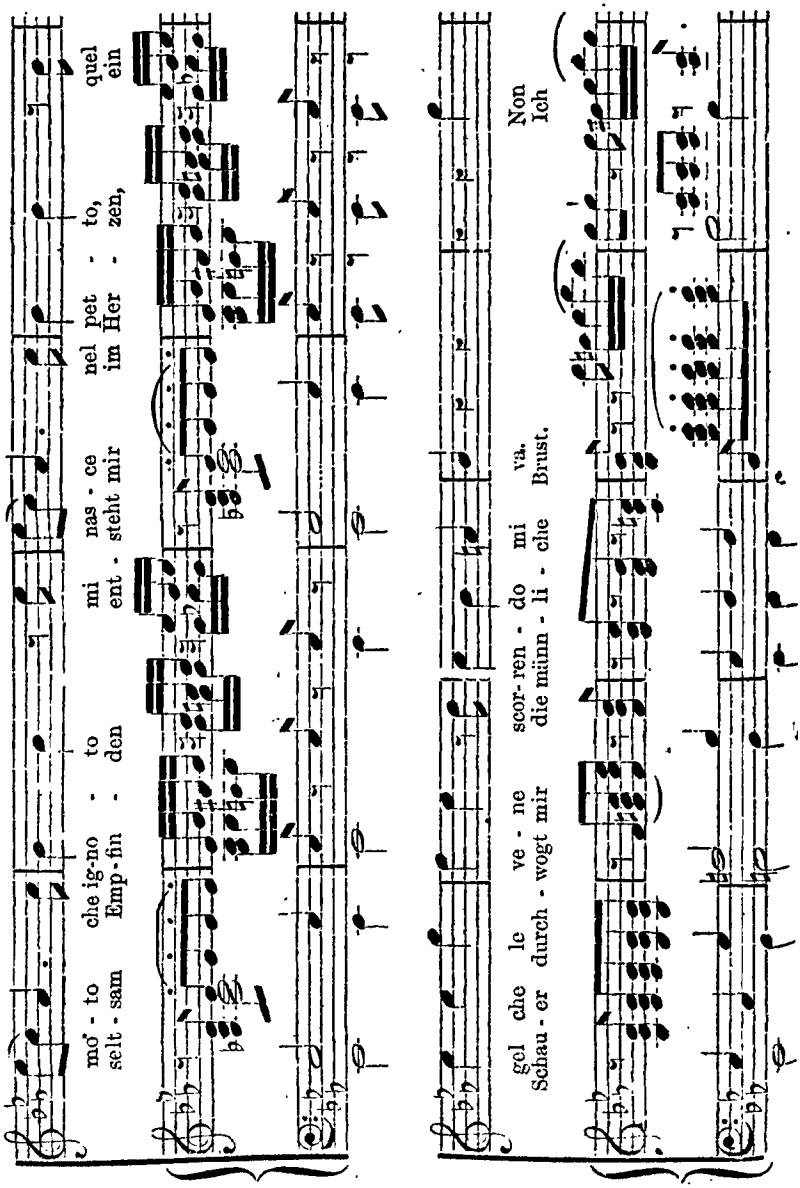

Andante.
stei nel cor mi desta un pal - pito im - prov-
Jüng - - lings er - regt mein Herz zu un - ge - ahn - tem
vi - - so che lo ri - sen - te in og - ni fibra - - il
Zit - - tern, mein Blut es kreist in un - ge - stü - - mer

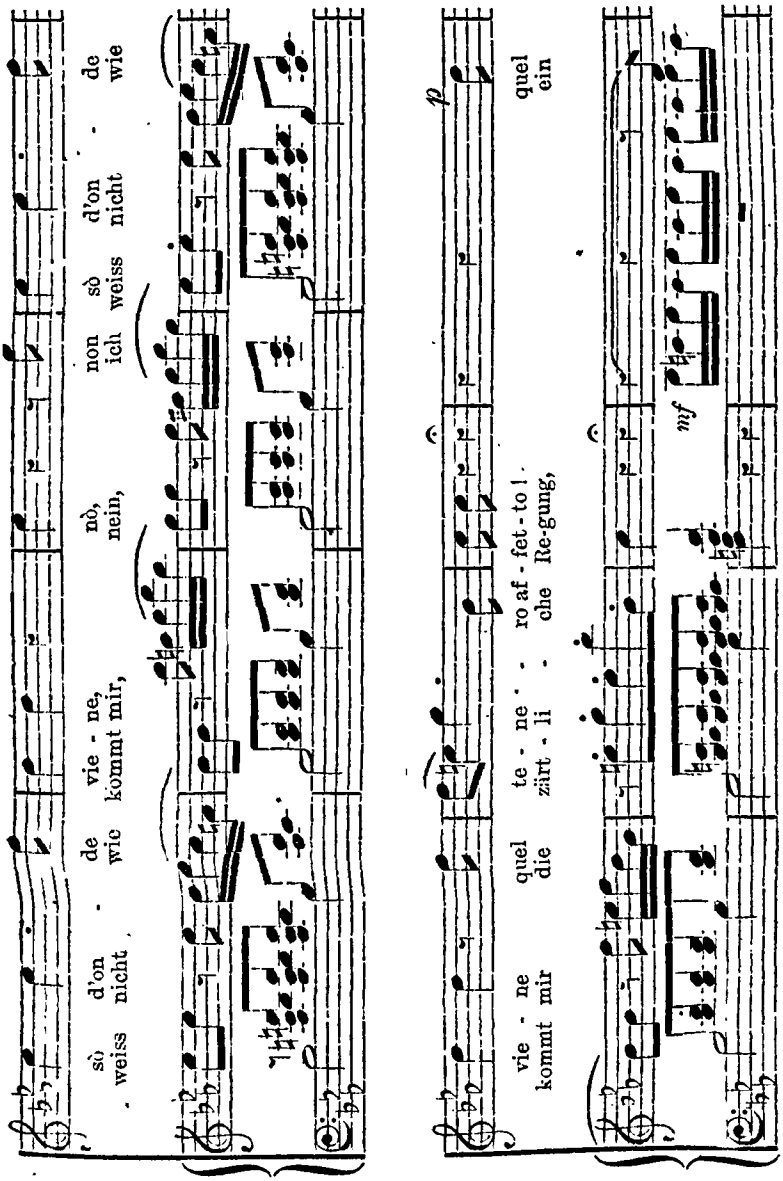

Andantino.
san - gue, fra tutti i miei pen-sie-ri la ca-gion ne ri - cer-co,
Wal - lung, trotz al-le meines Sinnens bleibt der Grund mir verborgen,
fra tutti i miei pensieri la ca-gion ne ri-cer-co e non la tro-vo.
trotz al-le meines Sinnens bleibt der Grund mir verborgen, ich find' ihn nimmer.


Che sa-rà, gius- ti De - i ! ques - to ch'io pro-vo ?
Sagt, o sagt, gütʼge Göt-ter ! sagt, o sagt, gütʼge Göt-ter ! was in mir vor-geht ?
Andante sostenuto.

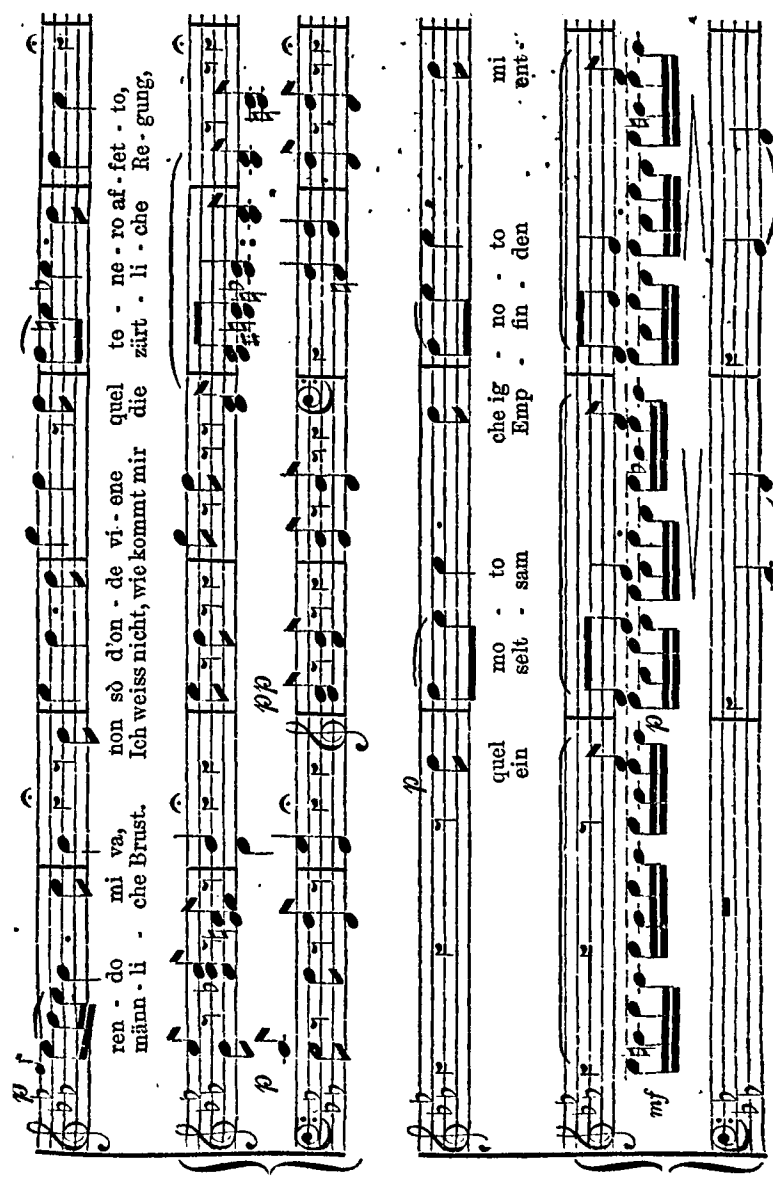



Non sò d'on - de
Ich weiss nicht wie
vie - ne quel te - ne - ro af - fet - to, quel te - ne - ro af - fet - to, quel
kommt mir die zärt - li - che Re-gung, die zärt - li - che Re - gung, ein

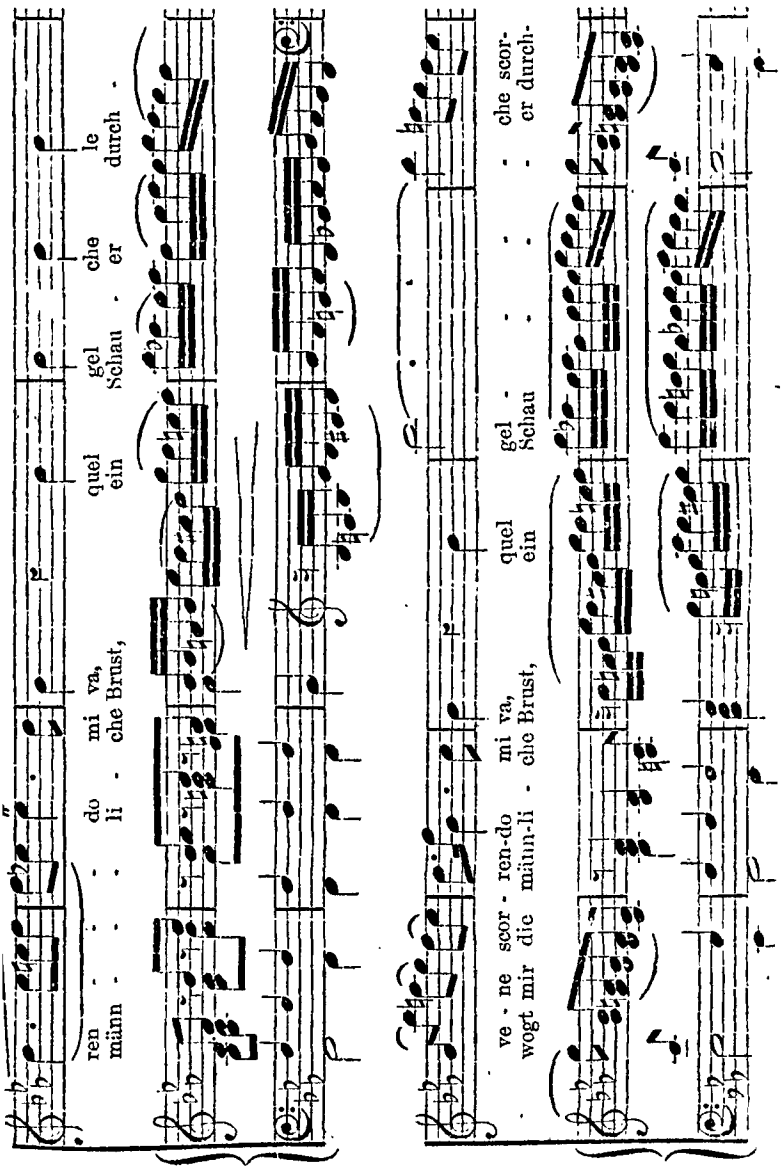

mo' - to che ig-no - to mi nas - ce nel pet - to, quel
selt - sam Emp-fin - den ent - steht mir im Her - zen, ein
gel che le ve - ne scor-ren - do mi va.
Schau - er durch - wogt mir die minn - li - che Brust.
Non
Ich

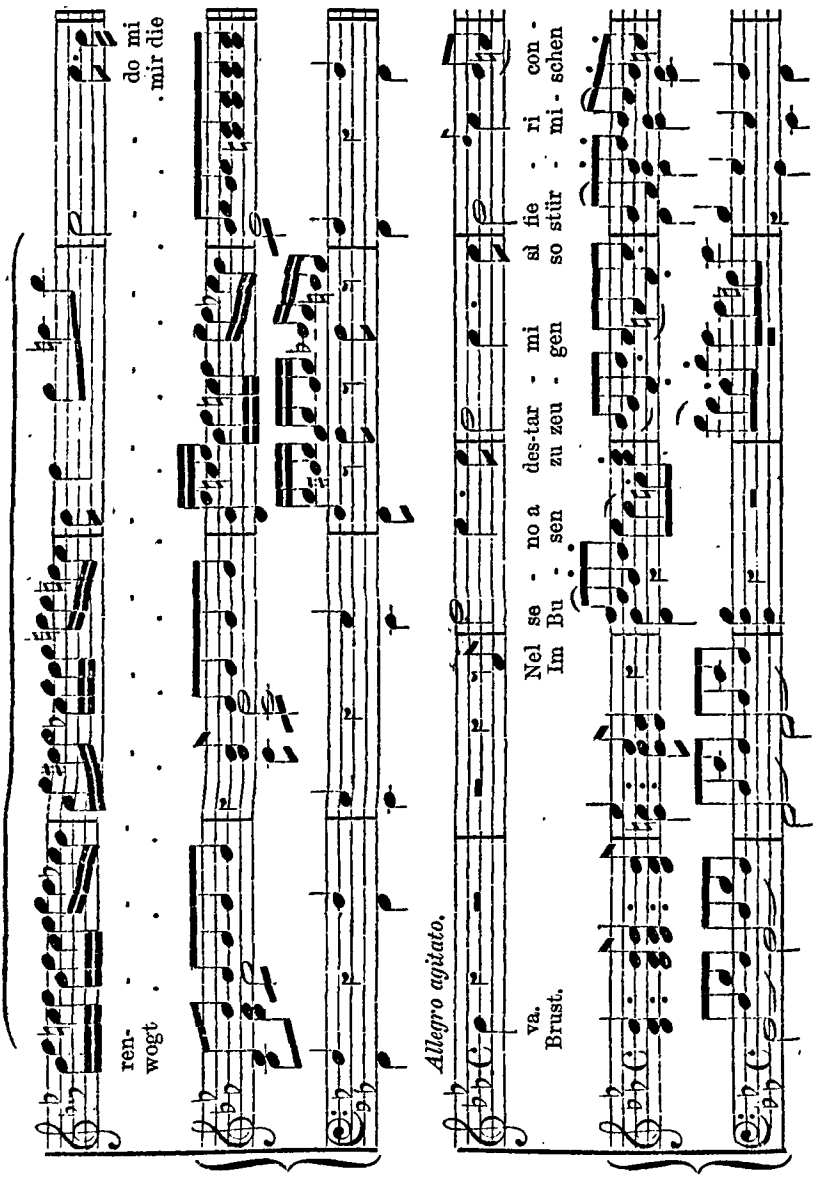

sù d'on - de vie - ne, nò, non sò d'on - de
weiss nicht wie kommt mir, nein, ich weiss nicht wie
vie - ne quel te - ne - ro af - fet - to!
kommt mir die zärt - li - che Re-gung,
quel ein
p
mf

mo - to che ig - no - to mi nas - ce nel
selt - sam Emp - fin - den ent - steht mir im
pe - to, quel gel che le ve - ne scor -
Her - zen, ein Schau - er durch - wogt mir die


ren - do mi va, non sò d'on - de vi - ene quel te - ne - ro af - fet - to,
männ - li - che Brust. Ich weiss nicht, wie kommt mir die zärt - li - che Re - gung,
quel mo - to che ig - no - to mi
ein selt - sam Emp - fin - den ent

nas - ce nel pet - to, quel gel che le
steht mir im Her - zen, ein Schau - er durch -
ve - ne scor - ren . . . . . do, scor -
wogt mir, durch - wogt . . . . . mir die
f
p


ren - - - do mi va, quel gel che le
männ - - - li - che Brust, ein Schau - er durch -
ve - ne scor - ren-do mi va, quel gel - - - - che scor-
wogt mir die männ-li - che Brust, ein Schau - - - - er durch-

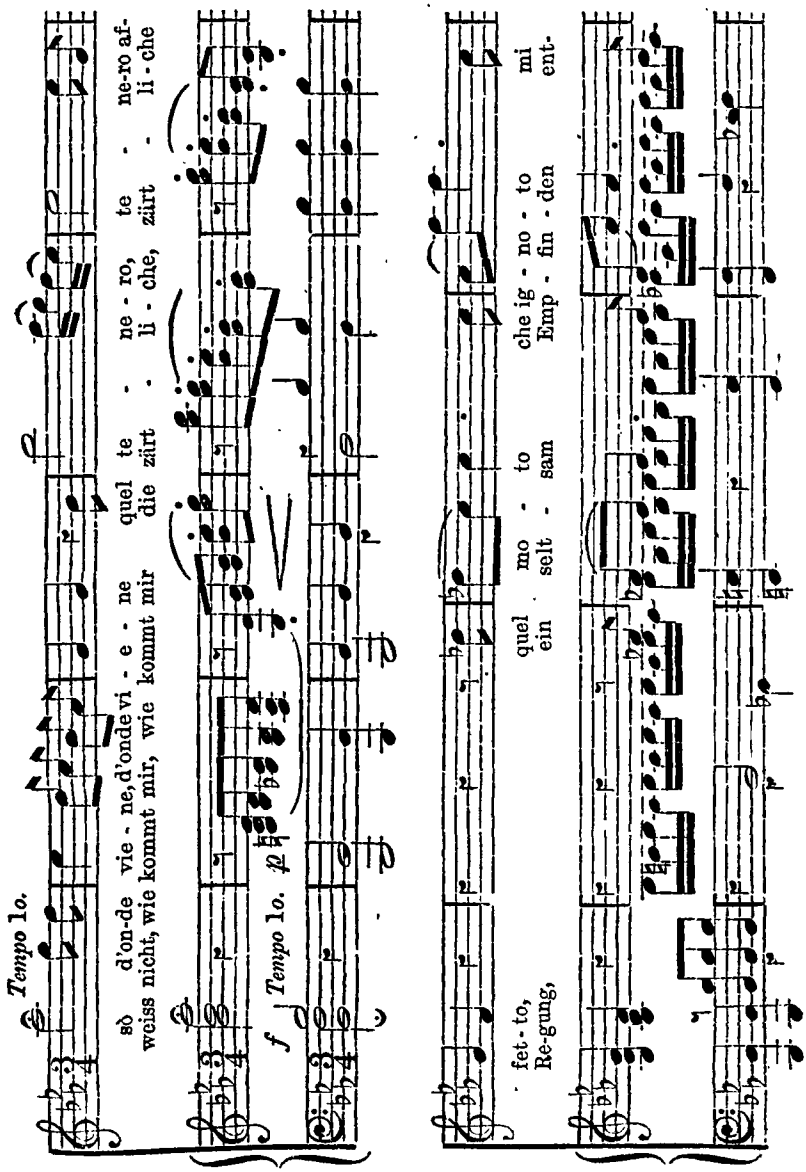

ren- do mi
wogt . mir die
Allegro agitato.
va. Nel se - no a des-tar - mi al fie - ri con -
Brust. Im Bu - sen zu zeu - gen so stür - mi - schen

tra - sti,
Wech-sel,
nel se - no a des- tar - mi sì
im Bu - sen zu zeu - gen so
fp
fie - ri con - tras- ti non par - mi che bas - ti la so - la pie -
stür - mi-schen Wech-sel, er - scheint mir das Mit - leid al - lein nicht ge -

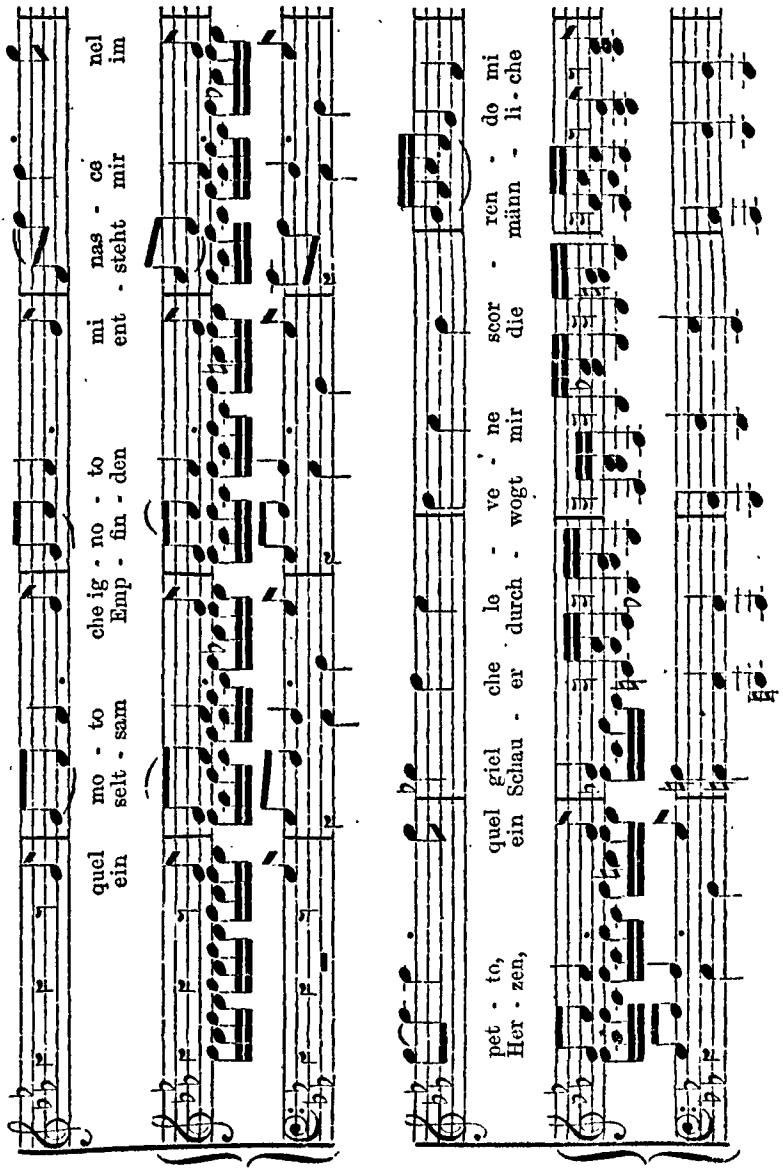
tà; non par - mi che bas - ti la so - la pie - tà,
nug, er-scheint mir das Mit - leid al - lein nicht ge - nug.
nel se - no a des-tar - mi sì fie - ri con-tras - ti, nel
Im Bu - sen zu zeu - gen so stür-mischen Wechsel, im

se - no a des - tar - mi sì fie - ri con- tras- ti, non par - mi che bas - ti, non
Bu - sen zu schaf-fen so stür-mischen Wechsel, er - scheint mir das Mit-leid, er -
f p
par - mi che bas- ti la so - la pie - tà, nò, non
scheint mir das Mit-leid al - lein nicht ge- nug, nein, er-

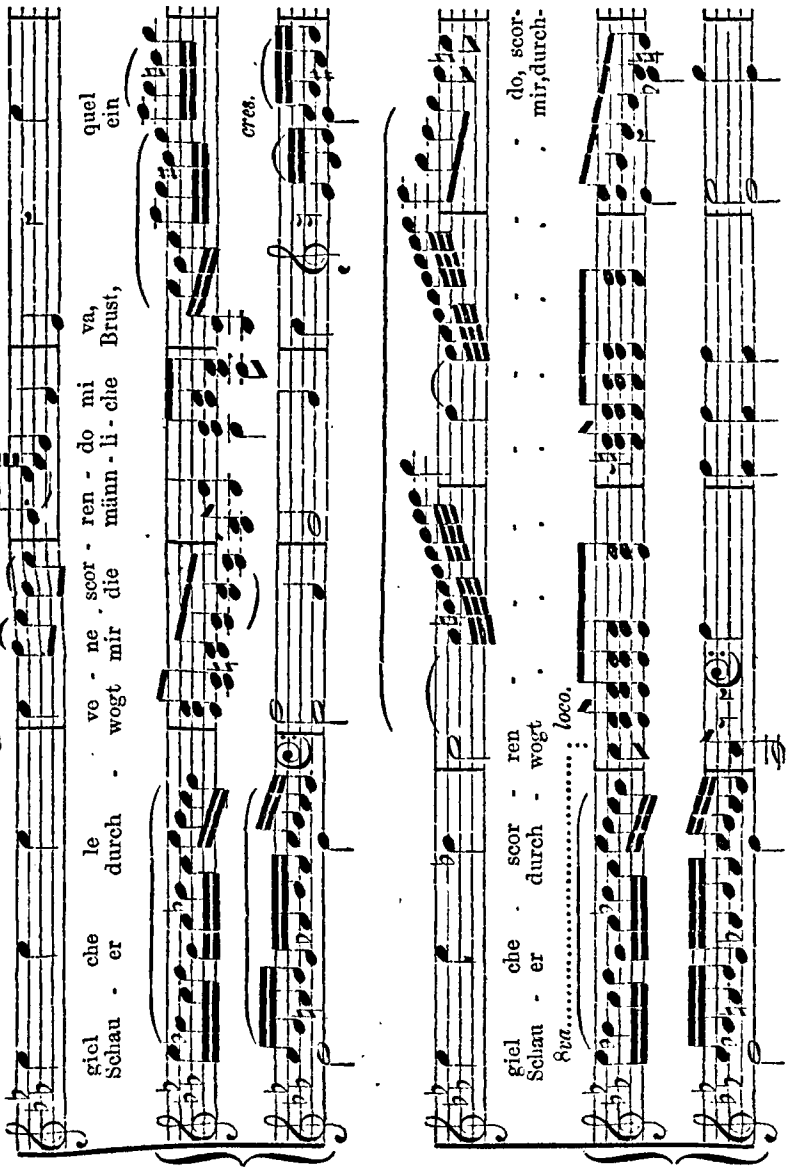
par - mi, non par - mi che bas - ti la so - la pie - ti,
scheint mir, er-scheint mir das Mit - leid al - lein nicht ge - nug,
nò, non par - mi che bas - ti, nò, nò! Non
nein, er-scheint nicht ge-nug mir, nein, nein! Ich

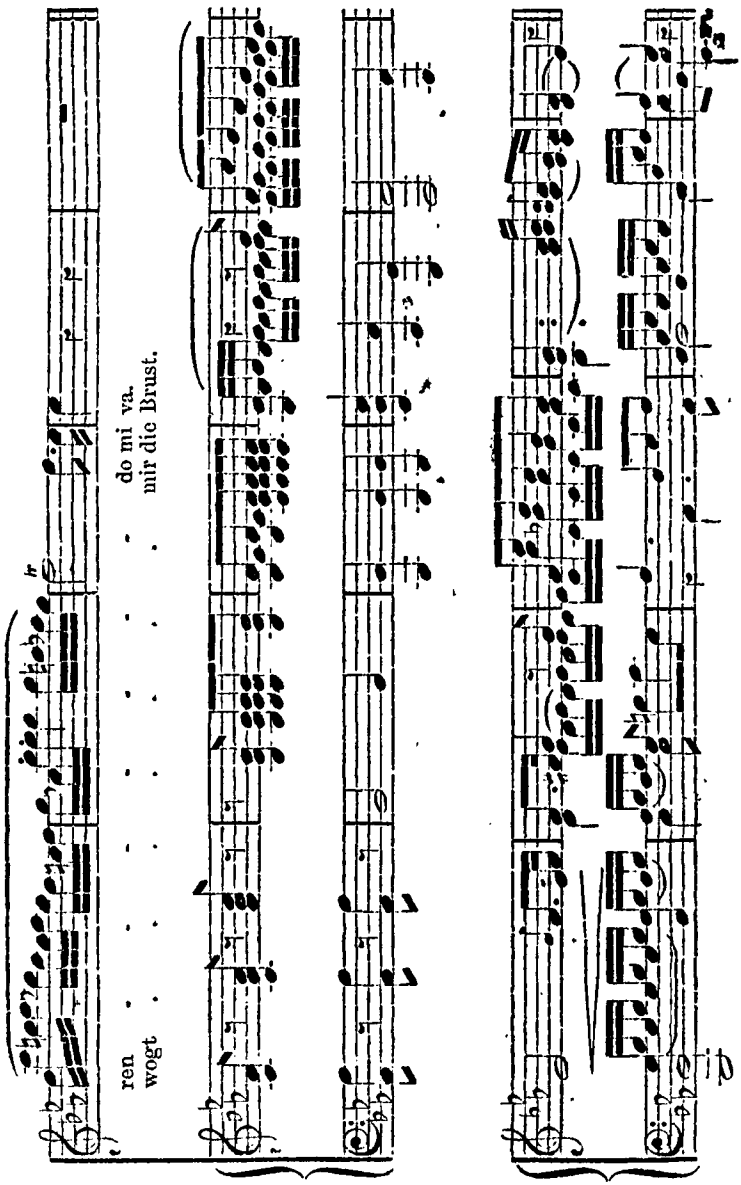

Tempo 1o.
sò d'on-de vie - ne, d'onde vi - e - ne quel te - ne - ro, te - ne-ro af-
weiss nicht, wie kommt mir, wie kommt mir die zärt - li - che, zärt - li - che
f Tempo 1o.
quel mo - to che ig - no - to mi
ein selt - sam Emp - fin - den ent-
fet - to,
Re-gung,

nas - ce nel pet - to, quel giel che le ve - ne scor -
steht mir im Her - zen, ein Schau - er durch - wogt mir die
ren - do mi va. Non sò d'on - de vie - ne quel te - ne ro af - fet - to,
mim - li - che Brust, Ich weiss nicht, wie kommt mir die zärt - li - che Re - gung,


quel mo - to che ig - no - to mi nas - ce nel
ein selt - sam Emp - fin - den ent - steht mir im
pet - to, quel giel che lo - ve - ne scor - ren - do mi
Her - zen, ein Schau - er durch - wogt mir die männ - li - che

va.
Brust.
Non sò d'on-de vie-ne quel te - ne - ro af-fet - to, quel
Ich weiss nicht, wie kommt mir die zärt - li - che Re-gung, ein
giel che le ve - ne scor - ren - do mi va, quel
Schau - er durch - wogt mir die männ - li - che Brust, ein


giel che le ve - ne scor - ren - do mi va, quel
Schau - er durch - wogt mir die männ - li - che Brust, ein
cres.
giel che scor - ren . . . . . do, scor-
Schau - er durch - wogt . . . . . mir, durch-
Rea.....: loco.


ren wogt
do mi va.
mir die Brust.

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